THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DRAWN BY
CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

Beginning

The Surakarta—By Edwin Balmer and William MacHarg

Summer-time always on tap!

Papas and mammas worry a lot more than they need, at the approach of the raw, bleak days of Winter. If they would arrange now to have *summer-time always on tap* in their homes, it would save much nervousness over threatened colds, sore throat, croup, diphtheria and other troubles that almost all come to their little folks from catching cold first—in drafty rooms or on cold floors.

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RADIATORS & BOILERS

will make homey-like any kind of a house or building—not too hot or cold at all—but just right—just as we all want it—uniform temperature all the day long, and night, too—flooding the house with Summer temperature at the turn of a valve. With an outfit of IDEAL Boiler and AMERICAN Radiators the coal-bills grow smaller; uneven heating and repair bills disappear; ashes, soot and coal-gases are unknown in the living-rooms; housework and cleaning are reduced one-half; and the whole house is made a far better, happier, healthier place to live in and work in.

No. 2-22-W IDEAL Boiler and 450 sq. ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner **$220**, were used to heat this cottage.

No. 3-10-S IDEAL Boiler and 210 sq. ft. of 38-inch AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner **$145**, were used to heat this cottage.

At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include costs of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra and vary according to climatic and other conditions.

The phenomenal success of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators is also largely due to the fact that they are made in sections so that even their largest parts can be carried through an ordinary sized doorway. The necessary piping and AMERICAN Radiators are set in place without tearing up partitions or floors, or disturbing occupants, and the IDEAL Boiler is quickly erected and connected up without the necessity of removing the old-fashioned heating devices until ready to start fire in the new heating outfit.

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We have also brought out the first genuinely practical, automatic, durable Vacuum Cleaner. ALL the dirt and trash is drawn from the room, through small iron suction pipes leading to big, sealed dust-bucket in cellar. Attach hose to iron suction pipe opening in baseboard of any room, turn an electric button to start the machine in cellar, and with a few gentle strokes of the hollow, magical ARCO WAND, you instantly and thoroughly clean carpets, rugs, floor, walls, ceiling, draperies, moldings, mattresses, drawers, corners, crevices, etc. Put with ease into any old or new dwelling or building. Costs little monthly for electricity to run. Ask for catalog of ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaner.

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Chalmers 1913

Made in the Chalmers Shops

"Thirty Six" $1950 (*Fully Equipped*)

FIRST!

Automobile history shows that the Chalmers Motor Company has been first in almost every important advance that has resulted to the benefit of the motor car buyer.

This fact means much to you as a purchaser. It is your assurance that we will continue to be first. It means that the Chalmers owner always has an advanced car—a car that even in its second or third year is never out of date. It is the strongest sort of reason for your confidence in us and in our cars.

Everyone pays tribute to the organization that does a big thing first. And public appreciation has kept pace with Chalmers progressiveness.

Here are some facts in automobile history:

The Chalmers Company was the *first* to produce a real automobile at $1500—the Chalmers "30", placed upon the market July 1, 1908.

The Chalmers Company, in bringing out the "Thirty-Six", at $1800, announced July 1, 1911, was the *first* to offer a medium priced car with self-starter, genuine long stroke motor, four-forward speed transmission, Continental demountable rims, and other features previously found only on high priced automobiles, or not found at all on any cars at any price.

The Chalmers engineers were the *first* to turn their attention to the important matters of comfort, beauty, and convenience in cars of medium price. Having built cars which answered every mechanical requirement, they devoted their efforts to refining their cars in these important respects.

Chalmers "Thirty-Six" for 1913 was the *first* medium priced car to combine the following desirable features: Turkish cushions, 11-inch upholstery, nickel trimmings, electric lights, self-starter, new, roomy, flush-sided bodies, long stroke motor, demountable rims.

The Chalmers Company was the *first* to produce a really great 6-cylinder car at a medium price—a truly maximum car embodying not only mechanical excellence, but the utmost in luxury—and still selling at a moderate price—$2400 to $2600.

The Chalmers Company was *first* in its racing record. It won more contests in proportion to the number entered than any other manufacturer—a record not yet equalled.

A Chalmers was the *first* medium priced car to win the Glidden Tour—and that when the Glidden Tour was a *real* automobile contest under severest rules. Our "30", won under the same rules as the $4000 and $5000 cars.

The Chalmers Company was one of the first to establish itself on a basis of manufacturing practically all of the vital parts of its cars in its own plant.

Making our own parts is not only more economical for us; it is better for you. The parts-maker is in business to make money. His first idea is quantity production at lowest cost to himself. Our first idea, in making our own parts, is quality. We don't have to think first about cost, for we know at the start that we can save the parts-maker's profit.

The wisdom of our policy of manufacturing our own parts will be more apparent in five years than it is today. Because cars are not bought now merely for one year but for several years' use. *Manufactured* cars last longer, and in addition the manufacturer who makes his own parts can always take better care of his owners.

These are some of the points in which the Chalmers Company has led since it started in the automobile business. You can verify them for yourself.

The biggest reason why the Chalmers Motor Company has been first so many times is because we have organized our business properly. We have patiently built up an organization where each department head is the best man that could be found for the job. We have fostered the spirit of co-operation between foreman and workmen and executives. We have encouraged our people to think. For we believe that brain power is more essential than horsepower in running a factory.

And so, because our organization was planned well and because we were willing to accept the suggestions of owners, dealers and our own employes, we were able to establish our leadership in the modern price class in 1908. We have been able to hold it by having a good organization. And we expect to continue because we have the organization, the ability, the capital, the factory and the experience to do it.

To tell you more about Chalmers cars and Chalmers methods, we have prepared an instructive and entertaining book, called "Story of the Chalmers Car." Write for it on the coupon.

And see our cars at the dealer's showrooms. Compare them with other cars. Put them to any comparative test and we believe your first choice will inevitably be a Chalmers.

Send in the coupon today, while you think of it.

Reasons Why 1913 Chalmers Cars Are First in the Estimation of Discriminating Motorists

Two great cars claim your attention as the Chalmers offerings for 1913—the Chalmers "Thirty-Six" and the Chalmers "Six."

The "Thirty-Six" at $1950, is the new model of the most popular car we ever produced, and is equipped with every convenience and comfort. An all-around car at a medium price.

The "Six" at $2400 to $2600 is a truly maximum car in power, comfort and luxury. And yet, through quantity production and unexcelled Chalmers manufacturing facilities, we are able to offer it at a moderate price.

Note these reasons for the popularity of these two cars:

Comfort—Maximum comfort is to be had in the luxurious Turkish cushions, 11-inch upholstery, long wheel base (130" on the "Six"; 118" on the "Thirty-Six"), improved springs, big wheels and tires.

Convenience—No other car offers so many conveniences to make driving simple and easy. Such as Chalmers patented self-starter, Gray & Davis electric lights, demountable rims, dash adjustment for carburetor, ideal arrangement of all control apparatus on dash.

Beauty—Beauty and grace distinguish every line of the new flush-sided metal bodies, the sweeping bell back, the hooded dash. The nickel trimmings, leather lining and sumptuous finish add the finishing touches of perfection.

Safety—The most careful attention has been given by Chalmers engineers to the factors of safety: Wheels, axles, frames, brakes, steering gear. All are of a weight and strength to insure against accident.

Long Stroke Motor—The Chalmers motors are ideal for every requirement—mile-a-minute speed, slow-running in city traffic, hill-climbing or dogged ploughing through sand or mud.

Four-Forward Speed Transmission—This great improvement—first offered by the Chalmers Company in a medium priced car—affords utmost flexibility. You can always select the gear that will carry your car along—through any kind of going—in the fastest time and with the least motor labor.

Rain Vision Windshield—This splendid, substantial windshield is readily adjustable to suit all conditions.

Special Silk Mohair Top—No better top is offered on any motor car.

Please send "Story of the Chalmers Car" and 1913 catalog.

Name _____

Address _____

S. E. P. 9-21

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.

"How many pairs of 'Holeproof' are you taking, Nell?"

Going away—or staying at home—Autumn demands trim, neat, stylish Holeproof Hose. Hose that feel good, and are the latest fashion in snugness and color. Hose that *wear*.

Heavy Autumn shoes are hard on dainty hose. Holeproof Hose end the nuisance of "looking them over" when they return from the laundry. Half a dozen pairs of silky, lustrous Holeproof Hose equip anybody—grown-ups or children—for six months' steady, constant wear.

Holeproof Hose are Cotton or Silk

Silk From Japan

We get our silk from the north of Japan. It is lustrous and soft, but unusually strong, due to its extra long fibre. We make it up into beautiful silk "Holeproof" for both men and women. We guarantee three pairs for three months. These silk hose thus last much longer than some of the brands of *heavier cotton* hose. They give you silk hose with economy.

Cotton From Egypt

We use in the cotton "Holeproof" yarn made from Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, the finest yarns sold. We pay the top market price—an average of 70 cents to the pound. Common yarn sells for 30 cents. But our yarn is three-ply, light weight and strong.

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Six pairs of cotton are guaranteed six months, and we make them for men, women, children and infants.

Get Genuine "Holeproof"

These hose are worn by more than a million people. Their fame is widespread. There are scores of imitations. One must be careful to see that he gets the genuine, the original guaranteed hose, if he wants the same satisfaction that these million wearers get. The genuine bears the signature Carl Freschl on the toe. Be sure that you see it.

"Only six—that's enough—they will all keep silky, stylish and perfect, without a break or tear, until Spring."

THE genuine "Holeproof" is sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance. Prices for cotton goods are $1.50 to $3, according to finish and weight. Six pairs guaranteed six months. Silk "Holeproof" for men cost $2 for three pairs, guaranteed three months. For women, $3 for three pairs, guaranteed three months. Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

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HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., LONDON, CANADA

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THE SURAKARTA

By Edwin Balmer and William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

WADE HEREFORD—early in the thirty months since Matthew Regan, the Chicago packer, had left him sole executor of his estate—had learned to carry a minimum of one hundred thousand dollars subject to the immediate call of the only heir, Lorine.

More than once a demand for double this amount—additional to the regular monthly allowance—had tumbled out upon his desk, without warning, from the morning's mail. So long as these drafts upon him did not exceed in any twelve months the income from the estate, the executor had nothing to say. When they did Hereford had learned his second lesson as promptly as his first—to protest in no more personal terms than:

MISS LORINE REGAN,
Peking—Mombasa, Cairo, Constantinople, or wherever she felt the need of money.

Dear Madam: The present value of the industrial stocks, bonds, real estate and other income-bearing principal property left you by your father is $8,540,000. This, invested at an average a trifle under seven per cent—for which all items will be sent you upon your request—bears income for this year of $597,000. Of this, a total of $536,000 has already been placed at your disposal. The balance of sixty-one thousand dollars—$61,000—is therefore all I am empowered to place to your immediate use, except in the event of any of those extraordinary exigencies provided for in your father's will.

There was nothing surprising, therefore, in her letter of this morning. Yet Hereford, having read with distinct uneasiness her curt notification to deposit one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to her check, put it aside unanswered.

Still more than that was due her. Its amount could be more than accounted for by preparation for another party from Mombasa to Cairo; or by return of curiosity as to—and therefore the immediate and complete excavation of—the site of some early Assyrian city on whose mounds she might have lunched; or by another attempt—as in that one delirious month when the executor had learned that comment upon his ward's actions was forbidden—to break the bank of a fashionable European gambling place. Another turbine yacht would account for it; another private aëroplane plant. It could be accounted for by any one of a dozen more such caprices as these. He knew, however, it would be none of these things which he called specifically to mind, for he had learned thoroughly that his ward never repeated.

"You are Not So Clever That I Shall Not Receive the Emerald"

Yet it was not the certainty it would be something different that caused Hereford to frown now. It was the knowledge that this new caprice, whatever it might be, was evidently about to be carried out in his vicinity; for the hotel address to which he was to acknowledge receipt of her instructions was one in the city.

Hereford stared for many minutes over the city roofs, and slightly flushed now as he comprehended that his ward, for the first time in his knowledge of her—which so far had been entirely by letter—had honored her source of income with a visit.

This proximity, with its promise of embarrassing complications for himself, made him anxious to learn her purpose in coming here. Whereas usually he held off and put to as much trouble as possible those coming to him on any business connected with his ward, he now instructed to have sent in at once the man whose card, engraved James Annis, inscribed Concerning Miss Lorine Regan, he had found upon his desk.

Old Matthew Regan—roughly powerful in mind and body—with the perspicacity that marked all he did, had chosen well the executor of his estate in favor of his daughter. On matters concerning her, impostors, swindlers and get-rich-quick individuals from the four quarters of the world invaded Hereford's office. The atmosphere of even the outer office chilled and discouraged them. Their carefully prepared stories began to disintegrate even before they had penetrated as far as Hereford himself. He, on his part, treated every stranger as an impostor until he had proved himself otherwise. Matthew Regan had known the world and his daughter both too well to select as his executor a man of pleasant and agreeable manners, but Hereford was a strong man who did things by direct methods. He had got so he could classify and frustrate scheming strangers as they entered his door.

But he could not classify the man who entered with a swinging step in answer to his summons. An American—sallow-skinned, lithe, with sun-bleached hair and brows—Hereford guessed he had spent many years away from the States. He saw by the careful grooming and new clothes that Annis had prosperous pockets now at least. He divined that Annis had spent more than a little of his life where one preserves life itself only by alertness of mind and quickness of eye and hand.

The stranger took the seat Hereford had not offered him.

"I am on my way to New York from Java, Mr. Hereford," Annis explained. "I have been living in Java for the past six years. I was in Samarang when Miss Regan—who, I am told, is your ward—was there last year."

Hereford, looking steadily at him, said nothing.

"On the possibility that you have not been informed of the position into which Miss Regan put herself at that time I have dropped in to see you, as I believe—having observed what I have—is the duty of a gentleman."

"That is a phrase open to many constructions, Mr.—Annis." Hereford was studiously affronting.

"That——?"

"The duty of a gentleman."

If the man was, as he professed to be, an ally he failed to notice the insult; if he was an opponent he was worth heeding, for he did not flush. "I will hear what you have to say," Hereford decided promptly. "I am, as you seem to be informed, the executor of the late Matthew Regan's estate. My responsibility, however, is confined to financial affairs. His daughter was already of age when her father died. I am merely administrator of her estate. Miss Regan put herself into no position in Java regarding which she found it necessary to consult me as administrator."

"Then you have not heard of her engagement to the Soesoehoenan of Surakarta?"

Hereford's eyes did not waver. The man might be merely trying to catch him. Who—he asked himself—was the Soesoehoenan of Surakarta?

"I thought so!" Annis nodded; he glanced round to see that the door through which he had entered was shut. "So you've really heard nothing at all of this?"

"You may assume so," Hereford granted unwillingly.

Annis smiled his satisfaction.

"Therefore you have had no reason particularly to investigate Javan society as yet. Am I right?"

"You mean I do not know who the Soesoehoenan of Surakarta is? Again you may assume so if you wish."

"I can tell you that much very briefly. Java, as of course you know, is one of the largest and it is by far the most populous and prosperous of the East Indies. It has

a population of over thirty million Javanese proper, the Sudanese and the Madurese—all three brown men, of course, of Malay stock. Java soil is said to be the richest in the world, and before Java was taken over as a colony the native sultans were among the most luxurious and absolute rulers in the world. When the Dutch took over the island and began to govern it they had often to leave the native rulers alone. Gradually seventeen of the sultanates have been formed into what the Dutch call residencies, with a Dutch resident as ruler or adviser to the native ruler; but in two sultanates—those of Surakarta and Jokjakarta—the native sultans still govern under only the most formal supervision of the Dutch resident. The Soesoehoenan of Surakarta is one of these—the richest native ruler in Java, by far the most independent and powerful; most despotic and absolute in his sultanate, and by far the most interesting. He has no less than ten thousand servants about his palace and his palace walls are four miles about. He is an Oxford graduate of some six or seven years ago, I believe—that is, he is about thirty years old. He is an excellent oarsman, tennis and cricket player; and is also a most skillful and daring automobile driver. Before I left he was going in for aëronautics with a biplane and a monoplane."

"You're his ardent biographer, Mr. Annis."

"No; for I'm going to give you the reverse of his picture too. The last time I saw him he was taking part in a Mohammedan ceremony—in his native costume, which does not include trousers; and his harem now numbers upward of a hundred and fifty women—Malay, Hindu, European, black, white and black-and-tan."

"And you have dropped in to tell me that my ward, Miss Regan, has engaged to add herself to those?"

"Not at all; but she has engaged to marry him if he will give them up—including Alarna, his favorite and reigning wife; provided, also, he takes from Alarna and sends to Miss Regan the great emerald known as the Surakarta, as proof of it all. All of which he has done."

"I don't quite follow you now."

"I can't tell you everything from first hand, but I believe Miss Regan came to Java eight months ago?"

"You are asking me for information now."

"No; the exact date is of no importance. She was with a party of English—army people, I believe, who had just been to India. Most respectable people too—your understand, there was not even talk of a scandal about her."

Hereford put his hand briskly toward a bell.

Annis checked him.

"I understand—not even mention of the word scandal with that implication in connection with Miss Regan's name. Quite right, too, Mr. Hereford, since I understand she has always avoided scandal of that sort at least. They all went together to visit the Soesoehoenan. It seemed one of the men in the party knew him at Oxford. He entertained them all, I understand, in the most extravagant manner for a month or so. He, I have gathered from fair reports, at least interested Miss Regan. She shot with him, beat him at tennis, took him up and showed him how to volplane down in his machine. He seems to have dared her, I might say, to marry him. She agreed to do it if he would give up all his wives, including Alarna, and take from Alarna and—if he still wished her, Miss Regan, rather than all the rest after six months—send to her to keep absolutely the great Surakarta as his pledge. It is, as any lapidarist can tell you, the most remarkable and by far the largest and most valuable emerald in the world. It is, indeed, invaluable—clear, without flaw and, cut in perfect star contour, larger than a man's fist. But, more than its money value, it has represented for centuries the honor of the ruling family of Surakarta. It is a sort of palladium, the possession of which is the superstitious hold over the sultan's people. A pretender, possessing it, could soon overturn the Soesoehoenan and put himself on the throne. The sending of this stone to Miss Regan, therefore, is the most absolute pledge of his sincerity possible. In giving it to her he puts himself absolutely into her hands. If—as may be her plan—she keeps it in her possession at some bank or other safe place to which she may have access, at the first suspicion of disloyalty to her she need only give it to the sultan's cousin to seat him in the sultan's place, or turn it over to the Dutch for them to take from him his power; or she could ruin him in a dozen other ways. That is what the sending of the emerald means. And Miss Regan's receiving of it tomorrow means that she will marry him—will become the wife of this Malay, Mr. Hereford."

Hereford scrutinized him with narrowed eyes.

"The sending of this—receiving it—tomorrow?" he questioned. "What do you mean?"

The traveler, seeing that at last he had made his impression, struck the desk.

"I mean that the emerald is here—the Soesoehoenan's envoys have it here at this moment at the Hotel Tonty. Tomorrow morning they will deliver it to your ward; and she will take it and formally betroth herself to the Soesoehoenan—unless you prevent it."

"Of course you are quite disinterested in coming to tell me this—quite disinterested, Mr. Annis? They always are," Hereford said unpleasantly.

"I learned these facts in Java, as I said; and being on my way to New York I believed it only the part of a countryman of Miss Regan's to make sure that whoever was protecting her knew them too. I believed you might consider it your duty to interfere. If I have made a mistake and wasted my time I beg your pardon."

Hereford considered that a man living long among inferior and despised races—holding, perhaps, his memory of American women as an ideal—would undoubtedly act as Annis had just done.

"But if these are facts," he said uneasily, "why have I heard nothing of them? Less than this about Miss Regan has deeply interested the newspapers before now."

"The sultan, without doubt—if for considerations of safety alone—would conceal the fact that the suite he is sending here has with it the emerald. Miss Regan, perhaps, has too good a sense of a news sensation to allow anything to leak out prematurely."

Hereford's suspicions returned.

"You wish to leave me your address—or do you not?" he questioned caustically. "They sometimes leave an address—more often not."

"I intend to set out for New York this afternoon. If you wish I will send you my hotel from there."

He rose, waiting apparently for Hereford to rise too. The executor looked steadily at him and did not get up.

Hereford, as the other closed the door behind him, pushed a button.

"Mr. James Annis, who is just leaving here, expects to take a train this afternoon for New York," he directed. "I'd be glad to know for certain whether he does take that train. You understand? Be quick or you will lose sight of him!"

There were plainly two things to be done immediately—a telephone call to the hotel his ward had given as her address, and another call to the Hotel Tonty, where the stranger had said the Javanese were staying. The first told him that Miss Regan had just arrived; the second, that a party of Javanese gentlemen had registered late the evening before, about whom the hotel management knew or would tell nothing.

Hereford had flattered himself that in connection with Lorine Regan nothing could surprise him; but now he had been thoroughly surprised. It was quite impossible—considering the relations between himself and his ward—to go direct to Lorine with this fantastic story, of which he had no more evidence than the narrative of a total stranger. The mere mention of it, if there was no truth behind it at all, would be an insult which might forever sever his relations with his ward.

The best thing obviously was a visit to Max Schimmel.

"Ach! Imbortant! It Must Be That Some One Is About to Lose or to Make Money"

"He Seems to Have Dared Her, I Might Say, to Marry Him"

II

NOT many men knew enough, as did Hereford, to visit Max Schimmel when confronted by something that perplexed and bewildered them. Those who did found that to Max nothing was strange, very little was perplexing. If somewhere, sometime, he had not encountered the precise situation that disturbed his questioner he had seen some one else encounter and had helped some one else to overcome it.

Max occupied the second floor, which otherwise could not have been rented at all, of a two-story frame building belonging to the Regan estate. This frame building, falling into decay, was almost in the heart of the business district on property left unimproved by Hereford for business reasons. Besides the second floor, Max had the use of half the yard.

He was in this yard, which with carefully nurtured shrubs and vines he had converted into a garden, when Hereford found him. Beside him a stump-tailed Gila lizard in a little glass cage basked comfortably in the warm sun, and at his feet a strange crimson-striped fish, which Hereford had not seen before, with long, featherlike fins streaked purple and crimson, flopped in a glass trough; but Max's attention was entirely absorbed by a tiny clay pot boasting one white sweet pea. He was measuring this sweet pea across and across with a fine wire scale so earnestly that he did not notice the entrance of his friend.

There was mystery about Max. Clerks, stenographers and business men often stopped their work to look down in perplexed curiosity from their high windows at him and his dwelling. They wondered who he was and what he did; but the bushy-haired little man, with a scarred, perpetually tanned face, ignored these looks. In his life nothing was definite since his birth in Schleswig-Holstein except his presence at Gravelotte, where he was lamed in his right knee. Exactly as in India and China Max had dwelt in the farthest inland and most inaccessible villages, as in Africa and Borneo he had disappeared in the most impenetrable jungles, so here in civilization he had elected to dwell where civilization was fully represented and men

were found twelve thousand to the acre. Yet he seemed as unaware of the presence of these men as he was of Hereford, now that he stood beside him.

"Put it down, Max," Hereford directed. "I have something important to ask you."

Max only adjusted his scale more intently, recognizing the voice, but not turning his head.

"Ach! Imbortant!" he exclaimed. "It must be that some one is about to lose or to make money then; for that iss what beople here think iss imbortant. But what iss imbortant iss—this." He pointed to the sweet pea.

"Dangerous variety, Max?"

"Why not? Would it be imbossible to give to this sweet pea the poison of the Borgias? But then this pea would become an exception—therefore unimbortant. Wait but a minute now and I will tell you whether—if you had an ancestor with too long a shankbone, let us say, back in the time of Rameses—your children may be gawky with that same long shank; or whether—so far as now iss proved—our forevaters only so far back as Cleopatra can so determine our shanks. See, this which I measure we may call the shank of this flower; it iss one hundred und fifty generations of this flower back three thousand years that only a single pea had this petal long. Und look!"

"Well?"

"Opserve, my friend, from this sweet pea, if you are thinking of getting marriet, that your child may resemble any forevater for three thousand years."

"I am not thinking of getting married!" Hereford returned irritatedly. "I came to ask you about emeralds, to get from you a list of the most precious emeralds in the world."

"The most brecious emerald in the world, my friend"—Max put the pot carefully down—"iss, beyont argument or doubt, the last little speck of green put by a man who loves ubon the finger of the lovet one."

"Then the next precious?"

"The next brecious would mean the largest, no doubt; and that—of course—iss the great Chava emerald, the Surakarta. The next ——"

"You need go no farther, Max."

"Ach! So it iss not about a list of emeralds you have come; but only about the great Surakarta?"

Hereford, looking carefully on both sides and under the bench where Max was sitting, sat down.

"That is true, Max. Where is it?"

"It iss in the tower of the Soesoehoenan of Surakarta, my friend, where it has stayed six hundred years and will, perhaps, stay six hundred more in the steel box that was made that long ago to protect it. You will make no money out of the Surakarta, my friend. It iss not on the market to be sold; it iss not to be seen on exhibition even. Opserve a pretty story: Six hundred years ago there wass in that vertile island of Chava a most cunning worker of metals. The Dutch had not yet come to the island, which was vertile then in brown men of intelligence as it iss vertile now in sugar and rice. This man could make statues of metal which, when one blew upon them, spoke words, as before that did the great stone statues of Egypt. He made faces out of steel which, when one pressed upon a lever, would change their exbression. So this man wass sent for by the Soesoehoenan that he might make a box which could be opened by no one who had not its secret; und in this box wass to be put the great Surakarta, which iss the sign of the sovereignty of Surakarta. While the Soesoehoenan holds that emerald no one can depose him; so it iss guarded as the heart of his power, und no one was to know the secret of the box but the Soesoehoenan und his favorite, so that in case the Soesoehoenan died the favorite still could open it. Then the man—this maker of metals—knowing what this meant, gafe a dinner to all his friends; und after the dinner he distributed to one und to another und gafe away all that he owned; und then he went und made the box; und after it wass finished, coming out, he wass seized und strangled by order of the Soesoehoenan, as he had expected. Iss it not a bretty story?"

"Then the Javanese still—at least I have been told so, Max—hold that strange superstition that the throne of Surakarta goes with the emerald?"

"To be sure. But in what iss that strange? What iss strange iss that the German William should be submitted to by all Germans as their ruler, when in broof he can show not even an emerald."

Hereford rose and took leave of the little German. He felt now, with his irritation against his ward increased by his increased certainty, that it was imperative to see Lorine at once.

III

HEREFORD hurried directly from Max to Lorine's hotel. He was convinced now that behind all he had heard was an affair which, since it concerned the succession to a throne—if only a Malaysian throne—might indeed have involved his ward in some adventure more fantastically outrageous than all that had gone before.

Every few months, during the thirty in which he had been in charge of her affairs, Hereford had seen his ward's picture staring out at him from the newspapers, which gave generous space to her doings. Before her father's sudden taking off, when Hereford was then merely banker for the firm, he had likewise learned to look for Lorine's face and figure in the Sunday papers, which gave curious attention to the more extraordinary doings of Chicagoans abroad. Only a year ago, upon the occasion of her starting the excavation of the Assyrian city, in the personal pages of one of the magazines she had attained the dignity of a careful full-page halftone, with veil and sunshade, seated upon a camel. As she had been kept abroad by her father constantly since Hereford's first association with him, he had never seen her.

"The Great Emerald Was Gone!"

Once when business had called him abroad, and again when affairs at home had made a holiday in Europe possible, he had offered to call upon her to come to a more perfect understanding with her as to his own powers over her expenditures. Before then, however, their relations already had become strained and both times she had refused.

As an antagonist he respected her—she was the only person in the world who had consistently thwarted and defeated him; but he had noted early in his dealings with her, as, being himself well connected socially, he was bound to do, that, with all the surprising things she had done, she had never yet gone so far as to try to force her way into society. No doubt a Malaysian court, with its ten thousand half-clad attendants, might appear to her an easier way to social distinction. He recalled, as he thought of her, her father—the packer—with his head and neck of a triumphant bull and his vest spotted with dropped food; and Hereford felt that he knew her now as perfectly as he could have done after a long personal acquaintance.

He was not in the least surprised, therefore, at the length of time that she kept him waiting after he had sent up his card.

When finally he was ushered up he found a slender girl in a gray suit, with an abundance of dark hair, busily writing at a desk. She occupied in the rather large room the only chair, though marks upon the heavy hotel carpet here and there showed where other chairs just now had stood. He reddened with annoyance at this obvious attempt to put him at a disadvantage. He crossed, pushed open determinedly the door of an inner room, seized a chair and set it near the desk.

Then for the first time she looked up.

Her gray-blue eyes maliciously and audaciously flashed at him and the blood glowed pink under her clear white skin. "Why, she is beautiful!" he thought in amaze, for her published pictures had shown her no more than pretty. Startled at finding her so different from what he had expected, he remained standing with his hand on the back of the chair.

"After carrying that chair so far you might at least sit down," she offered. She seemed trying not to laugh.

He dropped into the chair.

He was trying unavailingly to reconcile her with his expectations of a flighty, undisciplined child. She was not a child, but a young and bewitching woman whose face showed the determination and tenacity, as the flash of her brilliant eyes showed the daring, of old Matthew Regan—but of Matthew Regan refined, cultured, self-disciplined by contact with many kinds of people; for he saw that to any one other than himself she would have appeared a person of graceful tact and, no matter where it might have been acquired, good breeding.

"So you are Mr. Hereford," she stated, "and—you are not bald?"

"You expected me to be bald?" he asked dryly.

"Just as certainly as your letters to me have shown that you suspected me of being blondined. May I ask to what I owe the honor of this visit?"

"It could have no excuse except business," he retorted curtly.

"Have I overdrawn so much as all that?" A smile hovered upon her lips; her skirts took the delicate outline of her body as she turned slightly.

"Not in money. There is more at present to your credit than you asked for in your letter of this morning."

"Then you mean ——"

"I have reason to suspect that you are attempting rather to overdraw in your personal activities."

"I prefer people to speak plainly—even people who are personally unpleasant to me." She continued to smile, however, radiating femininity.

"I shall do so," he said directly, "and in return I shall require from you an equally plain and definite answer as to the remarkable and unpleasant story that was brought to me this morning. Have you or have you not come here to receive a certain jewel, an emerald, which is known as the Surakarta?"

"I have." She had stopped smiling.

"I was told that your acceptance of this jewel has a definite and prearranged significance."

"It has." Her eyes flashed at him.

"That it meant betrothal."

"A little more than that; for when I receive the emerald tomorrow my word is given a little more absolutely than in mere betrothal."

"To ——"

"To the Soesoehoenan of Surakarta, as undoubtedly you have been informed."

"A Malay—a Javanese?"

"Both, and likewise a most interesting and attractive gentleman who has done me the honor to pay me perfect

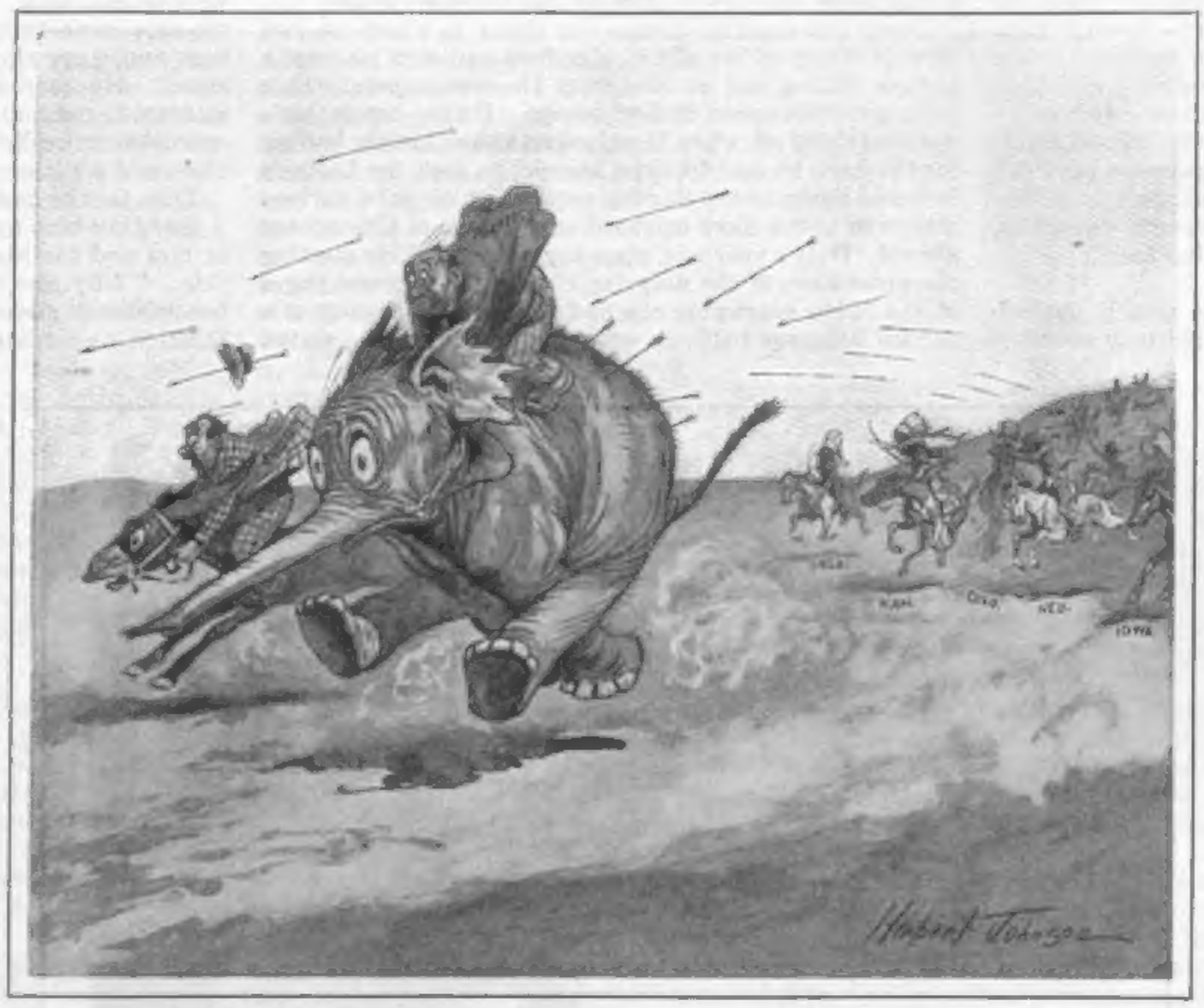
(Continued on Page 68)

The Mix in the Middle West

TANGLED POLITICS IN THE STRENUOUS PRAIRIE STATES

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON



"WE WILL open this convention by reciting the Twenty-third Psalm and the Lord's Prayer," said a minister at the gathering in Missouri called for the purpose of sending delegates to the Progressive Convention which was to be held in Chicago.

Whereupon the four hundred and fifty or sixty delegates arose and recited the Twenty-third Psalm and the Lord's Prayer. Ninety-five per cent of them knew the Psalm. Reverently they began to recite it and continued until the final "and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

Now that circumstance is not cited because there is anything unusual in beginning a political convention with prayer. Every big convention and most small conventions open with prayer, but—and this is the point—the selected minister does the praying and recites the Scripture. I have been to every national convention since 1892, and to scores of state conventions, and I never saw one where ninety-five per cent—or nine per cent even—of the delegates could say the Twenty-third Psalm. These delegates, these Roosevelt delegates, these Progressive delegates, *knew it*, just as the delegates at Chicago knew the hymns and the selections from the Bible used there.

That means only one thing, and that one thing is that the men who are in the Roosevelt fight are radically different from the men who go into the usual political campaign. Their fervor and their zeal and their earnestness make them seem much like crusaders. Their movement isn't susceptible to the ordinary political analysis, cannot be viewed from the common political angles or judged by conventional political standards. There are no precedents on which to base either a conclusion or a guess. The situation has no parallel, and it shifts rapidly from day to day. What seems politically logical and tenable on Wednesday is likely to be politically absurd on Friday because of changed conditions.

However, after visiting Washington, Oregon, California, Utah, Nevada, Idaho, Wyoming, Montana, Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska and Iowa some aspects of the situation are reasonably clear to me as this is written in the last week in August. These can be summed up as follows:

First: Those persons in the East and elsewhere who think that Theodore Roosevelt has lost any great portion of his popularity in this wide territory are misinformed.

Second: Those persons who are expecting the Progressive movement to subside and the former Republicans in it to stick to the old party and vote with it in November are in error, judging from conditions as I find them the closing days of August.

Third: Those persons who think that the farmers, the workingmen, the skilled shop-laborers, the factory men, the railroad men, the traveling men, the small business men, the storekeepers and their clerks do not intend to vote for Roosevelt and Johnson in large numbers—in amazingly large numbers—have no knowledge of what the mass of the people have in mind.

Fourth: Those Taft men who hope that any considerable number of conservative Democrats will vote for Taft, and in a way offset the loss to the Republican party through the defection to Roosevelt, have no substantial basis for that hope.

Fifth: Those Wilson men who are convinced that a large number of the old-line Republicans will vote for Wilson in order to make the protest against Roosevelt most effective are right.

Sixth: Those people who contend that this is a fight between Roosevelt and Wilson, with Taft hopelessly out of it, at this time, have an adequate conception of the circumstances.

Seventh: Any person who, basing his conclusions on figures, tabulations, comparisons, canvasses, straws or past performances, pretends to be able to say with any degree of certainty what the outcome of it all will be is pretending and nothing more.

Superficially, as a mere matter of political mathematics, it would seem and does seem that Wilson is most likely to be elected. The proposition is perfectly simple: Taft is nominated by the regular remnants of the Republican party. Roosevelt is nominated by men who were largely affiliated with the Republican party. Thus, with Taft and Roosevelt splitting the normal Republican vote, it would seem an easy matter for Wilson to win by holding the normal Democratic vote, which his supporters say he can do. That is all there is to it: You divide one party into two unequal parts and let another party remain practically intact, and the whole party will defeat the divided party, especially as the whole party is not much the numerical inferior, in the broad sense, of the former other whole party now divided.

Any child can figure that out. It demonstrates so clearly there is no wonder the Democrats are already beginning to pick out their jobs. But—and this is the main result of my investigations thus far—if the conditions in the East are similar to the conditions in the West there is likely to be an upset to these political mathematics that will amaze the American people. Two and two may not make four. Two and two may make five or three, as it turns out.

Taking a Chance on a Change

THE important fact developed by this campaign is that the political revolution that is in progress in this country has passed the Boston-Tea-Party and the Battle-of-Lexington stage, and is now a war with regularly organized armies in the field and men fighting in the ranks who hitherto have not taken up arms. Moreover the enlistment is general and the service is zealous. The American people demand a change. They do not yet know exactly whether they want that change to come with Wilson and Democratic success or with Roosevelt and Progressive success, but they will bring the beginning of it about through the election of one or the other of these men.

I have no doubt that the same underlying sentiment exists in the East as exists in the West, but my political pilgrimage has not yet brought me to the East. The American people think broadly along the same lines in these matters, and Massachusetts, underneath, is as radical a state as California or Washington. But, laying this part of it aside, there can be no mistaking the sentiment that exists in the states I have visited. Instead of losing strength because of his bolt from the Republican party and his evident determination to whip that historic organization, Colonel Roosevelt has held his strength to a remarkable degree. The assault of the old-line Republicans based on Standard Oil contributions to his 1904 campaign has not hurt him up to this time, and probably will not. He and his friends and supporters have succeeded in convincing the people, or a large number of them, in this territory that Taft was dishonestly nominated at Chicago, that Roosevelt was the choice of the Republican states, or such of them as had primaries—which he was—and, as it is generally expressed, they don't intend to "let Teddy get the worst of it."

Add to this the unrest, the desire for a change, the firm conviction that the interests have controlled the Republican party and its leaders, especially in tariff matters, the deep feeling against trusts and combinations, the increased cost of living, and the almost universal protest against old-fashioned political conditions as evidenced by the spread of the direct primary, the initiative and referendum and recall and various other reform measures, and you have the basis of Roosevelt's strength, coupled, of course, with the admiration the people have for him as a fighting man, which in this country is great and enthusiastic. The point the old-line Republicans fail to note is that the designation Republican doesn't mean anything to the younger generation except mostly Aldrichism and Cannonism and Taftism. It was no task, but rather seemed a duty, for them to throw off Republican ties and join the new party. What it means to politicians who want office is another matter, but this fight isn't by any means being fought by the politicians of the old order.

Roosevelt, to an extent, types this new idea, and as he is the instrument at hand these people are willing to work through him. So far as I am able to discover, this Progressive campaign is about forty per cent cause and sixty per cent Roosevelt; or, putting it on another basis, it is forty per cent desire for a change and sixty per cent cause and Roosevelt combined. If the people who are running these various campaigns desire some accurate gauge on what is likely to happen next November, let them go into a factory or a shop, or canvass a farming district—in New England or the Middle West or in the Far West—as I have done out here, and see what they find. They will find Roosevelt and Wilson highest in favor and Taft far down in the scattering column, and in many instances they will find Roosevelt substantially in the lead.

Now this may or may not be conclusive. Everybody who had to do with the Bryan campaign in 1896, or who studied that campaign or watched it, knows that Bryan was booming along on August first and enough ahead on September first to have been elected if the balloting had been done then. It may be that Roosevelt is at the top of his wave at the present time. Still there is this in Roosevelt's favor as a continuing force, and that is that he has no Mark Hanna and no Mark Hanna machine and its millions and its sound-money propaganda working against him. Also the pressure big business was able to bring on employees then cannot be brought successfully now. Most states have the secret ballot, and anyhow big business is not so potent in politics as it was in 1896. Those days are gone in politics. The men who were forced to vote for McKinley in 1896 will vote largely as they please this year.

So it all comes down to this: Will enough of the old-line Republicans, desirous of eliminating Roosevelt, vote for Wilson on the theory that it is their duty to put in a whole vote against Teddy instead of half a vote, which is what it would be if they voted for Taft, to give Wilson a plurality in states usually Republican, and can Wilson hold the normal Democratic vote? Answering the last half of the question first, it is probable that in this Western country Wilson will hold a large proportion of the Democratic vote. What may happen to him in the East is a question to be considered later. At this time there is no sign out here of any considerable defection from Wilson. Most of the Democrats are for him, whether they like him or not,

on the ground that the party has a good chance to win this year and all Democrats should join in and make victory certain.

The first half of the question cites the proposition on which the whole situation rests, so far as Roosevelt is concerned. If Wilson and Roosevelt were the two nominees it would be a wonderful battle, and even more spectacular than now with Taft also in the race. So far as the best state judges in the big Republican states like Iowa and Kansas can determine, in a straight-out fight between Roosevelt and Taft for the Republican vote, with no old-line Republicans voting for Wilson, Roosevelt would get about sixty per cent of the Republican vote and Taft forty, which would let Wilson in. In Kansas the Republicans were four to one for Roosevelt against Taft in the matter of sending delegates to the Chicago convention, but in the primary for the selection of presidential electors the Roosevelt men only mustered about two to one, showing that there are many Republicans who were for Roosevelt for president, but who will not follow him into a third party.

If all the regulars in the Republican party were to vote for Taft and all the Progressives were to vote for Roosevelt, Wilson would have plain sailing in many of these states, although Roosevelt would get enough votes in some of them to carry those states against both Taft and Wilson. Additional strength will come to Wilson because, as I have stated, many old-line Republicans, considering Taft's case hopeless, will vote for Wilson. On the face of these prospects it looks quite easy for Wilson.

The Greatest "Maybe" Campaign

ON THE face of it! The trouble with that face is that it isn't an open face. It isn't a frank political countenance wherein motives may be read. Instead it is an impassive, an inscrutable face. There are not many apparent defections from Wilson among the Democrats—apparent is the exact word. No person knows or can guess whether there will be any real defections, for the voters are saying nothing. It is quite possible that a large number of progressive Democrats will vote for Roosevelt—quite possible; just as a lot of old-time Democrats, for strong reasons—which may in some cases be religious even—may vote for Taft. Neither of those classes is talking. Then, too, there is a big sixty per cent of voters in the Republican party, or in the former Republican party, who did not come out in the primaries where Roosevelt swept everything. These are not lining up officially or publicly.

Complexities are fresh every hour. This is the greatest "maybe" campaign in the history of the country. It may be the Roosevelt movement will begin to subside along in September or October. It may be the conservatives of both parties will line up pretty generally behind Taft. It may be the progressive Democrats will turn to Roosevelt. It may be the old-line Republicans will vote for Wilson. Any or all of these conditions are likely to be found on election day. Still there are some things that are not speculative at this time. One is that Roosevelt is tremendously strong in this Western country, and is likely to carry several states. A second is that Wilson seems sure to get a good number of the electoral votes out this way. And another is that Mr. Taft has as yet shown no strength at all and is a poor third in the race.

This is the open season for landslide predictions, and the Roosevelt people and the Wilson people are good predictors. The most general forecast is that Roosevelt will sweep this Western country. The Wilson people are a trifle more modest and claim Wilson will carry several states by safe pluralities. So far as forecasting goes, any prediction at this time has substantial basis, and one is just as good as another, for the great bulk of the people are saying little, but are harvesting their crops and attending to business. This much, however, is true: If there is any landslide at all it will be a Roosevelt landslide. The probabilities are that the fight between Wilson and Roosevelt will be bitter and reasonably close, with The Colonel getting the advantage in some places and Wilson in others. The crops are tremendous and the farmers are all happy. In past times good crops have been a Republican asset. If Mr. Taft can claim credit for the crops it will help some, but it is more than likely The Colonel will beat him to it.

Coming down to the various states in this group about which I have not hitherto written specifically, there is no chance to go into details in an article of this kind, principally because there are no permanent details to go into. The situations in all of them change daily, sometimes twice and three times a day. Primaries and conferences and court proceedings and party councils will be held between the writing and the printing of this, which will undoubtedly change the state politics radically. So I shall make no attempt to analyze state conditions except on the broadest national lines, for affairs are so tangled in Colorado, Nebraska, Kansas and Iowa that what was the seeming situation at the time of writing might be as obsolete three weeks later as waving the bloody shirt.

In most of these states there are two sets of squabbles between the Progressives and the Republicans. One concerns the men who, though they were originally selected as Republican electors and, therefore, according to the contention of the regulars in the Republican party should be obligated to vote for Taft, have declared they will not vote for Taft but will vote for Roosevelt and still demand their places on the ballot as Republicans. The other concerns the men who want to run for state and other offices, and who, although favoring Roosevelt for president, do not want to lose their Republican ballot designations and the advantages that will accrue therefrom. These patriots want to eat their cake and have it too. For the ordinary state politician there is something more in all this than the mere election of Roosevelt or Taft or Wilson. The state politicians who have their eyes on jobs and have won at a primary want to be elected also. Hence, though their hearts are true to Roosevelt, they mostly want to win out themselves and have no desire to run independently or as Progressives—especially if they won in the primaries as Republicans, as most of them did.

These complications have brought about court orders, injunctions, contests, and all sorts of jockeyings back and forth. Take Colorado, for example. There is a lovely situation in Colorado, as tangled as a dish of spaghetti. The regular Republicans have a candidate for governor. Phil Stewart, of Colorado Springs, a devoted friend of Roosevelt, ran independently for governor as a Republican, but wanted all his supporters to vote for Roosevelt electors. Ed Costigan ran as the Bull Moose candidate for governor, backed by Judge Lindsey, and these urged their supporters to keep away from the primaries, so that none of them might be tied up on election day by the expressed political preference demanded in the primary vote. And goodness only knows how many Democrats want to be governor. Also they had regular and Progressive and Democratic candidates for the Senate, and so on down, and the whole state, politically, was a puzzle.

There will be a chance for a straight-out Taft and Roosevelt test in Colorado, for both have regular electoral tickets. This will make the national fight three-cornered and will give Wilson the advantage, although there are many Roosevelt supporters in the state. The old-line Republican machine is doing what it can to stem the Roosevelt tide, and it is not having much luck at it. Not so many old-line Republicans in Colorado, as yet, have declared in favor of voting for Wilson. They seem quite generally content to go down with the ship. Notwithstanding Wilson's apparent advantage in Colorado, it need surprise no one if Roosevelt develops great strength out there. Indeed he has developed it already. They like Roosevelt in Colorado.

Kansas is running true to form as to politics. Trust that great and prosperous state to have ideas, slants and political contingencies to be found nowhere else. They take their politics very seriously out in Kansas, and they are getting enough of it this year to suit the most fastidious. Here is an inkling of what has happened, so far as the Republicans are concerned: Eighteen of the twenty Kansas delegates to the Republican National Convention refused to abide by the nomination of Taft. They were for Roosevelt, did not vote for Taft, and declared themselves not bound by the action of that convention, their contention being that without the votes of the delegates they held were wrongfully seated by the Taft machine Taft could not have been nominated, and that his nomination in no way bound them to abide by that result.

Then the Kansas voters had a hack at it in the primaries early in August. Eight of the candidates for electors declared they would not be bound by the nomination of Taft, and that if they were elected at the primaries as national electors they would vote for Roosevelt in case of their election at the November balloting. There was no mistake about this. These men made their declarations before the primaries. Eight of the ten electors nominated at the primaries were Roosevelt men. The highest Roosevelt elector got about 77,000 votes and the highest Taft elector got about 42,000.

Then came the row. There were proceedings brought before the United States Supreme Court, injunctions from district Federal courts, contests and all sorts of legal proceedings. The Taft people sought to eliminate the Roosevelt electors from the regular Republican column on the ballot, on the ground that they are fraudulently there. As it stood after the primaries Roosevelt would have had eight electoral votes in Kansas and Taft two, if the Republicans had carried the state.

Meantime the Republican party council met in Topeka, after all these injunctions and contests and court proceedings, and debated the question whether the Roosevelt electors should run on an independent ticket and let the Taft electors have the regular Republican designation, or whether they should insist on staying in the Republican party column. This party council is made up of most of the candidates for office on the Republican ticket, and has the making of the platform and the general laying down of principles for the coming contest.

Where Party Lines are Closely Drawn

THERE were many real Roosevelt men who held that the Roosevelt electors should take a place in a column by themselves, but the strength of the men who want to run for state offices was too great. For personal reasons these men wanted the advantage of being in the Republican column. In an independent column they must run without party designation, under the Kansas law, when put on the ballot by petition. The council voted eighty to sixty-two that the eight Kansas Roosevelt electors should stick to the Republican column. This means they will stick there unless the United States Supreme Court, by upholding the contentions of the Taft managers, decides they have no right in that column.

Through the maze of court orders and proceedings and contests and seesawings back and forth one fact is clearly apparent. That fact is that the Taft men do not intend that Roosevelt shall carry Kansas if they can help it. It would be a distinct disadvantage to the Roosevelt electors to be placed in an undesignated independent column. Also it would hurt some of the candidates for office who want to carry water on both shoulders. It is charged by the Roosevelt men in Kansas that the Taft men have formed an organization called the Republican Party League, or some similar name, with the object of maintaining the integrity of the party as an organization. It is claimed that the real object of this league is to pledge its members to vote for Wilson in case the Roosevelt menace

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Evil to Him Who Evil Thinks

By Richard Harding Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

AS A RULE the instant the season closed in June Aline Proctor sailed on the first outbound steamer for London, where awaited her many friends, both English and American—and to Paris, where she selected those gowns that on and off the stage helped to make her famous; but this particular summer she had spent with the Endicotts at Bar Harbor, and it was at their house Herbert Nelson met her. After Herbert met her very few other men enjoyed that privilege. This was her wish as well as his.

They behaved disgracefully. Every morning after breakfast they disappeared and spent the rest of the day at opposite ends of a canoe. She, knowing nothing of a canoe, was happy in stabbing the waters with her paddle, while he told her how he loved her and, at the same time, with anxious eyes on his own paddle, skillfully frustrated her efforts to drown them both. While the affair lasted it was ideal and beautiful, but unfortunately it lasted only two months.

Then Lord Albany, temporarily in America as honorary attaché to the British Embassy, his adoring glances, his accent and the way he brushed his hair, proved too much for the susceptible heart of Aline; and she chucked Herbert and asked herself how a woman of her age could have seriously considered marrying a youth just out of Harvard! At that time she was a woman of nineteen; but, as she had been before the public ever since she was eleven, the women declared she was not a day under twenty-six—the men knew she could not possibly be over sixteen!

Aline's own idea of herself was that without some one in love with her she could not exist—that, unless she knew some man cared for her and for her alone, she would wither and die. As a matter of fact, whether any one loved her or not did not interest her in the least. There were several dozen men who could testify to that. They knew! What she really wanted was to be head and ears in love—to adore some one, to worship him, to imagine herself starving for him and making sacrifice hits for him; but when the moment came to make the sacrifice hit and marry the man, she invariably found that a greater, truer love had arisen—and for some one else.

This greater and truer love always made her behave abominably to the youth she had just jilted. She wasted no time on postmortems. She was so eager to show her absolute loyalty to the new monarch that she grudged every thought she ever had given the one she had cast into exile. She resented him bitterly. She could not forgive him for having allowed her to be desperately in love with him. He should have known he was not worthy of such a love as hers. He should have known that the real prince was waiting only just round the corner.

As a rule the rejected ones behaved well. Each decided Aline was much too wonderful a creature for him, and continued to love her cautiously and from a distance. None of them ever spoke or thought ill of her and would gladly have punched any one who did. It was only the women whose young men Aline had confiscated temporarily, and then returned saddened and chastened, who were spiteful. And they dared say no more than that Aline would probably have known her mind better if she had had a mother to look after her. This, coming to the ears of Aline, caused her to reply that a girl who could not keep straight herself, but needed a mother to help her, would not keep straight had she a dozen mothers. As she put it cheerfully, a girl who goes wrong and then pleads "no mother to guide her" is like a jockey who pulls a race and then blames the horse.

Each of the young men Aline rejected married some one else and, except when the name of Aline Proctor in the theatrical advertisements or in electric lights on Broadway gave him a start, forgot that for a month her name and his own had been linked together from Portland to San Francisco. But the girl he married did not forget. She never understood what the public saw in Aline Proctor. That Aline was the queen of musical comedy she attributed to the fact that Aline knew the right people and got herself written about in the right way. But that she could sing, dance, act; that she possessed compelling charm; that she "got across" not only to the tired business man, the wine agent, the college boy, but also to the children and the old ladies, was never apparent, or if it was apparent it was never admitted.

The Eyes of the Greatest Catch in America Were Intently Regarding a Display of Photographs

Just as Aline could not forgive the rejected suitor for allowing her to love him, so the girl he married never forgave Aline for having loved her husband. Least of all could Sally Winthrop, who two years after the summer at Bar Harbor married Herbert Nelson, forgive her. And she let Herbert know it. Herbert was properly in love with Sally Winthrop, but he liked to think that his engagement to Aline, though brief and abruptly terminated, had proved him to be a man fatally attractive to all women. And though he was hypnotizing himself into believing that his feeling for Aline had been the grand passion, the truth was that all that kept her in his thoughts was his own vanity. He was not discontented with his lot—his lot being Sally Winthrop, her three millions and her estate of three hundred acres near Westbury. Nor was he still longing for Aline. It was only that his vanity was flattered by the recollection that one of the young women most beloved by the public had once loved him.

"I once was a king in Babylon," he used to misquote to himself. "And she was a Christian slave."

He was as young as that.

Had he been content in secret to assure himself that he once had been a reigning monarch his vanity would have harmed no one; but unfortunately he possessed certain documentary evidence to that fact. And he was sufficiently foolish not to wish to destroy it. The evidence consisted of a dozen photographs he had snapped of Aline during the happy days at Bar Harbor, and on which she had written phrases somewhat exuberant and sentimental.

From these photographs Nelson was loath to part—especially with one that showed Aline seated on a rock that ran into the waters of the harbor and on which she had written: "As long as this rock lasts!" Each time she was in love Aline believed it would last. That in the past it never had lasted did not discourage her.

What to do with these photographs that so vividly recalled the most tumultuous period of his life Nelson could not decide. If he hid them away—and Sally found them—he knew she would make his life miserable. If he died and Sally then found them when he no longer was able to explain that they meant nothing to him, she would believe he always had loved the other woman and it would make her miserable. He felt he could not safely keep them in his own house, his vanity did not permit him to burn them, and accordingly he decided to unload them on some one else.

The young man to whom he confided his collection was Charles Cochran. Cochran was a charming person from the West. He had studied in the Beaux Arts and on foot had traveled over England and Europe, preparing himself to try his fortunes in New York as an architect. He was now in the office of the architects Post & Constant, and lived alone in a tiny farmhouse he had made over for himself near Herbert Nelson's, at Westbury, Long Island.

Post & Constant were a fashionable firm and were responsible for many of the French châteaux and English country houses that were rising near Westbury, Hempstead and Roslyn; and it was Cochran's duty to drive over that territory in his runabout, keep an eye on the contractors and dissuade clients from grafting mansard roofs on Italian villas. He had built the summer home of the Herbert Nelsons, and Herbert and Charles were very warm friends. Charles was of the same lack of years as was Herbert, of an enthusiastic and sentimental nature; and, like many other young men, the story of his life also was the lovely and much-desired Aline Proctor. It was this coincidence that had made them friends, and that had led Herbert to select Charles as the custodian of his treasure. As a custodian and confidant Charles especially appealed to his new friend because, except upon the stage and in restaurants, Charles had never seen Aline Proctor, did not know her—and considered her so far above him, so unattainable, that he had no wish to seek her out. Unknown, he preferred to worship at a distance. In this determination Herbert strongly encouraged him.

When he turned over the pictures to Charles, Herbert could not resist showing them to him. They were in many ways charming. They presented the queen of musical comedy in several new rôles. In one she was in a sailor suit, giving an imitation of a girl paddling a canoe. In another she was in a riding-habit mounted upon a pony of which she seemed very much afraid. In some she sat like a siren among the rocks with the waves and seaweed snatching at her feet, and in another she crouched beneath the wheel of Herbert's touring car. All of the photographs were unprofessional and intimate, and the legends scrawled across them were even more intimate.

"'As long as this rock lasts!'" read Herbert. At arm's length he held the picture for Cochran to see, and laughed bitterly and unmirthfully as he had heard leading men laugh in problem plays.

"That is what she wrote," he mocked—"but how long did it last? Until she saw that little red-headed Albany playing polo. That lasted until his mother heard of it and she thought her precious lamb was in the clutches of a designing actress, and made the Foreign Office cable him home. Then Aline took up one of those army aviators and chucked him for that fellow who painted her portrait; and threw him over for the lawn-tennis champion. Now she's engaged to Chester Griswold, and Heaven pity her!

She Had Lied to Him

Of course he's the greatest catch in America; but he's a prig and a snob, and he's so generous with his money that he'll give you five pennies for a nickel any time you ask him. He's got a heart like the meter of a taxicab, and he's jealous as a cat. Aline will have a fine time with Chester! I knew him at St. Paul's and at Harvard, and he's got no more red blood in his veins than an eel!"

Cochran sprang to the defense of the lady of his dreams.

"There must be some good in the man," he protested, "or Miss Proctor ——"

"Oh, those solemn snobs," declared Herbert, "impress women just by keeping still. Griswold pretends the reason he doesn't speak to you is because he's too superior, but the real reason is that he knows whenever he opens his mouth he shows what an ass he is."

Reluctantly Herbert turned over to Charles the precious pictures. "It would be a sin to destroy them, wouldn't it?" he prompted.

Cochran agreed heartily.

"You might even," suggested Herbert, "leave one or two of them about. You have so many of Aline already that one more wouldn't be noticed. Then when I drop in I could see it." He smiled ingratiatingly.

"But those I have I bought," Cochran pointed out. "Anybody can buy them, but yours are personal. And they're signed."

"No one will notice that but me," protested Herbert. "Just one or two," he coaxed—"stuck round among the others. They'd give me a heap of melancholy pleasure."

Charles shook his head doubtfully.

"Your wife often comes here with you," he said. "I don't believe they'd give her melancholy pleasure. The question is, are you married to Sally or to Aline Proctor?"

"Oh, of course," exclaimed Herbert—"if you refuse!"

With suspicious haste Charles surrendered.

"I don't refuse," he explained; "I only ask if it's sensible. Sally knows you were once very fond of Miss Proctor—knows you were engaged to her."

"But," protested Herbert, "Sally sees your photographs of Aline. What difference can a few more make? After she's seen a dozen she gets used to them."

No sooner had Herbert left him than the custodian of the treasure himself selected the photographs he would display. In them the young woman he had—from the front row of the orchestra—so ardently admired appeared in a new light. To Cochran they seemed at once to render her more kindly, more approachable; to show her as she really was, the sort of girl any youth would find it extremely difficult not to love. Cochran found it extremely easy. The photographs gave his imagination all the room it wanted. He believed they also gave him an insight into her real character that was denied to anybody else. He had always credited her with all the virtues; he now endowed her with every charm of mind and body. In a week to the two photographs he had selected from the loan collection for purposes of display and to give Herbert melancholy pleasure he had added three more. In two weeks there were half a dozen. In a month, nobly framed in silver, in leather of red, green and blue, the entire collection smiled upon him from every part of his bedroom. For he now kept them where no one but himself could see them. No longer was he of a mind to share his borrowed treasure with others—not even with the rightful owner.

. . . . . .

Chester Griswold, spurred on by Aline Proctor who wanted to build a summer home on Long Island, was motoring with Post, of Post & Constant, in the neighborhood of Westbury. Post had pointed out several houses designed by his firm, which he hoped might assist Griswold in making up his mind as to the kind of house he wanted; but none they had seen had satisfied his client.

"What I want is a cheap house," explained the young millionaire. "I don't really want a house at all," he complained. "It's Miss Proctor's idea. When we are married I intend to move into my mother's town house, but Miss Proctor wants one for herself in the country. I've agreed to that; but it must be small and it must be cheap."

"Cheap" was a word that the clients of Post & Constant never used; but Post knew the weaknesses of some of the truly rich, and he knew also that no house ever built cost only what the architect said it would cost.

"I know the very house you want!" he exclaimed. "One of our young men owns it. He made it over from an old farmhouse. It's very well arranged; we've used his ground plan several times and it works out splendidly. If he's not at home I'll show you over the place myself. And if you like the house he's the man to build you one."

When they reached Cochran's home he was at Garden City playing golf, but the servant knew Mr. Post, and to him and his client threw open every room in the house.

"Now this," exclaimed the architect enthusiastically, "is the master's bedroom. In your case it would probably be your wife's room and you would occupy the one adjoining, which Cochran now uses as a guest room. As you see, they are entirely cut off from ——"

Mr. Griswold did not see. Up to that moment he had given every appearance of being both bored and sulky. Now his attention was entirely engaged—but not upon the admirable simplicity of Mr. Cochran's ground plan, as Mr. Post had hoped. Instead, the eyes of the greatest catch in America were intently regarding a display of photographs that smiled back at him from every corner of the room. Not only did he regard these photographs with a savage glare, but he approached them and carefully studied the inscriptions scrawled across the face of each.

"Let Me Have Him!" He Begged

Post himself cast a glance at the nearest photographs, and then hastily maneuvered his client into the hall and closed the door.

"We will now," he exclaimed, "visit the butler's pantry, which opens upon the dining room and kitchen, thus saving ——"

But Griswold did not hear him. Without giving another glance at the house he stamped out of it and, plumping himself down in the motor car, banged the door. Not until Post had driven him well into New York did he make any comment.

"What did you say," he then demanded, "is the name of the man who owns that last house we saw?"

Post told him.

"I never heard of him!" said Griswold as though he were delivering young Cochran's death sentence. "Who is he?"

"He's an architect in our office," said Post. "We think a lot of him. He'll leave us soon of course. The best ones always do. His work is very popular. So is he."

"I never heard of him," repeated Griswold. Then, with sudden heat, he added savagely: "But I mean to tonight."

When Griswold had first persuaded Aline Proctor to engage herself to him he had suggested that, to avoid embarrassment, she should tell him the names of the other men to whom she had been engaged.

"What kind of embarrassment would that avoid?"

"If I am talking to a man," said Griswold, "and he knows the woman I'm going to marry was engaged to him and I don't know that, he has me at a disadvantage."

"I don't see that he has," said Aline. "If we suppose, for the sake of argument, that to marry me is desirable, I would say that the man who was going to marry me had the advantage over the one I had declined to marry."

"I want to know who those men are," explained Griswold, "because I want to avoid them. I don't want to talk to them. I don't want even to know them."

"I don't see how I can help you," said Aline. "I haven't the slightest objection to telling you the names of the men I have cared for, if I can remember them, but I certainly do not intend to tell you the name of any man who cared for me enough to ask me to marry him. That's his secret, not mine—certainly not yours."

Griswold thought he was very proud. He really was very vain; and as jealousy is only vanity in its nastiest development he was extremely jealous. So he persisted.

"Will you do this?" he demanded. "If I ever ask you, 'Is that one of the men you cared for?' will you tell me?"

"If you wish it," said Aline; "but I can't see any health in it. It will only make you uncomfortable. So long as you know I have given you the greatest and truest love I am capable of, why should you concern yourself with my mistakes?"

"So that I can avoid meeting what you call your mistakes," said Griswold "and being friendly with them."

"I assure you," laughed Aline, "it wouldn't hurt you a bit to be as friendly with them as they'd let you. Maybe they weren't as proud of their families as you are, but they made up for that by being a darned sight prouder of me!"

Later, undismayed by this and unashamed, on two occasions Griswold actually did demand of Aline if a genial youth she had just greeted joyfully was one of those for whom she once had cared.

And Aline had replied promptly and truthfully that he was. But in the case of Charles Cochran, Griswold did not ask Aline if he was one of those for whom she once had cared. He considered the affair with Cochran so serious that, in regard to that man, he adopted a very different course of action.

In digging rivals out of the past his jealousy had made him indefatigable, but in all his researches he never had heard the name of Charles Cochran. That fact and the added circumstance that Aline herself never had mentioned the man was in his eyes so suspicious as to be almost a damning evidence of deception. And, he argued, that if in the past Aline had deceived him as to Charles Cochran she would continue to do so. Accordingly instead of asking her frankly for the truth he proceeded to lay traps for it. And if there is one thing Truth cannot abide, it is being hunted by traps.

That evening Aline and he were invited to a supper in her honor, and as he drove her from the theater to the home of their hostess he told her of his search earlier in the day.

The electric light in the limousine showed Aline's face as clearly as though it were held in a spotlight, and as he prepared his trap Griswold regarded her jealously.

"Post tells me," he said, "he has the very man you want for your architect. He's sure you'll find him most understanding and—and—sympathetic. He's a young man who is just coming to the front and he's very popular, specially with women."

"What's his being popular with women," asked Aline, "got to do with his carrying out my ideas of a house?"

"That's just it," said Griswold—"it's the woman who generally has the most to say as to how her house shall be

built, and this man understands woman. I have reasons for believing he will certainly understand you!"

"If he understands me well enough to give me all the linen closets I want," said Aline, "he will be perfectly satisfactory."

Before delivering his blow Griswold sank back into his corner of the car, drew his hatbrim over his forehead and fixed spying eyes upon the very lovely face of the girl he had asked to marry him.

"His name," he said in fateful tones, "is Charles Cochran!"

It was supposed to be a body blow; but, to his distress, Aline neither started nor turned pale. Neither, for trying to trick her, did she turn upon him in reproof and anger. Instead, with alert eyes, she continued to peer out of the window at the electric-light advertisements and her beloved Broadway.

"Well?" demanded Griswold; his tone was hoarse and heavy with meaning.

"Well what?" asked Aline pleasantly.

"How," demanded Griswold, "do you like Charles Cochran for an architect?"

"How should I know?" asked Aline. "I've not met him yet!"

She had said it! And she had said it without the waver of one of her lovely eyelashes. No wonder the public already hailed her as a finished actress! Griswold felt that his worst fears were justified. She had lied to him. And, as he knew she had never before lied to him, that now she did so proved beyond hope of doubt that the reason for it was vital, imperative and compelling. But of his suspicions Griswold gave no sign. He would not at once expose her. He had trapped her, but as yet she must not know that. He would wait until he had still further entangled her—until she could not escape; and then, with complete proof of her deceit, he would confront and overwhelm her.

With this amiable purpose in mind he called early the next morning upon Post & Constant and asked to see Mr. Cochran. He wished, he said, to consult him about the new house. Post had not yet reached the office and of Griswold's visit with Post to his house Cochran was still ignorant. He received Griswold most courteously. He felt that the man who was loved by the girl he also had long and hopelessly worshiped was deserving of the highest consideration. Griswold was less magnanimous. When he found his rival—for as such he beheld him—was of charming manners and gallant appearance he considered that fact an additional injury; but he concealed his resentment, for he was going to trap Cochran too.

He had found the architect at work leaning over a drawing-board, and as they talked Cochran continued to stand. He was in his shirtsleeves, which were rolled to his shoulders; and the breadth of those shoulders and the muscles of his sunburned arms were much in evidence. Griswold considered it a vulgar exhibition.

For over ten minutes they talked solely of the proposed house, but not once did Griswold expose the fact that he had seen any more of it than any one might see from the public road. When he rose to take his leave he said:

"How would it do if I motored out Sunday and showed your house to Miss Proctor? Sunday is the only day she has off, and if it would not inconvenience you ——"

The tender heart of Cochran leaped in wild tumult; he could not conceal his delight, nor did he attempt to do so; and his expression made it entirely unnecessary for him to assure Griswold that such a visit would be entirely welcome and that they might count on finding him at home. As though it were an afterthought Griswold halted at the door and said:

"I believe you are already acquainted with Miss Proctor."

Cochran, conscious of five years of devotion, found that he was blushing and longed to strangle himself. Nor was the blush lost upon Griswold.

"I'm sorry," said Cochran, "but I've not had that honor. On the stage, of course ——"

He shrugged the broad shoulders deprecatingly, as though to suggest that not to know Miss Proctor as an artist argued oneself unknown.

Griswold pretended to be puzzled. As though endeavoring to recall a past conversation he frowned.

"But Aline," he said, "told me she had met you—met you at Bar Harbor." In the fatal photographs the familiar landfalls of Bar Harbor had been easily recognized.

The young architect shook his head.

"It must be another Cochran," he suggested. "I have never been in Bar Harbor."

With the evidence of the photographs before him this last statement was a verdict of guilty, and Griswold, not with the idea of giving Cochran a last chance to be honest, but to cause him to dig the pit still deeper, continued to lead him on. "Maybe she meant York Harbor?"

Again Cochran shook his head and laughed.

"Believe me," he said, "if I'd ever met Miss Proctor anywhere I wouldn't forget it!"

(Continued on Page 49

ADVENTURES IN BUSINESS

The Merchant Who Needed a Press Agent

By Edward Mott Woolley

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

I WAS born with a bashful and retiring disposition, and as early as my fourth year I was mortally afraid of the girls. Once, when I was a little chap, a big girl caught me and kissed me, and for years afterward I would run like a wild turkey whenever I saw anything suspicious-looking approaching in skirts.

"One of my playmates, Hanky Schemmerhorn—round the corner—liked to be kissed by the girls; he would go across the street to give them the opportunity while I was hiding under our porch. Hanky was always in evidence on all occasions. The stronger the limelight the more he puffed out his chest and the louder he talked. People called him fresh; but I was a sweet little boy, as cunning and shy as could be.

"In later years Hanky went to New York and got a job with a wholesale drygoods house. The firm was Newkirk, Sons & Company then, but before many years it changed its title to Schemmerhorn & Company. Hank cut a wide swath in commercial affairs and made stacks of money, while I was still under the porch. He knew how to blow his horn; I didn't. Of course there were other factors that influenced his rapid rise—he was a good merchant and all that; but he says himself, and I firmly believe it, that adroit publicity work was the main thing in his rise.

"So, too, the thing that made me successful ultimately was advertising that was out of the ordinary. I'm not an advertising expert by profession even today and I don't mean to preach on that subject. All I can do is to tell you just a little about my own experience in the business world as a merchant.

"I had a rough time of it for many years before I finally got on the right track, and if I had my way here I should skip those unhappy years; but for the benefit of the public it seems best to give both sides of it—'before and after taking.' So be it! I don't care, so long as it helps other men; but before I tell you about my failures I'd like to say just a word as to my present. I don't like to pose as a no-account without letting you know that I came out on top in the end.

"I am forty-two years old and live in the city of Bent Handle—we'll call it that—ten hours from New York. It is the place where I was born and has a population of sixty-five thousand. My present business was established there only five years ago, so you may imagine that I am not yet rich. A man can scarcely get rich in five years—at least not in the men's furnishing business, but I have great plans for the extension of the chain of stores in which I am half-owner, and if I am not comfortably independent by the time I am fifty all signs will fail. My name I prefer not to give, for I fear that hundreds of people would write me for further details of my campaigns. I haven't time to conduct a correspondence school and I feel that I am doing my whole duty in giving the public the gist of my methods.

"My Opportunity Would Have Escaped Me if it Hadn't Got Me by the Back of the Neck"

Besides, success is no second-hand thing. It is all right to give men the impulse, but the details they must work out themselves.

"Go back, then, to my first job—doorboy in a lawyer's office. I kept it a month. My voice was too weak and I lacked front, my boss said. He fired me for my timidity and I found a job in a stave factory where few visitors came to worry me. I wasted eight months making staves. My father was dead and my mother was a shy, frightened soul like myself; she did not realize that a successful career consists in impressing oneself upon people. A much larger percentage of men would succeed in business if they realized this truth as boys. The preliminary training in personal contact ought to take precedence over algebraic equations.

"My next job was in a railroad office, where I had plenty of seclusion from a harsh and critical world. Here for three years I had the satisfaction of meeting nobody except my fellow clerks, who teased me to see me blush but who were scarcely better fitted than I to mix with people who would count toward success.

"Then it was that circumstances set me down as a clerk in a small haberdashery, where I made my advent in the selling-field. I was a wretched misfit, but the singular thing was that my boss did not know it! He was a misfit himself, but hadn't discovered it. His shop was a nondescript little affair that sold bogus silk cravats made with tartaric acid, and cotton collars that it guaranteed as sunbleached Irish linen. Even if this store hadn't been meek and retiring it was too crooked to stand any chance of growing big. You know that even a press agent can't be an Ananias—unless he works for a circus that expects to leave town before daylight next morning.

"I worked there and trifled with salesmanship until the store died of arteriosclerosis. I was now twenty-four years old, and my maximum wage had been ten dollars a week. I had rubbed off a lot of my timidity and could talk to men—and women too—when I found it absolutely necessary; but I hadn't acquired any aggressiveness in my personality and people who made my acquaintance had to take the initiative. I thought there was no chance for me in my home town, which then had fifty thousand people; so I went to New York.

"In the metropolis it was unpleasant to get out and introduce myself to a job, and when I finally got behind a furnishing counter again I found myself earning only eight dollars a week in a mean little store on Seventh Avenue. A good many times I came near going to Hank Schemmerhorn for a boost, but my diffidence kept me back. Now Hank was an asset in a way—every friend is. It's usually advisable to let your influential friends know you're alive, and today my partner and I get up nice little stunts with that end in view. I'll tell you about some of them later.

"In this Seventh Avenue store was a clerk named Timpson. A sly, insinuating chap he was, knowing scarcely more than I about the principles of mercantile success, yet entertaining a favorable opinion of his own ignorance. He had seen considerable of New York life, however, and the stories he told of business possibilities fired my imagination so that I agreed to join him in a partnership. He promised to put in twelve hundred dollars

against my six hundred, the latter sum being the aggregate of my savings since boyhood.

"We found a location on West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, and I sent to my home bank for the money. When it came I deposited it to the credit of the Timpson Haberdashery Company, this being the title my partner suggested. My own name, you see, is an odd one until you get used to it—Philander Mudd is the name I'll use here, because that gives a good imitation of it. I had always detested my name, and frequently in my younger days I carried parcels home from the stores rather than pronounce the word for the clerks. I got over that, and afterward my name became a veritable trademark for me—but I'm getting ahead. I was quite ready at that time to agree with Timpson that Mudd would never do in business.

"'He Wore a Norfolk Jacket, a Derby Hat and Patent-Leather Pumps'"

"The day after we opened the account Timpson drew out my six hundred dollars—before we'd bought any stock whatever—and I never saw him afterward! Thus ended my first adventure in business. I smelled of the gas jet that night and wondered what the stuff would taste like.

"However, I found another job and then another and another. I worked five years in the metropolis in all sorts of furnishing stores. Some of them sold wood-fiber neckties and called them pongee, and made special three-dollar 'bargains' of the most attractive numbers in two-dollar shirts. Others sold suspenders at seventy-five cents that cost two dollars a dozen, and reindeer gloves that grew on dogs of no caste whatever. Still others bought jobs for clearance times and sold them as regular stock at 'terrific sacrifices.' None of these stores got far on the road to distinction.

"On the other hand, I worked in some splendid shops, especially toward the last of my stay in New York. I was much impressed with the contrast, and to these stores I attribute my real foundation for the bigger things for which I was destined long afterward. Yet, as a mere store salesman I failed utterly to grasp the essential publicity policies on which these stores grew. The heads of the houses never took me into their confidence—nor did the advertising managers. To me, advertising was an unexplored art—as it is to the average clerk or small shopkeeper.

"During these years in New York I met Schemmerhorn several times by accident, shook hands and went my way. A big, fine-looking man he was, with that well-fed and carefully groomed air that so often goes with metropolitan success. He always seemed glad to see me, but I gave him no confidences. I still had a lot of my old-time reserve.

"Through my mother's death I became possessed of the family homestead, which I sold for four thousand dollars. With this and a little money I had saved I now started a furnishing store in my native town. I had married in New York, and we were glad to get out of a third-story flat in the Bronx and into a neat little house at Bent Handle that had trees round it."

Betting Ten Thousand on an Idea

"I WAS still ashamed of my name, so I called my establishment the Enterprise—a sad misnomer! Yet I had a good store and I lived up to the precepts of the better-class shops in Manhattan. I never fooled customers with mercerized cotton or sold them stuff that had the sheen put on with tincture of tin. My colors were fast, my linen was linen, and my wool didn't have to get down on its knees before a chemist. Yet somehow I did not grow. I worked faithfully, but I got as far as a horse gets in a treadmill.

"Schemmerhorn ran down to Bent Handle often to visit his parents and he dropped in occasionally to see me. He used to look my stock over in a critical way and he never hesitated to express opinions. Once he gave me some advice of a pointed nature.

"'Phil,' he said, 'if you ever mean to make this store a big one you've got to come out of hiding. Confound you, Phil, you have a good stand and a fine opportunity, but you've got to get into the spotlight!'

"But, of course, I knew nothing of spotlight effects. I advertised in a small way that I carried the 'most stylish furnishings in town,' the 'most artistic neckwear,' and so on; but I never made money enough to live on decently. Finally, after several losing years, I closed out my stock—being unable to sell—and prepared to go to New York to look for a job. My eight years in business for myself had brought me nothing but trouble—at thirty-eight I was down and out; so that the prospect of twenty-five dollars a week as a salary looked inviting.

"Just at this juncture I encountered Schemmerhorn on Main Street one day. I didn't like to explain my wretched retreat from the mercantile stage, so I pretended not to see Hank and cut across the street; but he yelled at me and caught me.

"Parenthetically let me say that some men invariably dodge across the road when they see anything resembling an opportunity coming their way. They are too retiring to make friends who might help them and too proud to stand up in the shadow of men who have done things; so in this case my opportunity would have escaped me if it hadn't got me by the back of the neck.

"I'd never been able to lie to Hank, even as a boy. He could tangle a fellow up on every miserable little misstatement; so now I did not varnish the truth. Well, Hank took me to the best hotel in town for lunch, and filled me up on green turtle *à l'anglaise*, roast young duckling, and things of that sort. Finally he got down to business.

"'Phil,' he said, 'you're a bum specimen as a press agent—that's all that ails you. You're a first-class technical furnisher and there is no excuse for the way you've played to empty seats. I've had my eye on you for a good while and I've had my eye on Bent Handle too. Now I've got ideas on retail publicity, and I've had a notion that I'd like to start a store right here in this old town where I was born. Confound you, Phil, there's money to be made here—and I know it! What's the matter with all you boys? Stub Huggins started a grocery and busted; Limpy McClusky and Wart Rogers went into furniture and got tangled up with the sheriff; and Skinny Blatchford fell down on shoes. Last month Grunt Malone came into my office in New York and hit me for a job. He had a dry-goods store down here once, you know. It's up to me to show Bent Handle how to sell goods. Of course I don't intend to quit New York and come down here, but I've thought a good many times that I'd like to go in with you, Phil, and stir things up in the old town. How'd you like that? You could do the heavy work and I'd be a sort of drum-major; I'd direct the formation of the parade and lead it round by the nose to our store.'

"Well, the upshot was the firm of Mudd & Company, into which Hank put ten thousand dollars. He preferred to keep his own name out for a while, so that if I dragged him under—as he put it—the Schemmerhorn standing wouldn't be smirched. He admitted that the undertaking was rather experimental; just how practicable his publicity ideas were remained to be seen. Of course he'd never been in the furnishing business, but he was willing to stake ten thousand dollars on the proposition that his ideas would make good right where my lack of ideas had made a pitiable failure.

"The first thing we did was to feature the name Mudd & Company, so that it stood as a trademark. Schemmerhorn held that a name was an asset usually lightly estimated. My name, being unusual, was especially valuable; so we had a design made in which the firm's title stood out plainly and prominently, and thereafter we used that device everywhere and on everything. We hammered upon it incessantly.

"'My theory,' said Schemmerhorn, 'is that every concern ought to have its own peculiar brand of publicity, whether it spends a million dollars a year for advertising or five hundred. Now this first year we'll put a thousand dollars into space and not a cent more—but in every inch of it, Phil, we'll put two predominant factors: first, knowledge of men's wearing apparel; second, living people.'

"Bent Handle, with its neat population, was the center of a well-to-do district; there was a large element of the better class and a good many families of wealth. It was quite a society town in a small-city way; but no furnisher had ever established himself as an authority or attempted to create bigger markets than the untrained tastes of the people dictated. The local furnishers were all followers, not leaders.

"Our first ad was something like this: 'We saw a young man on Main Street today who wore a lavender necktie over a green shirt. We saw another who wore a brown suit and a blue cravat. A third young gentleman—and we'd hesitate to tell you his name—had on olive socks with tan shoes! All these combinations are bad from the standpoint of a well-dressed man. Let Mudd & Company give you confidential advice without charge.'

"That first little ad brought us out of the common run of advertisers. It gave our publicity that peculiar distinctive twist Schemmerhorn was after, and it had the two dominating factors he had outlined to me: it set Mudd & Company on a pedestal of knowledge, and it roused curiosity concerning the three living persons incorporated in it.

"Another early ad was this: 'When do you wear a rose-colored tie? Surely not to a wedding! But last week we counted twenty-one men at various places whose ties were grossly improper for the occasion. Are you sure your neck is dressed correctly when you put on a sack, cutaway or swallowtail? Better consult Mudd & Company before the next time.'"

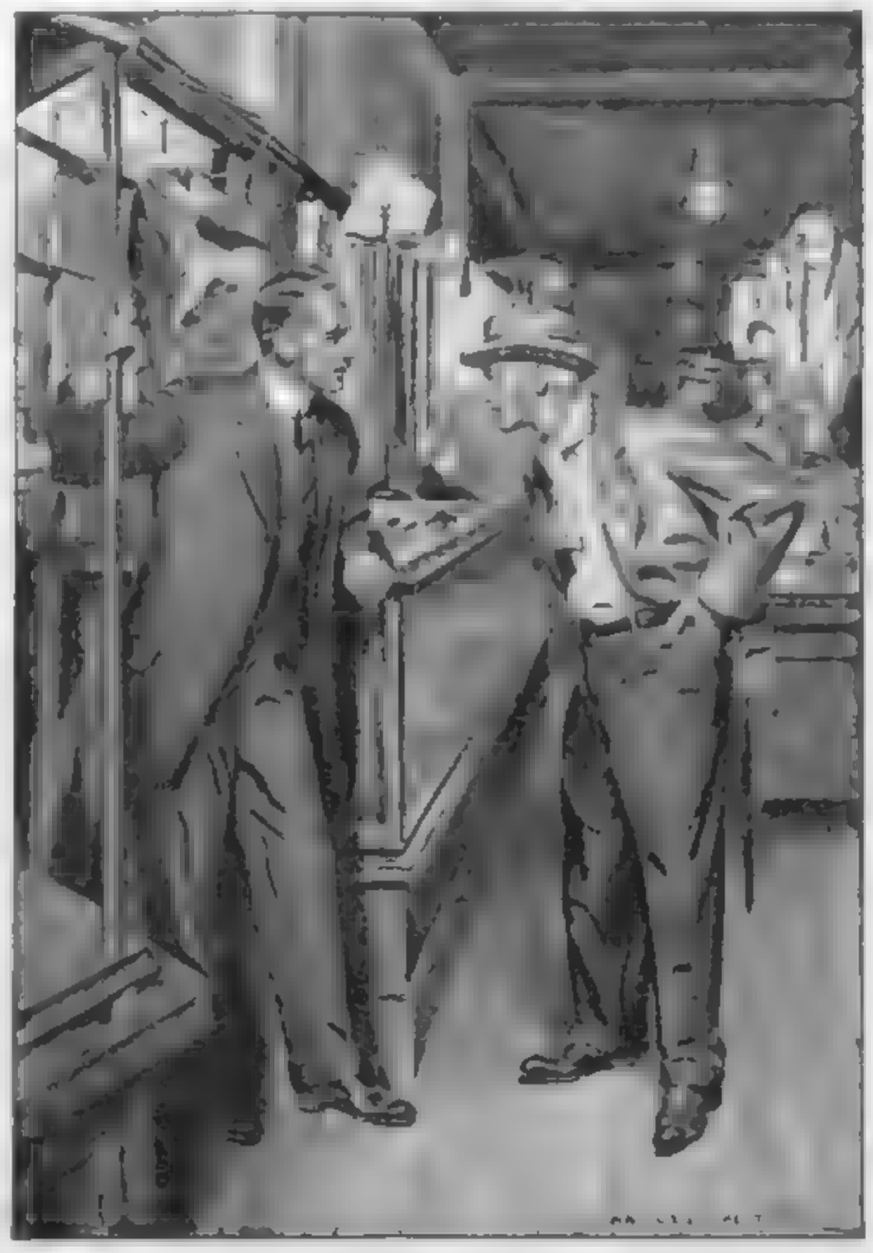
Eternal Hammering Brings Success

"GOING up a little in the scale we drew the attention of the whole town one Monday by an advertisement that said: 'There was one man correctly dressed yesterday morning at the First Presbyterian Church. All the others made mistakes, more or less serious. If you will call on Mudd & Company we will tell you in confidence who that one man was.'

"Now it happened that Schemmerhorn had been down from New York the week previous and had hatched up this bit of advertising. We had paid a certain young man of the town ten dollars to attend church dressed in perfect style and taste, from the tab of his collar to his buttoned patent leathers. And afterward we got a great many calls from men who asked not only for his name but for a description of his clothes. We gave the name, too, but omitted to mention the ten-dollar part of it. You see we resorted to devices to focus attention, but this attention was always directed toward the real thing. We had the goods and we told the truth.

"'Once you select your publicity policy,' said Schemmerhorn when our first year's campaign made good in a modest but encouraging way, 'keep it going! You never can do anything by spasmodic efforts. It's the eternal hammering that does the thing. I'd guarantee to take any sort of business, from a butcher shop to a bank, and make it stand out in a town as conspicuously as the carbuncle old Bill Gridley usually wears on his neck; but, of course, I wouldn't take every business and pin Mudd & Company's style of publicity to it. There are a million kinds of campaigns, Phil, that haven't been worked. The trouble with a lot of merchants lies in their wild yearning to steal somebody's copyright.'

(Continued on Page 73)



"'Put Me Next to the Right Tape! I've Been Makin' a Fool o' Myself Long Enough'"

RISING WATER

By Kathleen Norris

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

The Maid Who Didn't Know Her Place

"IF ONLY my poor child had a sensible mother," said Mrs. Tressady calmly, "I suppose we would get Big Hong's 'carshen' for him, and that would do perfectly! But I will not have a Chinese man for Timothy's nurse! It seems all wrong somehow."

"Big Hong hasn't got a female cousin, I suppose?" said Timothy's father; "a Chinese woman wouldn't be so bad."

"Oh, I think it would be as bad—nearly," Mrs. Tressady returned with vivacity. "Anyway, this particular carshen is a man—'My carshen lun floot store'—that's who it is!"

"Will you kindly explain what 'My carshen lun floot store' means?" asked a young man who was lying in a hammock that he lazily moved now and then by means of a white-shod foot. This was Peter Porter who, with his wife, completed the little group on the Tressadys' roomy, shady side porch.

"It means my cousin who runs a fruit store," supplied Mrs. Porter—a big-boned, superb blonde who was in a deep chair sewing buttons on Timothy Tressady's new rompers. "Even I can see that—if I'm not a native of California."

"Yes, that's it," Mrs. Tressady said absently. "Go back and read those Situations Wanted over again, Jerry," she commanded with a decisive snip of the elastic she was cunningly inserting into more new rompers for Timothy.

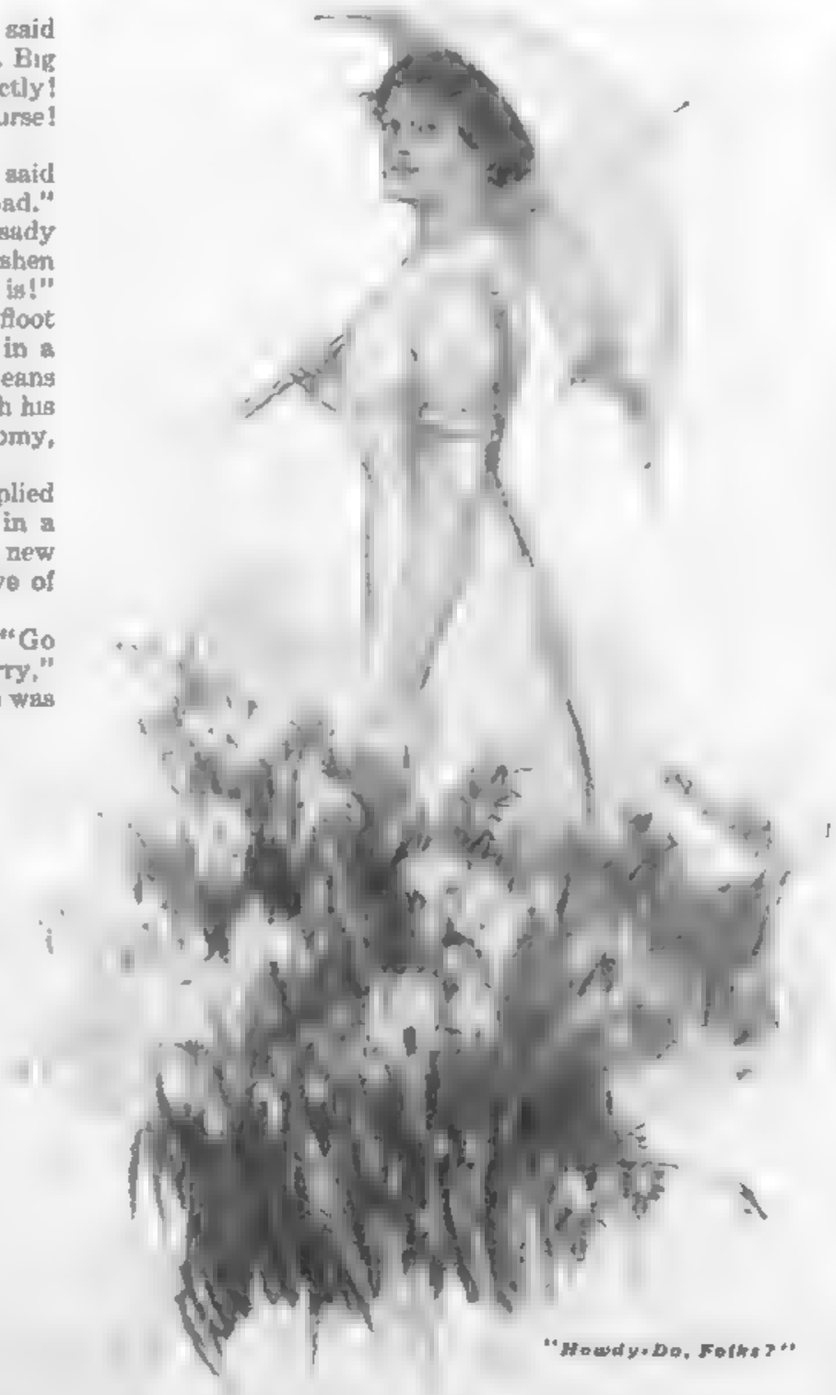
Jerry Tressady obediently sat up in his steamer chair and flattened a copy of the Emville Mail upon his knee.

The problem under discussion this morning was that of getting a nurse for Timothy Tressady, aged two years. Elma, the silent, undemonstrative Swedish woman who had been with the family since Timothy's birth, had started back to Stockholm two months ago, and since then at least a dozen unsatisfactory applicants for her position had taken their turn at the Rising Water Ranch.

Mrs. Tressady, born and brought up in New York, sometimes sighed as she thought of her mother's capped and aproned maids; of Aunt Anna's maids; of her sister Lydia's maids. Sometimes in the hot summer, when the sun hung directly over the California bungalow for seven hours every day, and the grass on the low, rolling hills all about was dry and slippery; when Joe Parlona forgot to drive out from Emville with ice and mail; and Elma complained that Timmy could not eat his luncheon on the porch because of buzzing "jellow yackets," Molly Tressady found herself thinking other treasonable thoughts—thoughts of packing; of final telegrams; of the Pullman sleeper; of Chicago in a blowing mist of rain; of the Grand Central at twilight, with the lights of taxicabs beginning to move one by one into the current of Forty-second Street—and her heart grew sick with longings. And sometimes in winter, when rain splashed all day from the bungalow eaves, and Beaver Creek rose and flooded its banks and crept inch by inch toward the garden gate; and when from the late dawn to the early darkness not a soul came near the ranch—she would have sudden homesick memories of Fifth Avenue, three thousand miles away, with its motor cars and its furred women and its brilliant tea-rooms. She would suddenly remember the opera house and the long line of carriages in the snow, and the boys calling the opera scores.

However for such moods the quickest cure was a look at Jerry—strong, brown, vigorous Jerry—tramping the hills, writing his stories, dreaming over his piano and sleeping deep and restfully under the great arch of the stars. Jerry had had a cold four years ago—"just a mean cold," had been the doctor's cheerful phrase; but what terror it struck to the hearts that loved Jerry! Molly's eyes, flashing to his mother's eyes, had said: "Like his father—like his aunt—like the little sister who died!" And for the first time Jerry's wife had found herself glad that little Jerry Junior—he who could barely walk, who had as yet no words—had gone away from them fearlessly into the great darkness a year before. He might have grown up to this too.

So they came to California, and big Jerry's cold did not last very long in the dry heat of Beaver Creek Valley. He and Molly grew so strong and brown and happy that they never minded restrictions and inconveniences, loneliness and strangeness—and when a strong and brown and happy little Timothy joined the group Molly renounced forever all serious thoughts of going home. California became home. Such friends as chance brought their way must be their only friends; such comfort as the dry little valley and the brown hills could hold must suffice them now.



"Howdy-Do, Folks?"

Molly exulted in sending her mother snapshots of Timmy picking roses in December, and in heading July letters: "By our open fire—for it's really cool today."

Indeed it was not all uncomfortable and unlovely. All the summer nights were fresh and cool and fragrant; there were spring days when all the valley seemed a ravishing compound of rain-cooled air and roses, of buttercups in the high, sunflecked grass under the apple trees, crossed and recrossed by the flashing blue and brown of mating jays and larks. It was not a long drive to the deep woods; and it was but six miles to Emville, where there was always the pleasant stir and bustle of a small country town; trains puffing in to disgorge a dozen traveling agents and their bags; the wire door at the post-office banging and banging; the maid at the Old Original Imperial Commercial Hotel coming out on the long porch to ring a wildly clamorous dinner bell. Molly grew to love Emville.

Then, two or three times a year, such old friends as the Porters, homeward bound after the Oriental trip, came their way, and there was delicious talk at the ranch of old days, of the new theaters and the new hotels and the new fashions. The Tressadys stopped playing double Canfield and polished up their bridge game; and Big Hong, beaming in his snowy white, served meals that were a joy to his heart. Hong was a marvelous cook; Hong cared beautifully for all his domain; and Little Hong took care of the horses, puttered in the garden, swept, and washed windows. But they needed more help, for there were times when Molly was busy or headachy or proofreading for Jerry or riding with him. Some one must be responsible every second of the day and night for Timmy. And where to get that some one?

"Aren't they terrors!" said Mrs. Porter in reference to the nursemaids that would not come to the ranch on any terms. "What do they expect anyway?"

"Oh, they get lonesome," Molly said in discouragement, "and of course it is lonely! But I should think some middle-aged woman or some widow with a child even——"

"Molly always returns to that possible widow!" said her husband. "I think we might try two!"

"I would never think of that!" said the mistress of the ranch firmly. "Four servants always underfoot!"

"Did you ever think of trying a regular trained nurse, Molly?" Peter Porter asked.

"But then you have them at the table, Peter—and always in the drawing room evenings. And no matter how nice they are——"

"That's the worst of that!" agreed Peter.

Jerry Tressady threw the Mail on the floor and sat up. "Who's this coming up now, Molly?" he asked.

He had lowered his voice, because the white-clad young woman who was coming composedly up the path between the sunflowers and the overloaded rosebushes was already within hearing distance. She was a heavy, well-developed young person upon closer view, with light-lashed eyes of a guileless, childlike blue, rosy cheeks, and a mass of bright shining hair, protected now only by a parasol. Through the embroidery insertion of her fresh, stiff dress she showed glimpses of a snowy bosom, and under her crisp skirt a ruffle of white petticoat and white-shod feet were visible. She was panting from her walk and wiped her glowing face with her handkerchief before she spoke.

"Howdy-do, folks?" said the newcomer easily, dropping upon the steps and fanning herself with the limp handkerchief. "I don't wonder you keep a motor car; it's something fierce walking down here! I could of waited," she went on thoughtfully, "and had my brother brought me down in the machine, but I hadn't no idea it was so far. I saw your ad in the paper," she went on, addressing Mrs. Tressady directly, with a sort of trusting simplicity that was rather pretty, "and I thought you might like me for your girl."

"Well——" began Molly, entirely at a loss, for until this second no suspicion of the young woman's errand had occurred to her. She dared not look at husband or guests; she fixed her eyes seriously upon the would-be nurse.

"Of course I wouldn't work for everybody," said the newcomer hastily and proudly. "I never worked before and mamma thinks I'm crazy to work now, but I don't think that taking care of a child is anything to be ashamed of!" The blue eyes flashed dramatically—she evidently enjoyed this speech. "And what's more, I don't expect any one of my friends to shun me or treat me any different because I'm a servant—that is, so long as I act like a lady," she finished in a lower tone. A sound from the hammock warned Mrs. Tressady; and suggesting in a somewhat unsteady voice that they talk the matter over indoors, she led the new maid out of sight.

For some twenty minutes the trio on the porch heard the steady rise and fall of voices indoors; then Molly appeared and asked her husband in a rather dissatisfied voice what he thought.

"Why, it's what you think, dear. How's she seem?"

"She's competent enough—seems to know all about children, and I think she'd be strong and willing. She's clean as a pink too. And she'd come for thirty and would be perfectly contented, because she lives right near here—that house just before you come to Emville which says Chickens and Carpentering Done Here—don't you know? She has a widowed sister who would come and stay with her at night when we're away." Mrs. Tressady summed it up slowly.

"Why not try her then, dear? By-the-way, what's her name?"

"Darling—Belle Darling."

"Tell her I'm English," said Mr. Porter rapturously, "and that over there we call servants——"

"No, but Jerry"—Mrs. Tressady was serious—"would you? She's so utterly untrained. That's the one thing against her. She hasn't the faintest idea of the way a servant should act. She told me she just loved the way I wore my hair, and she said she wanted me to meet her friend. Then she asked me: 'Who'd you name him Timothy for?'"

"Oh, you'd tame her fast enough. Just begin by snubbing her every chance you get——"

"I see it!" laughed Mrs. Porter, for Mrs. Tressady was a woman full of theories about the sisterhood of woman, about equality, about a fair chance for every one—and had never been known to hurt any one's feelings in the entire course of her life.

Just here Belle stepped through one of the drawing-room French windows, with dewy, delicious Timothy, in faded pale-blue sleeping-wear, in her arms.

"This darling little feller was crying," said Belle, "and I guess he wants some din-din—don't you, lover? Shall

I step out and tell one of those Chinese boys to get it? Listen! From now on I'll have mamma save all the banty eggs for you, Timmy, and some day I'll take you down there and show you the rabbits, darling. Would you like that?"

Molly glanced helplessly at her husband.

"How soon could you come, Belle?" asked Jerry, and that settled it. He had interpreted his wife's look and assumed the responsibility. Molly found herself glad.

Belle came two days later, with every evidence of content. It soon became evident that she had adopted the family and considered herself adopted in turn. Her buoyant voice seemed to leap out of every opened door. She rose above her duties and floated along on a constant stream of joyous talk.

"We're going to have fried chicken and strawberries—my favorite dinner!" said Belle when Molly was showing her just how she liked the table set. After dinner, cheerfully polishing glasses, she suddenly burst into song as she stood at the open pantry window, some ten feet from the side porch. The words floated out:

"And the band was bravely playing
The song of the cross and crown—
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
As the ship —"

Mrs. Tressady sat up, a stirring shadow among the shadows of the porch.

"I must ask her not to do that," she announced quietly, and disappeared.

"And I spoke to her about joining in the conversation at dinner," she said, returning. "She took it very nicely."

Belle's youthful spirits were too high to succumb to one check however. Five minutes later she burst forth again:

"Ring, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, on your telephone—
And ring me up tonight —"

"Soft pedal, Belle!" Jerry called.

Belle laughed.

"Sure!" she called back. "I forgot."

Presently the bright blot of light that fell from the pantry window on the little willow trees vanished silently, and they could hear Belle's voice in the kitchen.

"Good-natured," said Molly.

"Strong," Mrs. Porter said.

"And pretty as a peach!" said Peter Porter.

"Oh, she'll do!" Jerry Tressady said contentedly.

She was good-natured, strong and pretty indeed, and she did a great deal. Timmy's little garments fluttered on the clothesline before breakfast; Timmy's room was always in order; Timmy was always dainty and clean. Belle adored him and the baby returned her affection. They murmured together for hours down on the riverbank or on the shady porch. Belle always seemed cheerful.

Nor could it be said that Belle did not know her place. She reveled in her title. "This is Mrs. Tressady's maid," Belle would say mincingly at the telephone, "and she does not allow her servants to make engagements for her." "My friends want me to enter my name for a prize for the most popular girl in the Emville Bazar, Mrs. Tressady; but I thought I would ask your permission first."

But there was a sort of breezy familiarity about her very difficult to check. On her second day at the ranch she suddenly came behind Jerry Tressady seated on the piano bench and slipped a sheet of music before him.

"Won't you just run over that last chorus for me, Mr. Tress'dy?" asked Belle. "I have to sing that at a party Thursday night and I can't seem to get it."

No maid between Washington Square and the Bronx Zoo would have asked this favor. Yes, but Rising Water Ranch was not within those limits, nor within several thousand miles of them; so Jerry played the last chorus firmly, swiftly, without comment, and Belle gratefully withdrew. The Porters, unseen witnesses of this scene, on the porch, thought this very amusing; but only a day later Mrs. Porter herself was discovered in the act of buttoning the long line of buttons that went down the back of one of Belle's immaculate white gowns.

"Well, what could I do? She suddenly backed up before me," Mrs. Porter said in self-defense. "Could I tell her to let Hong button her?"

After dinner on the same day Peter Porter cleared a space before him on the table and proceeded to a demonstration involving a fork, a wedding ring and a piece of string. While the quartet, laughing, were absorbed in the mysterious swinging of the suspended ring, Belle, putting away her clean silver, suddenly joined the group.

"I know a better one than that," said she, putting a glass of water before Mrs. Tressady. "Here—take your ring again. Now wait—I'll pull out one of your hairs for you. Now swing it over the water inside the glass. It'll tell your age."

Entirely absorbed in the experiment, her fresh young face close to theirs, her arms crossed as she knelt by the table, she had eyes only for the ring.

"We won't keep you from your dishes, Belle," said Molly.

"Oh, I'm all through," said Belle cheerfully. "There!" For the ring was beginning to strike the glass with delicate even strokes—thirty.

"Now do it again," cried Belle delightedly, "and it'll tell your married life!"

Again the ring struck the glass—eight.

"Well, that's very marvelous," said Molly in genuine surprise; but when Belle had gone back to her pantry Mrs. Tressady rose, with a little sigh, and followed her.

"Call her down?" asked Jerry an hour later.

"Well, no," the lady admitted, smiling. "No! She was putting away Timmy's bibs, and she told me that he had seemed a little upset tonight, she thought; so she gave him just barley gruel and the white of an egg for supper, and some rhubarb water before he went to bed. And what could I say? But I will though!"

During the following week Mrs. Tressady told Belle she must not rush into a room shouting news—she must enter quietly and wait for an opportunity to speak; Mrs. Tressady asked her to leave the house by the side porch and quietly when going out in the evening to drive with her young man; Mrs. Tressady asked her not to deliver the mail with the announcement: "Three from New York, an ad from Emville, and one with a five-cent stamp on it"; she asked her not to shout out from the drive, "White skirt show?" She said Belle must not ask "What's he doing?" when discovering Mr. Tressady deep in a chess problem; Belle must not drop into a chair when bringing Timmy out to the porch after his afternoon outing; she must not be heard exclaiming "Yankee Doodle!" and "What do you know about that!" when her broom dislodged a spider or her hair caught on the rosebushes.

To all of these requests Belle answered "Sure!" with great penitence and amiability.

"Sure, Mis' Tress'dy. . . . Say, listen! I can match that insertion I spilled ink on—in Emville. Isn't that the limit? I can fix it so it'll never show in the world!"

"I wouldn't stand that girl for—one—minute," said Mrs. Porter to her husband; but this was some weeks later when the Porters were in a comfortable Pullman, rushing toward New York.

"I think Molly's afraid of flying in the face of Providence and discharging her," said Peter Porter—"but praying every day that she'll go."

This was almost the truth. Belle's loyalty, affection, good nature and willingness were beyond price, but Belle's noisiness, her slang and her utter lack of training were a sore trial. When November came, with rains that kept the little household at Rising Water prisoners indoors, Mrs. Tressady began to think she could not stand Belle much longer.

"My goodness!" Belle would say loudly when sent for to bring a filled lamp. "Is that other lamp burned out already? Say, listen! I'll give you the hall lamp while I fill it." "You oughtn't to touch pie just after one of your headaches!" she would remind her employer in a respectful aside at dinner. And sometimes when Molly and her husband were busy in the study a constant stream of conversation would reach them from the nursery where Belle was dressing Timothy:

"Now where's the boy that's going to let Belle wash his face? Oh my, what a good boy! Now, just a minny—minny—munny—that's all. Now give Belle a sweet, clean kiss—yes, but give Belle a sweet, clean kiss—give Belle a kiss—oh, Timmy, do you want Belle to cry? Well, then, give her a kiss—give Belle a sweet kiss ——"

When Molly was bathing the boy Belle would come and take a comfortable chair near by, ready to spring for powder or pins, but otherwise studying her fingernails or watching the bath with genial interest. Molly found herself actually lacking in the strength of mind to exact that Belle stand silently near on these occasions, and so listened to a great many of Belle's confidences. Belle at home; Belle in the high school; Belle trying a position in Robbins' candy store and not liking it because she was not used to freshness—all these Belles became familiar to Molly. Gruesome sicknesses, famous local crimes, gossip, weddings—Belle touched upon them all; and Molly was ashamed to find it all interesting, in spite of herself. One day Belle told Molly of Joe Rogers, and Joe figured daily in the narratives thereafter—Joe, who drove a carriage, a motor, or a hay wagon, as the occasion required, for his uncle who owned a livery stable, but whose ambition was to buy out old Scanlon, the local undertaker, and to marry Belle.

"Joe knows more about embalming than even Owens, of Napa, does," confided Belle. "He's got every plat in the cemetery memorized—and, his uncle having carriages and horses, it would work real well; but Scanlon wants three thousand for the business and goodwill."

"I wish he had it and you this minute!" Molly would think. But when she opened Timmy's bureau drawers, to find little suits and coats and socks in snowy, exquisite order; when Timmy, trim, sweet and freshly clad, appeared for breakfast every morning, his fat hand in Belle's, and "Dea' Booey"—as he called her—figuring prominently in his limited vocabulary, Molly weakened again.

"Is he mad this morning?" Belle would ask in a whisper before Jerry appeared. "Say, listen! You just let him think I broke the decanter!" she suggested one day in loyal protection of Molly. "Why, I think the world and all of Mr. Tressady!" she assured Molly when reproved for speaking of him in this way. "Wasn't it the luckiest thing in the world—my coming up that day?" she would demand joyously over and over. Her adoption of and by the family of Tressady was—to her, at least—complete.

In January Uncle George Tressady's estate was finally distributed, and this meant great financial ease at Rising Water. Belle, Molly said, was really getting worse and worse as she became more and more at home; and the time had come to get a nice trained nurse—some one who could keep a professional eye on Timmy, be a companion to Molly, and who would be quiet and refined, and gentle in her speech.

"And not a hint to Belle, Jerry," Molly warned him,

"I Set Timmy on the Mantel—My Arms Were So Tired"

"until we see how it is going to work. She'll see presently that we don't need both."

When Miss Marshall, cool, silent, drab of hair and eye, arrived at the ranch Belle was instantly suspicious.

"What's she here for? Who's sick?" demanded Belle, coming into Mrs. Tressady's room and closing the door behind her, her eyes bright and hard.

Molly explained diplomatically. Belle must be very polite to the newcomer; it was just an experiment—— "This would be a good chance to hint that I'm not going to keep both," thought Molly as Belle listened.

Belle disarmed her completely, however, by coming over to her with a suddenly bright face and asking in an awed voice:

"Is it another baby? Oh, you don't know how glad I'd be! The darling, darling little thing!"

Molly felt the tears come into her eyes—a certain warmth creep about her heart.

"No," she said smiling; "but I'm glad you will love it if it ever comes!" This was, of course, exactly what she did not mean to say.

"If we got Miss Marshall because of Uncle George's money," said Belle huffily, departing, "I wish he hadn't died! There isn't a thing in this world for her to do."

Miss Marshall took kindly to idleness—talking a good deal of previous cases, playing solitaire and talking freely to Molly of various internes and patients who admired her. She marked herself at once as unused to children by calling Timothy "little man," and, except for a vague, friendly scrutiny of his tray three times a day, did nothing at all—even leaving the care of her room to Belle.

After a week or two Miss Marshall went away, to Belle's great satisfaction, and Miss Clapp came. Miss Clapp was forty, and strong and serious; she did not embroider or confide in Molly; she sat silent at meals, chewing firmly, her eyes on her plate. "What would you like me to do now?" she would ask Molly gravely at intervals.

Molly, with Timothy asleep and Belle sweeping, could only murmur:

"Why, just now—let me see—perhaps you'd like to write letters—or just read ——"

"And are you going to take little Timothy with you when he wakes up?"

Molly would evade the uncompromising eyes.

"Why, I think so. The sun's out now. You must come too."

Miss Clapp, coming too, cast a damper on the drive; and she persisted in talking about the places where she was really needed.

"Imagine a ward with forty little suffering children in it, Mrs. Tressady! That's real work—that's a real privilege!"

And after a week or two Miss Clapp went joyously back to her real work with a generous check for her children's ward in her pocket. She kissed Timothy goodby with the first tenderness she had shown.

"Didn't she make you feel like an ant in an anthill?" asked Belle, cheerfully watching the departing carriage. "She really didn't take no interest in Timothy because there wasn't a hundred of him!"

There was a peaceful interval after this while Molly diligently advertised for "A competent nurse. One child only. Good salary. Small family in country."

No nurse, competent or incompetent, replied. Then came the January morning when Belle casually remarked: "Stupid! You never wound it!" to the master of the house, who was attempting to start a stopped clock. This was too much! Mrs. Tressady immediately wrote the letter that engaged Miss Carter, a highly qualified and high-priced nursery governess who had been recommended by a friend.

Miss Carter, a rosy, strong, pleasant girl, appeared two days later in a driving rain and immediately "took hold." She was talkative, assured in manner, neat in appearance, entirely competent. She drove poor Belle to frenzy with her supervision of Timothy's trays, baths and clothes, amusements and sleeping arrangements. Timmy liked her, which was point one in her favor. Point two was that she liked to have her meals alone, liked to disappear with a book, could amuse herself for hours in her own room.

The Tressadys, in the privacy of their own room, began to say to each other: "I like her—she'll do!"

"She's very complacent," Molly would say with a sigh.

"But it's nothing to the way Belle effervesces all over the place!"

"Oh, I suppose she is simply trying to make a good impression—that's all." And Mrs. Tressady began to cast about in her mind for just the words in which to tell Belle

"Won't You Just Run Over That Last Chorus for Me, Mr. Tress'dy?" Asked Belle

that—really—four servants were not needed at the ranch. Belle was so sulky in these days and so rude to the newcomer that Molly knew she would have no trouble in finding good reason for the dismissal.

"Are we going to keep her?" Belle asked scornfully one morning—to which her mistress answered sharply:

"Belle, kindly do not shout so when you come into my room. Do you see that I am writing?"

"Gee-whiz!" said Belle sorrowfully as she went out, and she visibly drooped all day.

It was decided that as soon as the Tressadys' San Francisco visit was over, Belle should go. They were going down to the city for a week in early March—for some gowns for Molly, some dinners, some opera and one of the talks with Jerry's doctor that were becoming so delightfully unnecessary.

They left the ranch in a steady, gloomy downpour. Molly did her packing between discouraged trips to the window, and deluged Belle and Miss Carter with apprehensive advice that was not at all like her usual trusting outlook.

"Don't fail to telephone me instantly at the hotel if anything—but, of course, nothing will," said Molly. "Anyway you know the doctor's number, Belle, and about a hot-water bag for him if his feet are cold, and oil the instant he shows the least sign of fever ——"

"Cert'n'y!" said Belle reassuringly.

"This is Monday," said Molly. "We'll be back Sunday night. Have Little Hong meet us at the Junction. And if it's clear bring Timmy."

"Cert'n'y!" said Belle.

"I hate to go in all this rain!" Molly said an hour or two later from the depths of the motor car.

Miss Carter was holding Timmy firmly on the sheltered porch railing. Belle stood on an upper step in the rain. Big Hong beamed from the shadowy doorway. At the last instant Belle suddenly caught Timmy in her arms and ran down the wet path.

"Give muddy a reel good kiss for goodby!" commanded Belle, and Molly hungrily claimed not one but a score.

"Goodby, my heart's heart!" she said. "Thank you, Belle." As the carriage whirled away she sighed. "Was there ever such a good-hearted, impossible creature!"

. . . . . .

Back into the house went Belle and Timmy, Miss Carter and Big Hong. Back came Little Hong with the car. Silence held the ranch; the waning winter light fell on Timmy, busy with blocks; on Belle darning; on Miss Carter reading a light novel. The fire blazed, sank to quivering blue, leaped with a sucking noise about a fresh log, and sank again. At four the lamps were lighted, the two women fussed amicably together over Timothy's supper. Later, when he was asleep, Miss Carter, who had no particular fancy for the shadows that lurked in the corners of the big room and the howling wind on the roof, said sociably: "Shall we have our dinner on two little tables right here before the fire, Belle?" And still later, after an evening of desultory reading and talking, she suggested that they leave their bedroom doors open. Belle agreed. If Miss Carter was young, Belle was younger still.

The days went by. Hong served them delicious meals. Timmy was angelic. They unearthed halma, puzzles, fortune-telling cards. The rain fell steadily; the eaves dripped; the paths were sheets of water.

"It certainly gets on your nerves—doesn't it?" said Miss Carter when the darkness came on Thursday night. Belle, from the hall, came and stood beside her at the fireplace.

"Our 'phone is cut off," said she uneasily. "The water must of cut down a pole somewheres. Let's look at the river."

Suddenly horror seemed to seize upon them both. They could not cross the floor fast enough and plunge fast enough into the night. It was dark out on the porch, and for a moment or two they could see nothing but the swimming blackness, and hear nothing but the gurgle and drip of the rainwater from eaves and roof. The rain had stopped, or almost stopped. A shining fog seemed to lie flat—high and level over the riverbed.

Suddenly, as they stared, this fog seemed to solidify before their eyes, seemed curiously to step into the foreground and show itself for what it was. They saw it was no longer fog, but water—a level spread of dark, silent water. The Beaver Creek had flooded its banks and was noiselessly, pitilessly creeping over the world.

"It's the river!" Belle whispered. "Gee-whiz, isn't she high!"

"What is it?" gasped Miss Carter, from whose face every vestige of color had fled.

"Why, it's the river!" Belle answered slowly, uneasily. She held out her hand. "Thank God, the rain's stopped!" she said under her breath. Then, so suddenly that Miss Carter jumped nervously, she shouted: "Hong!"

Big Hong came out, and Little Hong. All four stood staring at the motionless water, which was like some great, menacing presence in the dark—some devil-fish of a thousand arms, content to bide his time.

The bungalow stood on a little rise of ground in a curve of the river. On three sides of it, at all seasons, were the sluggish currents of Beaver Creek, and now the waters met on the fourth side. The garden path that led to the Emville Road ran steeply now into this pool, and the road, sloping upward almost imperceptibly, emerged from the water perhaps two hundred feet beyond.

"Him how deep?" asked Hong.

"Well, those hollyhocks at the gate are taller than I am," Belle said, "and you can't see them at all. I'll bet it's ten feet deep most of the way."

She had grown very white, and seemed to speak with difficulty. Miss Carter went into the house, with the dazed look of a woman in a dream, and knelt at the piano bench.

"Oh, my God—my God—my God!" she said in a low, hoarse tone, her fingers pressed tightly over her eyes.

"Don't be so scared!" said Belle hardily, though the sight of the other woman's terror had made her feel cold and sick at her stomach. "There's lots of things we can do——"

"There's an attic——"

"Ye-es," Belle hesitated. "But I wouldn't go up there," she said. "It's just an unfloored place under the roof—no way out!"

"No—no—no—not there, then!" Miss Carter said heavily, paler than before. "But what can we do?"

"Why, this water is backing up," Belle said slowly. "It's not coming downstream, so any minute whatever's holding it back may burst and the whole thing go at once—or if it stops raining it won't go any higher."

"Well, we must get away as fast as we can while there is time," said Miss Carter, trembling but more composed. "We could swim that distance—I swim a little. Then, if we can't walk into Emville we'll have to spend the night on the hills. We could reach the hills, I should think." Her voice broke. "Oh—this is terrible!" she broke out frantically—and she began to walk the floor.

"Hong, could we get the baby across?" asked Belle.

"Oh, the child—of course!" said Miss Carter under her breath. Hong shook his head.

"Man come bimeby boat," he suggested. "Me no swim. Little Hong no swim."

"You can't swim!" cried Miss Carter despairingly and covered her face with her hands.

Little Hong now came in to make some earnest suggestion in Chinese. His uncle, approving it, announced that

they two, unable to swim, would nevertheless essay to cross the water with the aid of a floating kitchen bench, and that they would fly for help. They immediately carried the bench out into the night.

The two women followed; a hideous need of haste seemed to possess them all. The rain was falling heavily again.

"It's higher," said Miss Carter in a dead tone. Belle eyed the water nervously.

"You couldn't push Timmy across on that bench?" she ventured.

It became immediately evident, however, that the men would be extremely fortunate in getting themselves across. The two dark, sleek heads made slow progress on the gloomy water. The bench tipped, turned slowly, righted itself and tipped again. Soon they worked their slow way out of sight.

Then came silence—silence!

"She's rising!" said Belle.

Miss Carter went blindly into the house. She was ashen and seemed to be choking. She sat down.

"They'll be back in no time," said she in a sick voice.

"Sure!" said Belle, moistening her lips.

There was a long silence. Rain drummed on the roof.

"Do you swim, Belle?" Miss Carter asked after a restless march about the room.

"Some—I couldn't swim with the baby——"

Miss Carter was not listening. She leaned her head against the mantelpiece. Suddenly she began to walk again, her eyes wild, her breath uneven.

"Well, there must be something we can do, Belle!"

"I've been trying to think," said Belle slowly. "A breadboard wouldn't float, you know, even if the baby would sit on it. We've not got a barrel—and a box——"

"There must be boxes!" cried the other woman.

"Yes; but the least bit of a tip would half fill a box with water. No——" Belle shook her head. "I'm not a good enough swimmer."

Another short silence.

"Belle, does this river rise every winter?"

"Why, yes, I suppose it does. I know one year Emville was flooded and the shops moved upstairs. There was a family named Westcott living up near here then——" Belle did not pursue the history of the Westcott family, and Miss Carter knew why.

"Oh, I think it is criminal for people to build in a place like this!" Miss Carter burst out passionately. "They're safe enough—oh, certainly!" she went on with bitter emphasis. "But they leave us——"

"It shows how little you know us, thinking we'd run any risk with Timmy——" Belle said stiffly; but she interrupted herself to say sharply: "Here's the water!"

She went to the door and opened it. The still waters of Beaver Creek were lapping the porch steps.

Miss Carter made an inarticulate exclamation and went into her room. Belle, following her to her door, saw her tear off her shoes and stockings, and change her gown for some brief, dark garment.

"It's every one for himself now!" said Miss Carter feverishly. "This is no time for sentiment. If they don't care enough for their child to—— This is my gym suit—I'm thankful I brought it. Don't be utterly mad, Belle! If the water isn't coming Timmy'll be all right. If it is I don't see why we should be so utterly crazy as not to try to save ourselves. We can easily swim it, and then we can get help—— You've got a bathing suit—go put it on. My God, Belle, it's not as if we could do anything by staying. If we could I'd——"

Belle turned away. When Miss Carter followed her she found her in Mrs. Tressady's bedroom, looking down at the sleeping Timmy. Timmy had taken to bed with him a box of talcum powder wrapped in a towel, as a "doddy." One fat, firm little hand still held the meaningless toy. He was breathing heavily, evenly—his little forehead moist, his hair clinging in tendrils about his face.

"No—of course we can't leave him!" said Miss Carter heavily as the women went back to the living room. She went frantically from window to window. "It's stopped raining!" she announced.

"We'll laugh at this tomorrow," said Belle.

They went to the door. A shallow sheet of water, entering, crept in a great circle about their very feet.

"Oh, no—it's not to be expected; it's too much!" Miss Carter cried. Without an instant's hesitation she crossed the porch and splashed down the invisible steps.

"I take as great a chance in going as you do in staying," she said with chattering teeth. "If—if it comes any higher you'll swim for it—won't you, Belle?"

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GRANDMOTHER'S BOY

ILLUSTRATED BY HY. S. WATSON

And at Nine o'Clock in the Evening Soon the Policemen Had Gone Home

CHARLIE HASSETT was such a little man that when he set straight matter he had to stand on a platform that raised him a couple of inches from the floor. But Charlie Hassett seldom set straight matter, for he was one of the best job printers who ever worked at Thompson's and was kept busy on fancy display.

The first time I saw him was when he appeared one noon, with his sleeves rolled up, as the compositors were going back to work. The foreman personally selected a frame for him and helped him find a stick and galley. Charlie was critical about both tools. He borrowed a nickel-plated stick belonging to Old Man Smelt and rummaged out a good galley I kept hidden for my own use when I was allowed to set up a display job. From his dry, kindly way of speaking I judged he was a pleasant little man.

"You're only a kid," he said. "What the deuce does a kid want of a perfectly true job galley?"

When a strange compositor came to work at Thompson's printing house everybody had an eye on him to see how capable he was. The men strolled past his galley and noticed how he had laid out the first lines of a job, and in an hour or so every one would have his rating as a printer. Nobody strolled over to see what Charlie Hassett was doing however. Everybody seemed to know him and concede his ability; and Old Man Smelt told me the newcomer was a tourist job man—one of the best he knew.

For more than a year I saw a good deal of Charlie, and it was he who first roused in me the desire to get about the world and see other places. About a week after he came to work he complained about the cheap hotel where he was lodging, and on my suggestion took a vacant room next to mine at the widow's; so we had many talks in the evening and he told me much about other places. Charlie Hassett was only about thirty, I guess; but he called me "son," and spoke as though he might be my grandfather, smiled tolerantly at my enthusiasms and corrected me from his presumably vast experience of the world.

At that period my imagination never left the town where I had grown up. Our daily papers there often published articles on the lights-and-shadows-of-a-great-city order and patronized the country people who came to town for celebrations. I remember walking home from the theater up our main street with the feeling that I was out in all the throng and mystery of a metropolis. Poor old town! Why, not long ago I strolled through that main street between trains—and at nine o'clock in the evening it seemed as though even the policemen had turned off the lights and gone home. Yet probably it was just like that when I mooned there, before I knew the crowds and color of real cities.

Charlie was the only tourist printer I had run across up to that time. Tramp printers were nearly all newspaper compositors. The job compositors who worked at Thompson's were steady citizens, married, with families and homes, and with constant employment. Some had tramped a bit long ago. It was among newspaper compositors, however, that the real tramp printer was found. In those days, when all newspapers were printed from type set by hand, there was a definite place for the tourist. Fifty to a hundred regulars held steady jobs in the newspaper composing room, but could work only six days or nights each week by union rules. On the seventh they hired a substitute. Some of these "subs" were fixtures round each office; but others were tramp printers, who came into a town broke, worked a couple of nights, got their money from the Shylock instead of waiting for payday, and left town again on a freight train.

We had newspaper printers for a few days occasionally at Thompson's; but job printers looked down upon them as workmen because they could set nothing but book or newspaper type. The newspaper printer looked down on the jobber, in turn, as a man unable to set straight matter at a fast rate, and as an old woman generally for being content to stay in one place. So things were about even. Every time I got the chance, though, I talked with these tourists; for their scheme of life appealed to me greatly.

Charlie Hassett had worked on newspapers as a display compositor and in job shops all over the country. A good job printer could find employment anywhere, he said; and his stories of distant places roused in me the desire to travel, which was the next important factor in what I like to regard as my education.

Shortly before finishing my fourth year as an apprentice, therefore, I applied for membership in the printers' union, was admitted and was ready to set out as a real journeyman. Along in the fall I bade farewell to grandmother and the widow and started, both of them predicting I would be back again, because there could not possibly be any city so good as ours. Having no idea how to leave town on a freight train, as the tourists did, I bought a scalper's ticket to a place two hundred miles off. That was halfway to Chicago. I had never been more than forty miles from our city; so I took a local train, the slowest on the timetable, because I wanted to stop at every station. When we passed beyond the last station I knew and into the great world beyond it began to be exciting. Our country was flat prairie. I never saw a hill, much less a mountain, until I was nearly a man; but those ordinary country towns that day had for me all the interest of famous show places. When I reached my destination I found a cheap room, got

up my trunk—for I had not learned to travel light, and had brought with me all my belongings—and started out to locate that work which every good job printer found anywhere. I was tempted to show up among the subs on a daily paper, but did not dare—did not know how it was done. So I had a look round town and found some piece-work in a little shop, setting straight matter for a weekly paper. It was Holland Dutch! My pay was small, though I got the union rate, because I could not set very much straight matter in a day. I was happy, however, and felt big. I was a journeyman and this was almost newspaper composition.

In that shop there was a young German who had been to Chicago. He spoke of the city so glowingly that two weeks later I bought another scalper's ticket and went there. The size of Chicago awed me. My German friend had told me where to rent a cheap room; and after that, on his further advice, I went to the headquarters of the printers' union to find work.

At union headquarters you wrote your name each day in a register and sat in a waiting room, with other printers, until a call came for men. At noon there would be twenty to fifty printers there, smoking, chewing, playing cards or telling stories. It was an excellent place to learn the ways of the many printing offices in Chicago; and the state of our craft all over the country was kept track of through arriving tourists. Presently a call would come for men. Then Mack, the union secretary, stumped into the smoky waiting room. He was a burly old chap, with only one leg, and appeared so irritable and pugnacious that I was afraid of him at first. Pounding on the floor with his crutch and threatening the noisiest members Mack would read off the names in the register. Some men had gone away; others declined the work when they knew where it was. Mack scolded and threatened until the required number had been sent. Then he stormed back to his office amid jeers. It was mostly fun. He enjoyed it as much as the printers.

The very first day I was lucky enough to be the only man on hand when a call came; and I found myself setting up theater programs in a show-printing house. This lasted only a few days, but I soon found other work and made friends. I did very well that winter, making as much as twenty-five dollars some weeks when I worked overtime, which seemed marvelous.

The Making of a Hobo

CHICAGO treated me so well, in fact, that my letters to grandmother were full of its wonders. I dazzled grandmother by statistics and comparisons. Such stores and crowds as she knew in our town would be considered mighty small affairs in Chicago, I assured her. The spirit of Chicago took hold of me. At home everybody agreed that our town was a dead hole; but here every one boasted of the size and activities of Chicago, and I could see magnitude on every hand because I was fresh from a smaller place. Most of the people I met were fresh from smaller places too. We were all becoming metropolitan together. If a new man from some small town came to work in the shop we tried to astonish him. If he happened to be from St. Louis or New York he had to apologize for being alive every morning and admit Chicago's superiority.

That winter for the first time I set type on a newspaper. One of the afternoon sheets issued a Sunday edition. Its regulars could not work all day Saturday and through Saturday night too; so many subs were needed, and some job men worked there Saturday night. A young Canadian took me along with him, made the canvass of the regulars for me and got me work for the night.

In job-printing offices the casual newspaper "typo" who came to work for a few days was apologetic for his lack of experience at display work. Many a time I have helped such a man set his bit of display. Now I found these apologetic chaps quite at home in the alleys of a newspaper composing room, while I was the greenhorn. They good-naturedly set me right however. The whole routine of setting up a newspaper was fascinating to me. It is yet. I should like to show up tonight, were there an old-time newspaper composing room in existence, and hold down cases for some regular. The copy cut in little bits so it could be set quickly; the intricacies of the newspaper style, with its three separate sizes of body type; the speed at which everything had to be set; the bustle round the make-up stones and galley dumps; the rush before going to press at one o'clock in the morning; the midnight lunch; and the whole atmosphere of news connected with the office—these appealed to me immensely. I was never a real newspaper printer, but I loved to be round where newspapers were being printed.

Along in May, the following spring, I had some money saved and took to the road again. My trunk was shipped to grandmother's by freight. I neglected to write for some weeks because I wanted to astonish her by turning up in a distant city without warning. Grandmother received the trunk before I succeeded in astonishing her and assumed that I must be sick or dead; so she had my trunk broken open by the neighborhood carpenter, expecting to find my body inside. I sent the rest of my belongings by express to Pittsburgh in a small telescope and left Chicago one fine afternoon, with my union card, pipe, tobacco, matches, and a ticket for Fort Wayne, Indiana. Again I was at a loss to get out of Chicago on a freight train; but I thought it would be easier in a smaller town, and resolved to begin tramping after I had ridden as far as my ticket read.

It is Very Embarrassing, Sitting Under the Round-Eyed Stares of Several Small Snipper-Snappers

It was growing dark when I arrived at Fort Wayne, and I strolled round the station for half an hour, looking the ground over. Presently a train pulled in, paused a few minutes and started out again. It looked like a passenger train, though it had an unusual number of baggage cars at the front end. It was going east—the way I wanted to go—and moving slowly as it got in motion. I was on the side opposite the station, hidden by a string of cars. My heart thumped with excitement, but I hopped aboard and sat on one of the platforms; and in a few moments we had rattled past the switch lights, left the yards and were flying through the night at thirty-five miles an hour. In less than a minute I had become a hobo and, though I did not know it then, was "riding the blind"—for that was a train of express cars only, traveling on a fast passenger schedule.

Nothing carries you faster than blind baggage when you are beating your way. The cars used for express matter, fruit and similar traffic have platforms but no end doors—at least they did not have any in those days. The hobo who steals a ride is fairly safe, once aboard and the train running. There are no footboards over the tops of the cars and the train crew will not bother him. Stops are infrequent. If he can stick to the blind until daybreak he may cover several hundred miles; but then he must drop off, for he will be seen. As it is, he must watch when the train slackens, look ahead to locate the station lights and drop off in a shadow.

That was an eventful night for me. The cinders rained down and the roar of the wheels was deafening; but the experience was exhilarating. A ride in the buffet car of a fast express is a tame affair compared with the dirty, greasy, noisy ride one steals on the blind baggage; the spice of danger in jumping on and off and clutching tight while whirling round curves only adds to the pleasure. Maybe I should not enjoy it now, but I did then. I soon learned to slink into a shadow when we stopped and trainmen came along with their lanterns. Occasionally I saw other figures boarding the platforms in the dark, and once I got on a platform with three other riders, but it was too noisy to talk and my fellow travelers were uncommunicative anyway. One of them wore a yellow straw hat, which worried the others; for a hat like that shows plainly in the dark and is avoided by the hobo.

At a little after four in the morning it was light and the train crew made a demonstration, walking down each side of the cars to see that nobody boarded them again. We were just outside a railroad yard in Eastern Ohio. I had covered more than two hundred miles. At this place six or eight voluntary passengers were left behind on the track. I lit my pipe and one of them borrowed some of my tobacco; another asked for a match. The latter asked where I was going and said he was bound for Philly. Starting for the town ahead we came to some unpainted wooden cottages, where track-laborers' wives were already getting breakfast. Two of the company climbed down the embankment, while the others waited some distance beyond. By-and-by they came back, their dingy coats stuffed with generous hunks of home-made bread, buttered. They shared with me and the food filled my stomach snugly. Half a mile on the other side of the town we came to a railroad water-tank and had a drink and a wash. Contrary to popular notions, Dusty Rhodes likes a bath. After that first trip I was always provided with a piece of soap; and I have often known a hobo to turn and go back over the railroad with me, showing me the way and using my soap. I managed to get fairly clean, but the grime and grease of the railroad stick to clothes and skin; and, as the hobo himself puts it: "No matter how good you look, one night on the road turns you into a regular bum."

The water-tank was a stopping-place for freight trains and a hobo hangout, as everybody knew but me. Presently a freight train pulled in and took water; and when it pulled out again we were all aboard, riding out of sight in an empty coal car. Nobody bothered us; and between stations I stood up, enjoying the changing scenery. The country now became rolling, and by noon we ran into valleys between tree-clad hills, the track winding along a rough river. These foothills were wonderful to me—my first mountains; but they did not seem to impress the others. They got to telling stories of trains breaking in two going uphill; so I looked for trouble when we took on an extra engine. We did not break in two though, and so far as I could see were not going up a hill at all—for I expected we would steam right up one of the steep slopes. We simply kept to the river-bank, with a good deal of puffing and a thick rain of cinders. Later, when I walked up the railroad track on such a grade I understood what going uphill meant.

Late that afternoon I reached Pittsburgh after twenty-five hours on the road, which was fast time. The gang seemed to know the locality and I jumped off with them when we ran into the yards, taking a car into town. There I found a room, got my baggage and worked two weeks on a religious journal. When I felt restless again I expressed my telescope to New York and started eastward after it.

The Man He Left Behind Him

THIS time I knew something about boarding freight trains and rode out to the eastern yards on a car. I succeeded in catching a train, but was put off after a twenty-mile ride. There I hung round for a couple of days, working in a country printing office and sleeping in the warmth of a glass-house. Presently I got going once more and by successive riding—being put off, walking to the next water-tank and riding again—finally reached Johnstown.

There I found work setting type on an afternoon paper. Another tourist was in the office—Jim Brennan, hailing from New York. Jim had started for Chicago a month before and beaten his way that far, but was tired of the road and meant to go back. He took a fancy to me and said we would go together; and I was glad to have the company of an experienced tourist. On the night set for our start, however, Jim got drunk. There was no Shylock in the office and he had to collect money from several regulars. When he finished collecting and bidding farewells he was so tipsy that I got him into the yards with difficulty. Then he had to have one last drink and disappeared; and after waiting for him a while I boarded a freight train, spending the night on top of coke. Except for the stifling fumes when we went through the tunnel at the summit of the Alleghenies it was comfortable riding, and next morning I went to work in Altoona on another afternoon paper.

Late in the afternoon Jim Brennan came along. He had been arrested in Johnstown and fined all his money. I fixed him with a couple of drinks and a pint bottle. We caught another freight and rode on some more coke. Coke is peculiar stuff to travel on. It is full of sharp little projections that catch your clothes; you must make a bed in it and keep quiet. Jim wriggled round all night, and next morning the rear part of his trousers looked as though somebody had been peppering him with a shotgun. He was a cartoon tramp all right, and lacked nothing but the tomato can. I borrowed some pins and he patched himself together; then we went on. The state of his trousers worried Jim so much that he did not dare leave the railroad. He felt that any village constable would arrest him on sight.

That had a good effect, for it kept Jim on the move. He knew every water-tank apparently, and we caught trains that carried us through towns at night. At Philadelphia he led the way through a maze of suburbs from one yard to another—for in going through so large a city it was necessary to leave the railroad at the yard where trains arrived and catch a train from another yard on the opposite side of town. Finally one morning, just at dawn, we landed from a ferry in New York and walked several blocks to what I thought was a very ordinary street.

"Broadway!" said Jim patronizingly, and made for a saloon in Park Row where he was known. The bartender inspected me closely for a moment and then asked succinctly:

"First time?"

I answered in the affirmative.

During the week I spent in New York Jim took care of me in a way. He knew all the newspaper printers and was on hand to help them spend their money whenever a big daily paid off. From time to time he bought me a meal or handed me a quarter. I remember one restaurant in Park Row, patronized chiefly by printers, where the plates were called "galleys" and the knives "rules." Many of my meals were free lunches, however, and I slept at a fifteen-cent Bowery lodging house. For that sum you got a furnished room—a cubbyhole big enough for a cot, with a locker in which you put your clothes, sleeping on the key. As soon as I picked up a night's work I left New York, going to Bridgeport by boat with a bullet-headed young printer who was anxious to tramp. From there we went to New Haven, where I worked a week and had a dip in the ocean, which I could not believe was salt until I tasted it.

The Sure Cure for Dyspepsia

FROM New Haven I beat my way to Boston by way of Hartford, Springfield and Worcester, alternately walking and riding on freight trains through the New England country, which was of immense interest. It took more than a week; during that time I went on pretty short rations and slept wherever night found me—in an empty box car, or a contractor's toolbox, or on a tie. Bullethead got lost the first day out. The actuality of tramping did not appeal to him so much as he had thought it would and he headed back for Park Row.

In Boston I got a couple of dollars for distributing type and took the boat for Gloucester in the company of another young printer from Nova Scotia. He was also a fisherman and believed that we might ship out of Gloucester on a mackerel schooner. It was late when we got into that town and my new acquaintance showed me a new wrinkle in lodgings. He led me to the police station, where the chief, a bluff old chap with an enormous horseshoe mustache, carefully took our descriptions and locked us in the same cell. We slept there two nights, and after that I made use of police stations along the road when it was wet. This refinement in tramping did not appeal to the true hobo. He would crawl a mile on his belly to get round a policeman; but I found it convenient and my pedigree is probably on old police blotters clear across New England.

No fishing schooner wanted to ship us; so we started back to Boston, walking most of the way because few trains ran up that branch. Here is where I begged my first food. Up to that time I had either money to buy eatables or was with tramps who did the begging—tramps are decidedly considerate of the fellow who has never "bettered grub," and will beg for him. Now we were both broke and hungry. Something had to be done. We walked along the grassy track discussing the matter, and decided that each should rustle off on one side of the railroad when we came to the next village.

The first house on my side was a large country place and a woman inside was singing at the top of her voice. I went to the door and rapped, and the singer answered, with a broom and a dusting cap. I judged that she was a bride by her blooming looks, and a happy one by her singing. Maybe I was her first tramp. Anyway I mumbled something about being hungry and offered to work; she told me to sit on the doorstep. One other point indicated that she was a bride, for if there had been children in the house they would have come to look at the tramp—they always do; and it is very embarrassing to the tramp, sitting under the round-eyed stares of several small snipper-snappers, perhaps answering questions and assuring them he is a good man and that he has no home. Presently the woman came back with a fruit basket. It was packed full of food—buttered bread cut in thin slices, pieces of cold meat, chunks of cake and pie, and a couple of bananas. I mumbled my thanks and hurried back to see if the Nova Scotia fellow had been as successful as I had.

He evidently struck a woman with more experience, for he had a couple of the thick slices of buttered bread that are almost standard in hobo provender and are known professionally as "punk." We sat down and ate. The bride certainly knew how to cook. To carry her basket would have been awkward. So we cleaned it out then and there and I took it back and put it on the doorstep. The punk was stowed away in our pockets for supper.

Next afternoon I rapped at another door. It was on the outskirts of Lynn. A motherly woman came, and when I said I was hungry she exclaimed: "Come right in!" As I hesitated she added: "I'm not afraid of you—why, you're nothing but a boy!" She seated me in her kitchen and stirred the embers in the stove—just as grandmother would have done had I walked into her kitchen—made some tea and filled me full of hearty victuals. All the while she talked, asking where I lived and how I came to be roving about, and so forth, saying she had a son about my age who was a carriage painter. Noticing that my hat was badly dented and broken from riding on coke and coal, she picked it up and put it in the fire, and then gave me one of her son's. It was two sizes too large, but she made it fit with strips of paper inside the band. It made me look topheavy and intellectual, but I wore it until I left the road.

This business of begging food never came natural to me, and I am certain I should never have been tempted to turn tramp for the sake of an easy living. It had to be done, however, and I did a lot of it that summer, sometimes helping a farmer in a field for a warm dinner; and again dropping off a freight train after twelve or fifteen hours' fast—at which times ethics somehow sunk out of sight in an unforgetable outdoor appetite, and I simply made tracks for the nearest house and ate what was given me. Now it would be the humble home of a track laborer, with children everywhere, and the jerry's wife would cut a couple of thick slices of punk. Again it would be a better class house, with a trim lawn, a rear garden and no children—the hired girl would tell you to sit on the doorstep and then hand out the odds and ends left from the last meal, with a pot of cold coffee to wash them down. After you had cleaned the plates and emptied the pot you handed them back and carefully brushed all the crumbs off the step.

The road is the finest place in the world to cultivate an appetite for plain food. If I were a doctor I would put all my dyspeptic and neurasthenic patients tramping.

On the whole that was a glorious summer. I went through eight states, saw the heart of the East, with its big cities, and covered two of the country's greatest railroad systems from end to end. It was a personally conducted tour to a large extent, too, for always, just at the point where I was at a loss about going on, there would be a dingy figure or two waiting at a water-tank, giving you the greeting of the hobo: "Hello, Jack! Which way you goin'?" Usually the dingy figures would be going that way too. They knew how to get across towns from one yard to another and where to board trains and how to dodge policemen where there was a crusade against tramps—for the hobo keeps close track of the whole country through the exchange of information at water-tanks and hangouts, and as soon as one states which way he is going will give information about the easiest railroads to take and the towns to be avoided. Many of the big railroads were considered so easy to ride over that no precautions were necessary. Others were more strict and one had to be careful, or ride on the trucks of passenger trains, or have a little money to hand to the crews of freight trains.

There was a hobo story about one short railroad in the West, I remember, which was said to have offered a reward of ten dollars and a suit of clothes to any tramp who could beat his way over it; and the only 'bo who ever succeeded, it was said, was a darky who rode in the tank on the tender, up to his chin in water. When he came out and claimed the reward the traincrew gave him such a drubbing that nobody ever tried to beat that road again. Many a time I lay almost breathless in an empty freight car while railroad officers searched an outgoing train for tramps; but by the good management of chance fellow travelers I always escaped, except in one instance. That was one night when I was traveling alone on the steps of a peach train from Maryland. We were making fast time westward and I was looking ahead of the station lights as we slackened, when two young fellows suddenly hopped aboard from the opposite side and nabbed me. In a moment the train stopped. They "frisked" my pockets to see if I was armed, and then walked me a few steps to a serious old citizen with a large nickel-plated star who was standing in the shadow of some empty freight cars. This was the town constable.

"Guess he's the only one," said the two men who held me.

"Where are you going?" asked the constable.

"Why, up the road a little way," I replied.

"How far up the road?"

"Well, about six or seven hundred miles, I guess—to Chicago."

"Let me see your hands," he said, and I turned them up so that he could look for callous places and blisters—the marks of work.

Back Again to Grandmother

MY HANDS were not very favorable, but I told him I was a printer and exhibited my union card, and that put a better aspect on the matter. Evidently he decided that I was not a habitual vagabond, for he read me a lecture about the folly of roving round the country, and spoke with pride of himself as an illustration of what a man could become by sticking to one place. He had lived there all his life and had never lacked a meal or a place to sleep—and never had to go meandering. Finally, after impressing me with his power to put me in the chain-gang for two months, he let me go. It seems that several convicts had broken jail in a neighboring town. A general alarm had been sent out. The old constable, with his two deputies, was watching for them. My peach train still stood in the yard and he said I might board it again if I wanted to, but that I would probably be arrested at the next stop. It would be better to take a freight, where I could ride out of sight. He told me how to reach the place in the yard where freight trains took water and wished me good luck. A sterling old citizen!

It was September when, early one morning, dirty, ragged and hungry, I jumped out of an empty grain car in the yard of the city where grandmother lived—a part of town practically unknown to me when I lived there myself. It was only a short walk to her house and I covered it in record time. At that hour in the morning the neighborhood was asleep and I did not want to wake grandmother; so I went quietly round through the alley and through the back gate, and looked for a place to take a nap while waiting for dawn. The best prospect was the coalbin. Grandmother had just got in her winter's supply. My recent standard of living made that an ideal bed; so I crawled in and was soon asleep.

Of course grandmother was mighty glad to see me, and I had many remarkable things to tell her about the places I had visited and the people I had seen—as well as some I did not tell her. She took it all as a matter of course and said she had always felt I would come back to the old town. Her conviction that it was the best town in the world to live in was absolutely unshaken by any of the wonders I could relate—she was as satisfied on that score as the village constable back East had been; and before I was many years older I learned that people everywhere have to be taken along with their environment.

I had a lot of aunts and uncles and cousins in the old town, however, and they took a different view of the matter. My return was regarded by them as definite proof that I had found no better city and that I had been glad to tramp just to get back to it. They added that they had always suspected I would turn out a tramp. This put me on my mettle, and after a couple of weeks of good food and a bed

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He Appeared So Irritable and Pugnacious That I Was Afraid of Him at First

COURTS AND THEIR CRITICS

By Melville Davisson Post

WHENEVER excessive power has been assumed by any department of a government it is always very difficult for the people to retake it. Seldom has the thing been done without violence. There is resistance, and as the pressure of public opinion increases it cannot always be confined within a temperate channel. There will be outbursts of public indignation and often unfair and intemperate denunciations.

On the other hand, it is the habit of sovereignty to hedge itself about with a delicate and sensitive dignity. It is in the nature of it to insist upon an infallibility which no human intelligence can justify. Those, therefore, who exercise sovereign power in a state do not permit criticism of their acts.

This is logical. The sovereign power in a state is an ultimate authority. There can be no higher authority than this, consequently its decisions must be final. They must also be right! To deny this would be to postulate a further authority superior to the sovereign power—a thing not logically permissible.

Now when the sovereign power of a state resides in the whole body of the people these attributes are everywhere equally exerted and invisible; but when the right of sovereignty is assumed by any one department of a government these attributes become localized and visible.

When in the course of events the judiciary in our Government established itself as superior to the other departments, with revisionary authority over them, and with the right ultimately to say by what laws the people should be governed, it thereby assumed certain rights of sovereignty, with the attributes attending sovereignty attached. And it is, therefore, to be expected that agitation on the part of the people looking to the resumption of this sovereignty by them will be resented and misconstrued into attacks on the judiciary.

This is an unfortunate situation, for the judiciary is intrusted with the very highest office. It must have the confidence of the whole people and it must command unquestioned respect.

"Have you ever heard it said of Lycurgus, the Lacedæmonian, then," said Socrates, "that he would not have made Sparta at all different from other states if he had not established in it beyond others a spirit of obedience to the laws? Do you not know, too, that of magistrates in states, those are thought the best who are most efficient in producing obedience to the laws, and that that state in which the citizens pay most respect to the laws is in the best condition in peace and invincible in war?

"The greatest blessing to states, moreover, is concord, and the senates and principal men in them often exhort the citizens to unanimity. And everywhere throughout Greece it is a law that the citizen shall take an oath to observe concord—an oath which they everywhere do take. But I conceive that this is done not that the citizens may approve of the same choruses, or that they may praise the same flute-players, or that they may prefer the same poets, or that they may take delight in the same spectacles, but that they may obey the laws. For while the citizens adhere to these, states will be powerful and happy."

The Right of Kings

IT IS strange how quickly the formalities of sovereignty spring up round the exercise of it. In the early struggle of the judiciary for supremacy the efforts of the judges were met with what we should now consider disgraceful violence. In New York and Rhode Island when they undertook to annul acts of the legislature they were not only criticised, but summoned to appear before the legislature and required to answer for what was considered an assumption of tyrannical power. Their course was considered revolutionary. They were severely condemned and doubtless would have been punished but that their acts contained no criminal element.

In Ohio two judges who had declared an act unconstitutional were impeached by the legislature. In Kentucky, in a similar case, the legislature reaffirmed the validity of the statute the court had annulled, and proceeded to legislate the judges out of office.

With the Federal judiciary, the resistance to its exercise of excessive power was less violent but no less firm. Jefferson denounced and defied the efforts of Chief Justice Marshall to establish the Supreme Court as the sovereign governing authority. Andrew Jackson followed, and after him Abraham Lincoln, and finally Theodore Roosevelt. No one of these four executives hesitated to criticise the courts and to resist the theory that the courts could, by a final decision, forever remove from the people the right to rid themselves of a law that did not please them or to reënact a law that they considered useful and wise. The definition of law in a republic, adhered to by these executives, is the oldest in the world. "What then, Pericles," asked Alcibiades, "is force and lawlessness? Is it not when the stronger obliges the weaker, not by persuasion but by compulsion, to do what he pleases?" "So it appears to me," replied Pericles. "Whatever, then, a tyrant compels the people to do by enacting it without gaining their consent, is that an act of lawlessness?" "Yes," said Pericles, "it appears to me that it is." "But what the few . . . enact, not from gaining the consent of the many but from having superior power, should we say that is force or that it is not?" "Everything," said Pericles, "which one man obliges another to do without gaining his consent, whether he enact it in writing or not, seems to me to be force rather than law." It is significant how closely these four executives agreed upon the main issue. Abraham Lincoln's criticism of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott decision is no less firm and bold than Jefferson's resistance of Marshall, and Theodore Roosevelt's criticism equals the virility of Jackson.

Now, in spite of the fact that the people have so long acquiesced in the supremacy of the judiciary, we finally find the Congress of the United States cautiously considering its right to reenact an income tax after a law embodying that idea had been declared invalid by the Supreme Court. It was contended in that great debate, by a senator from New York, that such an act would be a violation of "the dignity, respect, sacredness of that great tribunal." The last phrase is a strange one in a republic. The idea that any authority in a state is sacred had its origin in the theory of the divine right of kings.

In the beginning of all history the Hebrew commonwealth was a theocracy. The visible rulers—priests, judges, kings—were the vice-regents of an omnipotent and invisible monarch. They held their authority by virtue of a divine warrant and their acts were sacred. Modern despotism retained the idea. It therefore followed that all criticisms of the acts of such rulers were dangerous and destructive treasons, and there grew up the doctrine of *læsæ majestatis*.

The intent of this doctrine was to prevent any criticism of those who exercised sovereign authority in a government. It was established by the Roman state, and it has been followed by both the English and the German empires. The American people got rid of it with the Sedition Law of 1798.

This idea of the Hebrew commonwealth has been curiously taken over. The theory that the acts of priests, prophets, judges and kings were sacred was a prime postulate in the theory of the Hebrew state. It must be remembered that one of the pretended offenses for which the Jewish senate tried Jesus of Nazareth was that of *læsæ majestatis divinæ*, and it was the fact that Caiaphas pretended that he had entrapped the prisoner into an admission of this supreme treason that enabled the high priest to make the dramatic gesture with which that trial closed.

When the divine right of kings began to be questioned this high prerogative moved over on to a surer base—namely, that all sovereignty, wherever and however manifest, was entitled to immunity from criticism. The exaggerated dignity engendered by this doctrine attached to the body of the king and to his presence. The courts first enjoyed it because they sat before the king. Contempts for the court, under early English law, were thereby high misprisions and were desperately punished with the loss of life and limb.

When the courts came finally to sit elsewhere than before the king and in his palace they retained this high prerogative. It is at the base of the idea to this day that there shall be no criticism by the people of the acts of the judiciary; but the suggestion of any sacredness in the courts of justice has not, to our recollection, been advanced since the time of the Hebrew theocracy until the amazing utterance of Mr. Elihu Root in the United States Senate.

It is natural that the citizen should have come to regard the courts with a certain awe. They are the instruments that punish, and it thereby happens that he confuses the origin of authority with the manifestation of it. This is unfortunate both for himself and for the officers of the court. He is apt to fall into servility and they into a certain arrogance. If he remembers that the authority exercised by the courts comes from the people he will accord to them dignified respect rather than supplicating servility; and if the officers of the court remember that the power they exercise is not personal, but delegated, that element of personal arrogance which the people resent will disappear.

Often in the courtroom one hears the judge on the bench using language to the citizen which, if used to him by the citizen, would be held a contempt. "You fool!" the intelligent looker-on would like to say: "If the citizen speaking thus to you is in contempt of court, you, speaking thus to him, are in contempt of the whole people; and, if for his contempt you threaten him, for your contempt the whole people threaten you. When in arrogance, by your word or manner, you embarrass the humblest citizen who comes before you without wrong, you enter into a contempt of the very thing upon which you depend to preserve yourself from insult. Remember that all the men in the electorate have clothed you with their honor and you sit upon the bench in that. It is the finest thing they have and they will not permit it to be insulted on your person. But do not deceive yourself. It is the magic of this garment, and not you, that engenders the commanding dignity which you enjoy. But for it you would be naked of respect; but for it the very children would laugh at your pronouncements. Would you, then, hold every man tight to a formal courtesy and let yourself go loose?"

The Rights of the People

WHEN a citizen enters a courtroom he ought to reflect that this is one of the institutions of his government; that he has endowed it with all the power it possesses; that without this authority of the people nobody would be compelled to give its proceedings the slightest attention; that the officers composing the court, without this authority of the people behind them, would be ordinary individuals like himself. And he should remember then that the thing that makes them formidable is the authority which he himself, together with other citizens, has delegated to the courts for certain purposes. Now when he realizes this he will also realize that any disrespect to the court touches his own personal dignity; that when one insults it he is insulting the whole people; and when one defies it he is defying the whole people.

He will reflect that in other times, with the rapier and the dueling pistol, individuals undertook to avenge slights on their honor; but by common consent this high and delicate dignity has been transferred to certain departments of the Government. Consequently resistance of authority and all contempts of the administration of justice are insults directed to the honor of the whole people. When he realizes this he will look upon the courts with a wider sympathy and with a deeper interest, and he will personally insist that every man shall regard them with proper respect. At the same time he will not stand before the courts in servility, as before something exterior to him which he must conciliate or flatter lest it do him an injury. He will be respectful but he will not be servile—not servile because the thing comes from himself; respectful because it is endowed by him with the highest dignity that his personal honor can command.

He will understand then that the courts are made for the people and not the people for the courts; that the people established them and ordered the manner and form in which they should be conducted, and that the people can change them or revise the manner and form in which they are conducted. That all the power which they exercise the people have delegated to them, and that if this power is not sufficient the people can increase it; that if it is excessive the people can contract it. That there is no inherent sacred quality residing anywhere in

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The Quest of the Golden Goat

Being the Exploits of Jason, Fitted to the Present Campaign

Book IV

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

I—JOVE TURNETH THE STEAM-ROLLED MAJORITY INTO BULL MEESE

JOVE, strolling through th' Olympian Café,
Beheld the Three Fates shaking poker dice
For who of those triangular Candidates
Should bear away the Golden Goat of Taft.
The oldest Fate, a dried and withered hag,
Was backing Bill, the middle-aged played Wilson.
But the youngest Fate, the starry-eyed and hopeful,
Who doth begin all things, she rolled the bones
With loving zest and cried—"Come on, you Teddy!"

"Daughter," quoth Jove unto the youngest Fate,
"The Progronauts on whom we staked our all
Lie squashed beneath the steamful Chuggernaut.
Those who were heroes now like doormats look
What magic then, oh tell, shall we employ
To put these braves again into the scrap
That they may bear away the Golden Goat?"

"Jove," said the broiler Fate, "this I suggest:
The U. S. needs a brand-new animile
To put some ginger into politics.
The poor old leather Elephant's a dead one,
The Tiger's mangy and the Donkey—well,
He's braying for the Trusts just like the rest.
Why, then, O Jove, should not our own Progressives
Become Bull Moose—a novel form of beastie,
Which ne'er before has shown in the arena?"

The trick seemed corking unto Jupiter.
He made a magic pass of thunderbolts—
And lo! out in Peoria, Illinois,
Emporia, Kansas, Hackensack, N. J.,
Reno, South Norwalk, all across the land,
Quiet, home-staying men of family
'Gan growing antlers, pawing up the dirt,
Hitting the trail that leadeth to Chicago.

II—THE BULL MEESE GATHER AT THE STAMPING GROUND AND STAMPING BEGINNETH

What time the roller rolled full flat
T. R. upon the plain,
He swore undaunted: "By my Hat,
I shall roll back again!".
Oh, truer word was never trolled
In heated mood or chill;
For back again our hero rolled
Unto Chicago, Ill.

And what a roll it was, my Hat!
Not since the morning gay
When Noah rolled on
Ararat—
The first big circus day—
Has any zoologic ark
Rolled on the startled land
So vast as Teddy's chosen bark
Bearing the Bull-Moose band.

'Twas in the Coloseum's hall,
Where only yesterday
Full many a martyred vote did fall
Before the beasts that prey,
That all the mighty Teddyband
Convened in loving feasts—
A Roman circus up-to-date,
Where the martyrs slew the beasts!

Oh, some conventions we have seen
Where curses fell like hail,
Where parties split in splendid spleen
And tooth engaged with nail

But now, behold! when Moose meets Moose
They imitate the dove;
Each neck is draped with flowery noose
While horns are locked in love.

The Monarch of the Forest comes,
Disguised as Gifford P.
While Hiram Johnson's sinew sums
The strength of Party 3.
But who is he, the little one,
Who on the Guggs turns loose?
That's Bantam Benny Lindsey, whom
They call the Shetland Moose.

They come in droves, they come in boats,
They come in Pullman cars;
Their mouths are full of anecdotes
And praises and cigars.
But some there are in Paris frocks
Who, in each dainty hand,
Bear banners labeled, "Votes for Us"—
They are the Cow-Moose band.

They cheer an hour, they shout for three,
They sing a song of scorn
About the sort of apple tree
Boies Penrose should adorn.
A parson gives a prayer, no doubt,
Kind Heaven to implore;
But the Texas crowd yells: "Cut that out
And give us Theodore!"

Michigan yells: "What have we done!"
A slogan full of starch;
While Colorado's minute gun
Booms: "Down with Angel Arch!"
Colonel Bill Nelson sends by wire
A message true and good:
"I can't be there to fan the fire—
But, Lord, I wish I could!"

Then up pipes Bull-Moose Beveridge
A call of deadly sound,
The Trusts to sass he thunders: "Pass
Prosperity around!"
A thousand throats exclaim in bliss
As follows: "Hip hooray!"
And Oscar Davis adds to this
His signature—"O. K."

Then up leaps Jimmie Garfield
And thus doth hail the zoo:
"Good Moose, our bunch still lacks the punch
Without our Uno Who."
Then up leaps stout Von Valkenburg
And likewise Straus and Fort:
"By hand or ear we'll fetch him here
As quick as steam can snort."

These noble envoys face about,
And while convention waits
They spend the meantime smoking out
The cullud delegates.
The stern committee then and there
The Southern vote insures
By kicking briskly down the stairs
Progressive blackamoors.

As thus they waited their T. R.
There rose a rumor which
Proclaimed a New York Central car
Was standing at the switch.
Huzzah! Each pulse began to jog
A ragtime fast and loose
For him who'd lead them from the bog—
The Moses of the Moose.

III—THE CHARGE OF THE BULLY BULL MOOSE

Moose, Moose, nothing but Moose!
Old ones, young ones, all acrobatic ones,
Half Democratic ones,
Gay ones and gray ones and wildly emphatic ones
Bulls, cows and calves,
Nothing by halves,
Snorting, cavorting, intent for to have a new
Deal as they thundered down Michigan Avenue.

Who is he baring his teeth at the head of 'em?
Surely you know!
That's the Main Ted of 'em
Joining the show,
Rushing again through Chicago's wild talkin' burg,
Being escorted by Mr. Von Valkenburg.
Startled Chicago, accustomed to breeziness,
Thrilled with a thrill that was almost uneasiness.
"Mercy!" she cried; "I've a law against speeders!
What shall I do with these Teddy stampeders?"
Past her they whizzed so she scarcely could see 'em,
Up to the doors of the big Colosseum
Where, holy smoke!
Sacred blazes!
Chaos awoke
From the daisies—
A roar which made Etna, Niagara, Vesuvius,
Maelstrom, Apocalypse,
Jupiter Pluvius
Sound like the far-away fluting of fairies
Mingling their notes with the chirp of canaries.

Up on the platform jumped Tumbo the Moose,
Once more the steam-pipes of Chaos turned loose;
Acre on acre of waving bandanna—
Bill Flinn near swallowed a costly Havana,
Timothy Woodruff, white-clad in his fealty,
Jumped like the prices of Long Island realty
While each New Yorker
Howled: "He's a corker!
Call up the ree-call and call down the bar!
Boost for him, root for him, Bully T R!"

"The U. S. Needs a Brand-New Animile to Put Some Ginger Into Politics"

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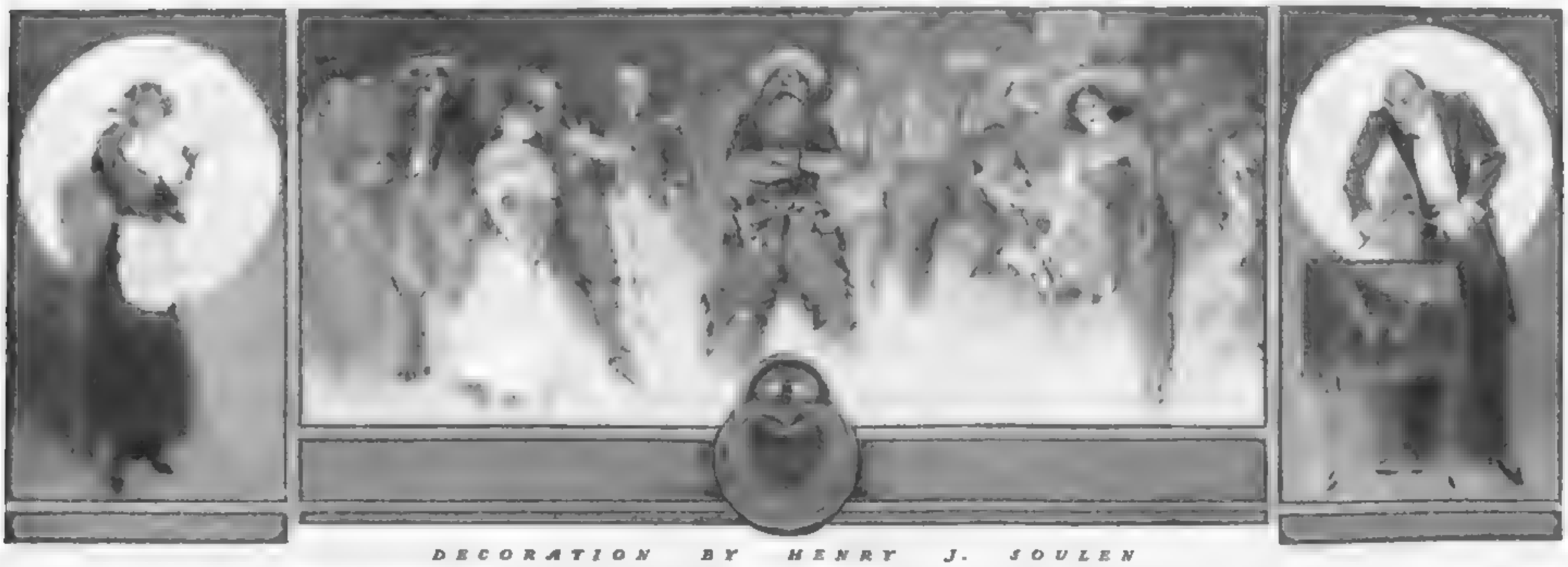
ON MAIN STREET

Old Friends That Linger With Us



DECORATION BY HENRY J. SOULEN

ALONG toward the fag-end of the past theatrical season in New York there was presented by Mr. Charles Frohman a little one-act skit called A Slice of Life. It was acted by local performers, meaning by that members of the well-known Barrymore family, slightly assisted by Miss Hattie Williams, also of the Frohman school of home talent; and it was from the pen of Mr. J. M Barrie, a person who has had quite a measure of successes doing things for the stage. It was a most lovely burlesque of the modern drawing-room drama.

As the curtain went up a typical stage housemaid entered, but instead of dusting off the sofa, meanwhile revealing the reason for the play in a loud, monologous tone of voice, she crossed over, picked up a telephone and proceeded to state who and what she was into that instrument. Instantly the audience rocked with laughter, because here was the whole essence of the thing shown in one sudden splash—the conventional and conversational housemaid in her little half-portion apron and her cap with the ribbons on it, to typify drama as it was, and the one-sided telephone talk to typify drama as it is. Barrie was making fun of his own trade and of its handiest tools. It made a considerable dent on New York—all the critics, or nearly all of them, came right out and admitted that this man Barrie really had the makings of a wag in him.

For years and years and years we were drilled into expecting that the curtain would go up on the neat housemaid. Later on, as the action of the play progressed, she was liable to become musically inclined and burst into songs and roundelays, meanwhile vamping with feet; but at first she was satisfied to come down stage and for a considerable spell talk ostensibly to herself out loud, meanwhile using a feather duster in a perfunctory manner upon the elegant golden oak, upholstered parlor divan or sofa that had been loaned by the Busy Bee Installment House, corner of Main and Market, in exchange for four comps. Even if she hadn't spoken you would have known her for a stage housemaid by her costume, just as you would have known a stage milkmaid for the same reason—both of them being so utterly unlike the real article in ordinary life. And you got the correct notion regarding what was coming just as soon as she, addressing the footlights, announced pensively that the Manor Hall hadn't seemed the same since the young master was killed riding to hounds.

Reverieing Into a Hard-Rubber Nozzle

AS I JUST now remarked, we had her for years and years and years. She got to be as much of a fixture as the red worsted comforters and the earbobs in a Down East play; or the colonial mansion, with the white portico, in the Southern play; or the wounded courier, with fuller's earth dusted on his shoulders and his gauntlets tucked neatly inside his belt, in the military play. She was due, and you expected her and felt disappointed if she didn't show up according to schedule and start things off properly.

All of a sudden, however, here a few years back, some daring playwright made a great discovery. He discovered that the play that was right up to the minute should be opened with a telephone conversation; and that thereafter, at vital moments, when it became necessary to link up the plot, the telephone was still the thing to use instead of falling back on soliloquies or asides. This undoubtedly marked a tremendous advance in the modern drama—the playwrights had only waited about nine years after everybody began employing the telephone in everyday life before they observed its possibilities for producing stage causes and effects; but, once having learned the great lesson, they went to it, as the saying is, practically *en masse*. To the lazy playwright, who wants to bridge over a gap in his play and keep right on, it has proved a precious boon indeed. Once the sluggard was told to go to the ant. Now he knows enough to go to the telephone.

We are used to the innovation. We know just what is coming. The orchestra leader makes a final threatening gesture at his slaves with the fountain pen, or the stick of licorice, or the patent cigar lighter, or whatever the thing is that an orchestra leader waves; and the music, after uttering several despairing glugs, goes down for the last time. The lights flash up on the stage and die down on the house, leaving the audience in that somber gloom where the official pest, who saw the play last week and wants to tell everybody in his section about it, may no longer be seen but only heard—which helps some, but not very much. The curtain rises, revealing a stage set as a drawing room, or as a breakfast room, or as a library. Practical desk telephone at right. Practical fireplace at left. Practical doorway and staircase at back. Practical stagehand in practical red-flannel undershirt in wings, manipulating switchboard. Books, flowers, statuary, potted palms, goldfish, daily paper and what-not scattered about. Otherwise the stage is empty—nobody at home apparently. A pause ensues. This gives opportunity for the atmosphere to seep over the footlights and be sopped up by the two-dollar-seaters out front.

Telephone bell rings—ting-a-ling-ling! Nothing stirring—realism, you know—nobody ever answers a telephone the first time it rings, because Central probably has the wrong number anyhow. A pause. Telephone rings again, insistently this time—ting-a-ling-ting-ding-bing—like that! Enter, from back, manservant—English butler if in a family drawing room; Japanese valet if in a bachelor's apartments. Crosses to right. Business of taking receiver off of hook and applying same to ear. Male servant then speaks into telephone substantially as follows—the English accent or Japanese accent, as the case may be, being omitted by request:

"Hello, sir! Yes, sir this is Mr. Basil Harcourt's apartments. Is he in? No, sir; but I expect him any moment. Whom shall I say called, sir? Yes, sir—thank you kindly, sir."

And the play is now properly on its way. It is the telephone that started it going and it will be the telephone that keeps it going. At certain points in the old days it would be necessary for some character to step down close to the footlights and indulge in confidential reveries in a tone of voice plainly audible in the top balcony—in theaters noted for faulty acoustics I've known 'em to do their reverieing in a piercing shriek. Now, however, the same character merely goes to the telephone and pours his heart's longings into the hard-rubber nozzle of a transmitter, under pretense of telling them to an imaginary somebody at the other end of the wire, thus posting up the audience, which has paid out its good money and doesn't want to be trifled with; and it's all done without violating the proprieties or the unities or anything. It is hard to figure out how a modern drama could get through to the end of the last act without the telephone to help out. Search your memory and see if you can think of a single modern play of the last few seasons wherein the telephone did not figure prominently I've searched mine and I can think of but one—and in that one they fell back on the wireless as a substitute for the telephone, it being a sea play.

It took Barrie, though, to realize that the telephone had been a dramatic fixture long enough for him to begin guying it. He may guy it all he pleases, but it will stick. The theater hangs on to its standbys to the last gasp. We think of the theater as constantly changing, constantly offering us new ideas—and maybe it does; but likewise there are a lot of permanent features—regular heroes of '76—that have come down to us through all the generations and still give general satisfaction.

Employing the Patent Sougher

IT IS true there have been some big improvements in lighting and costuming and stage effects since the days when we paid our two bits each to see Saint Elmo at the opening performance, followed by Hazel Kirke, Black Flag and Lady Audley's Secret, in the order named, with a handsome set of plush furniture or a solid-silver water pitcher given away on Saturday night to the lady or "gent" holding the lucky coupon. A stage snowstorm no longer looks so much like a linen shower as it once did; and when the wind soughs mournfully off-stage it is done much more effectively in these times—when a patent sougher is used—than in the days when a stagehand with the asthma was asked to oblige. Belasco has worked up some sunsets which make the real article look like a pallid and feeble imitation. Time was when an exchange of stage kisses sounded like somebody taking off a pair of wet overshoes. At present such kissing is done silently and soulfully.

It is no longer absolutely necessary for a comedian, in taking a drink of cold tea out of a champagne bottle, to rub his stomach with a slow, circular motion, though the best authorities still insist that he shall wipe his mouth slowly afterward and utter the exclamation "Ah-h-h-h!" with the aspirate well prolonged, in order to denote gratification, satisfaction and other emotions natural under the circumstances. Formerly when, toward the end of the first act, a tall, sinister person came on, buried up to his hips in russet leather and petulantly slapping himself with a riding crop, you knew him for a villain a mile off. Nowadays he is more likely to enter in an automobiling garb instead of a riding costume, which fitly illustrates the march of progress; but he still has dabs of white at his temples, signifying a dissipated past, and he is still addicted to the cigarette habit, thus proving the time-honored contention of our Sunday-school teacher that persons who use cigarettes are bound to come to some bad end.

And villains still exit, just as they did back in the days of Booth and Barrett; and as they did before that, when somebody or other was playing the Jibbenainosey in

Nick o' the Woods—there were numbers who could play that part but couldn't pronounce it; and as they did before that, when the pipers played before Moses; and from there straight on back to the earliest beginnings of the drama. Some time ago there was produced in New York an excellent play of the ultra-modern melodramatic type, which purported to show certain phases of underworld conditions. In this play the principal part was that of a Western gunfighter. The man selected to play the part was a capable actor. He looked the part and he acted it with understanding. He didn't carry his pistol where it would take a contortionist to reach it and he didn't have many—if any—of the stage tricks of the Western bad man as we learned to know him—on the stage—back in the early eighties; but at one place the business of the play called upon him to make an exit while watching an Eastern crook whom he had cowed for the moment, but whom he distrusted. If left to his own devices he would have given the Eastern crook a hard look or two and then he would have walked straight off the stage, quite as any person in real life would have done. I heard him say that was his own conception of the scene and that was the way he wished to do it; but he wasn't allowed to. It wasn't down in the books that way—that wasn't the way David Garrick did it. By special instruction of the stage manager or somebody he made his exit an inch at a time—a step and a glare at the cowering wretch—another step and another glare—more steps and more glares; and finally, when he had reached the doorway, he paused for a long half-minute with his eyebrows knit, glowering silently. A disappointed book agent might go away after that fashion, only every time a book agent stopped he would be thinking of something else to say -but not a gunfighter who knew his business. Yet this man had to inject that false and jarring note into an otherwise flawless characterization, because stage villains had been making their exits according to that formula for a couple of thousand years or so. Of course it is not given to a layman to understand these things, but he can wonder at them—can't he?

As with villains, so with certain other stock properties of the drama. For example, we know just what progress up or down the deceived victim of man's perfidy has made in a play by the color of her clothes! In the first act, white lawn with blue ribbons—that, the dramatic world over, stands for girlish innocence; second act, red frock, cut princesse, meaning, of course, wanton wiles and willful ways; third act, black, skimpy, clinging black, indicative of dark despair; last act, lavender, heliotrope or pale mauve, signifying true repentance and a chastened spirit. Nobody, I bet you, would dare to meddle with that color arrangement—not even the daring pioneer who first cut the stage housemaid out of the plot and switched the telephone in.

Then there's the wounded courier in the war play, whom I mentioned in a casual manner a while ago. You know him. You must know him. If you ever saw a stock company or a repertoire company playing Northern Lights, or The Girl I Left Behind Me, or Shenandoah, or Secret Service, or The Heart of Maryland, you must know him. He is in every military play just as inevitably as there is a heroine named Virginia in every Southern play. The wounded courier is usually a small-part actor. He will probably never rise to the proud eminence of being on the bill as Harold Ptomaine, a wolf in sheep's clothing; or Jack Harkaway, a diamond in the rough, in a loose shirt and a tight pair of pants held up without suspenders or other visible means of support. He will have to content himself with going on being Arthur, in love with Elsie; or Old Giles, a faithful retainer, in a smock frock cut out by a costumer who got his ideas of smock frocks from studying a Mother Hubbard wrapper. In a military drama, however, he is the wounded courier. Faithfully bearing the dispatches from General Bazoo, he staggers in after riding forty miles on a pair of cocoanut shells across a marble top table—you can still hear the foot-clatter of his exhausted cocoanut shells off-stage—and he is on the point of utter collapse; he has dust on his shoulders and a blood-stained bandage round his head, but otherwise his uniform is neatness itself, with not a button or a buckle displaced, and it is evident that he stopped somewhere en route to have his boots shined.

I had thought, in my ignorance, that some day some dramatist would introduce a new motif into a war drama by having the wounded courier wear his bloodstained bandage elsewhere than round the head—say, round his arm or his leg, or even round his greatest circumference in a sort of hammock effect. I had thought this just as I had also thought that perhaps a note of novelty might sometime be injected into a New England play, to the end that the misunderstood daughter of the old squire, instead of being turned out into a fighting, bitter, driving snowstorm, might be turned out into the biting sunshine of an apple orchard in May, with the pitiless apple-blossoms beating down upon her shrinking form. Second thought, however, convinced me that it would never do to have the military courier wounded anywhere except in the head. That's the only place you could shoot that kind of an actor without crippling him; but I still think well of the apple-blossoms.

Consider also for a moment drama's stepsister, vaudeville. Even though you pronounce it vode-veal, as some, indeed, persist in doing, that doesn't alter the fact that in

(Concluded on Page 56)

SILVERSIDE

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

XVII

A RUSTLE at my shoulder roused me as I was staring at Cullom where he had fallen on the deck, and I turned and saw Delphine. For the last hour I had almost forgotten her. She certainly had not figured in my thought when I had dropped the capstan-bar and reached for Cullom with my bare hands. And yet when I turned and saw her standing there it seemed to me that she had been my single incentive, and my whole heart went out to the white, shrinking figure at my elbow. I drew her close, lifted her face and kissed her. She grew quiet and I felt her hands steal up and clasp behind my neck.

"I knew that you would come! I knew that you would come!" she sobbed.

"And you didn't think that I had deserted you?"

"Never!" She pushed herself gently away. "You are covered with blood!" she cried. "Are you hurt?"

"Not a scratch, except from the thorns."

She looked down at the body on the deck, then drew back a little.

"Is he dead?" she asked in a low voice.

"Yes," I answered cheerfully.

"And all the black men?"

"Two have gone Cullom's road. The rest jumped overboard and swam for it." I stared toward the dark shore. Then I looked at Delphine.

"Go below, my dear," I said. "See what you can find to eat. I am hungry now that the strain is over. Besides, there is some work for me here."

She looked up at me with a little smile and I caught her in my arms and kissed her. The freshness of her face was like flowers bathed in dew. She had changed her water-soaked clothes for fresh linen which she had found in the lockers of the mate's room. A quaint figure she made in the loose garments that hung about her like a shawl. I doubt if she realized the danger she had escaped, frightened though she had been, nor did my own mind dwell on it now that the peril was past. It is even possible that in the end Cullom might have respected her tender youth and innocence. I do not know; but at the time I was almost willing to forgive him for his evil ways.

Delphine went below and I set about my work. The obsequies of Cullom and his blacks were short and showed no partiality of race. These finished, I threw off the turns of the halyards and lowered the sails. I had no fear of attack from the shore, but I looked under bow and stern to see that nobody was hiding there. Then I drew a bucket of water, washed and went below. In the mate's room I soon rigged out in a suit of neat blues. Poor chap, he had carried his French love of finery even aboard a pirate vessel! I felt like a different person when I came out clean and refreshed. There was some food on the table, but what I noticed first were Cullom's revolver and a goblet half full of pearls of varying sizes. Delphine, her face like a rose, came shyly toward me.

"I can't believe it, big brother," said she tremulously. But I suddenly reached out and drew her into my arms.

"Your big brother has gone away never to come back, sweetheart," I whispered. "Are you sorry?"

She looked up at me with misty eyes and quivering lips.

"No," she murmured, "not if you really love me."

My arms tightened about her and she nestled close to me, her dark curly head against my cheat, while I told her of all that had happened—my meeting with Silverside and the rest. When I had finished her arms went about my neck, her glowing face was pressed to mine and for several moments neither of us spoke. There were tears against my cheek and the hearts of both

A White Body Came Writhing Against the Side and Was Gathered Up in the Powerful Arms of the Stroke Oar

of us were near to bursting. We were both too filled with the sense of God's goodness to us to try to speak.

To the person hedged about by civilization and its artificialities it may seem strange that after the blood and violence of the last hour we two should have sat there in the cabin with glowing hearts, exchanging vows of love and tenderness for all the world as though we had been hundreds of leagues removed from savagery and strife. Yet in my belief we are none of us so very far away from the elemental passions that have always gone with the struggle for existence and the right to live and love; and those of us who are men do not find it strange or shocking when Fate decrees that we shall win our mates by force of arms, nor do those who are women find it appalling to be so won. There was nothing callous or unnatural in our position. As I see it even today while in the center of civilization and surrounded by wife and children and friends, it is far more natural to fight for a bride than to win her by mere persuasion or the power of gold. In surroundings such as were ours we hark back quickly to the early instincts of our race. Then, too, Delphine was no nervous, cringing product of overcivilization. She was the daughter of Daniel Fairfax and a mother who for years had found the strength and will to do a man's work, and though Delphine was endowed with a sweetness that was no doubt lacking in either parent, yet there was no lack in her of rich red blood and even of a quality of ruthlessness that may have been partly hereditary, partly the result of her island life. This same ruthlessness, when all is said, obtains more frequently in women than in men, perhaps because of the maternal instinct, the grandest in the world in its one idea. Cullom was dead and Delphine was glad—all the gladder, perhaps, that he had fallen by my hand. So what more need be said? His evil memory slid from our thoughts as his body had slid from the rail a few short minutes before, and the only difficulty was to realize all of the immediate past.

Wherefore we gave ourselves up to the rapture of the hour, and I am afraid that we quite forgot that gaunt wolf, Silverside, whose cunning had made available the value of my cruder force. Once or twice we spoke of him, I believe, but neither of us felt any fear for his safety or any doubt but that he would signal to us the following day from some point along the beach. Silverside had told us that he had sent the women with food to a safe hiding-place, and he was armed. Delphine thought that this hiding-place must be one of the many caves in the side of the crater.

After we had eaten our supper we went on deck, which was foul from the reek of the pearl oysters. Those still uncut I shoveled into the whaleboat and let her drift off at the end of a long painter. Then I sluiced down the decks and set the awning, for it did not seem prudent to sleep below, although I had not much fear that the blacks would try to retake the schooner.

Delphine soon became drowsy, poor girl, so I sent her to bed and spent the night alternately dosing in a hammock and patrolling the vessel. Nothing occurred to disturb us. The chances are that the old fellow who had first seen me had already told his mates that the spirit of Missi—Missionary—Ames had returned to destroy and take vengeance on them. No doubt I had loomed gigantic with the newly risen moon glowing pallidly on my white skin. My likeness to my father was striking, I have been told. Fairfax had known me from it after an interval of many years, and perhaps the old savage had always been uneasy about the crime, as a missionary holds a certain spiritual fear even for the cannibals.

I was dozing restfully in the crimson dawn when Delphine came to me. We spent the day in waiting for some news of Silverside, but not a sign did we see of any living being. Delphine wished to go to the bungalow to get some of her things, but I would not hear of it. I did not know where the savages might be lurking and I was unwilling to leave the boat on the beach while we went to the house, nor could I think of letting her go alone. So we remained aboard, resting and quite happy, and when the night came I slept on deck, as on the night before.

Still another day came with no sign from Silverside. I began to wonder what we should do if he failed entirely to appear. The only course seemed to remain as we were and wait for Gaston Berdou. Delphine was worried about her women, one of whom was her old nurse and the other two the wives of the men Cullom had shot down. My own conviction was that the blacks had found the hiding-place, killed the women and kept Silverside from returning after fresh ammunition, but I said nothing of this to Delphine.

We were sitting under the awning when suddenly Delphine, who had been facing the bow, sprang to her feet with a cry:

"Look—look—a sail!"

I picked up the glasses and ran to the main rigging. Halfway up I made out a schooner heading for the atoll with a fresh following breeze. As she neared the reef Delphine, who had climbed up beside me, studied her through the glass.

"That is not mother," she said. "The sails of the Rossignol are newer than that and this schooner is larger."

I looked again and my heart gave a bound as I recognized the vessel for the Favorite. There was a patch on the mainsail of which I remembered the shape.

"It's the Favorite," I said. "How did Connor find this place?"

Down came the schooner, hauling on the wind, as we had done, to pass between the double line of reefs, then paying off smartly to run down through the second entrance. In came her jib, the mainsail dropped after it, and under foresail and forestaysail she glided into the lagoon and headed straight for where we lay. Close aboard I recognized the short, squat figure of Connor and beside him at the wheel a slender person in white clothes. Delphine uttered a scream of delight.

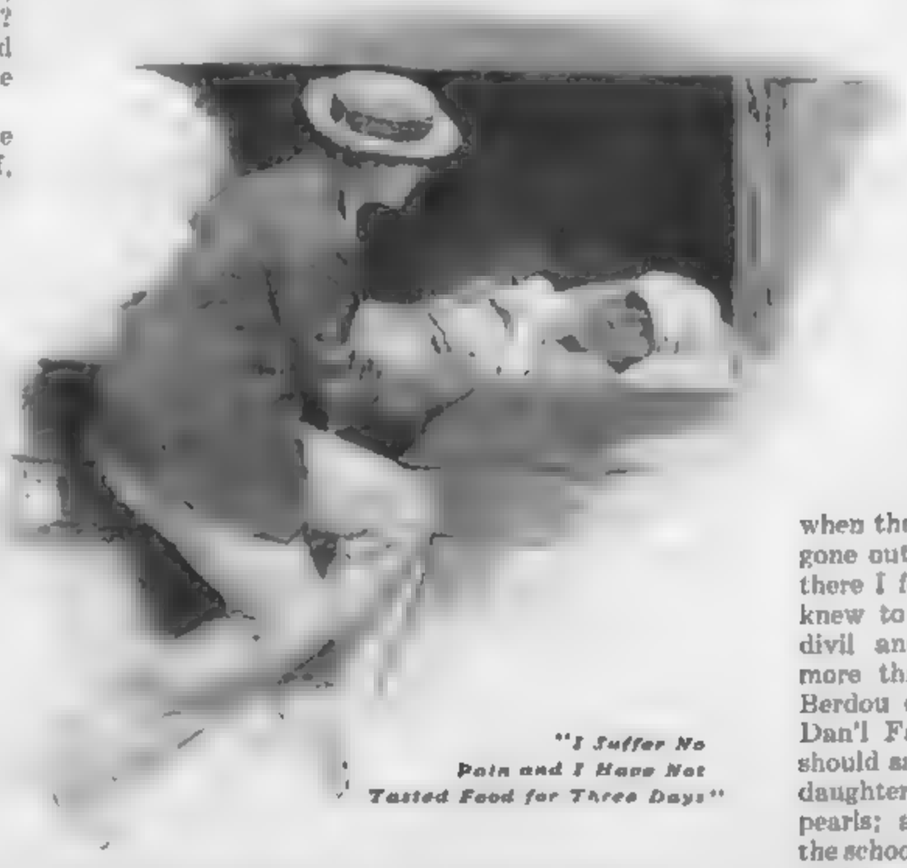
"There is mother!" she cried, and began to wave.

Scarcely had the vessel lost her way when down went the anchor and a boat took the water. The Kanakas tumbled aboard and picked up their oars, and Connor and the woman slipped down and took their places in the stern. The boat shoved clear and came foaming toward us.

"Trail!" shouted Connor, and the boat glided alongside, and a moment later Connor was up over the rail and had me in a grip that made my ribs crack.

"Glory be to the saints!" he bawled. "Lad, lad, I niver hoped to see you this side the valley o' the shadow," and he passed the back of his horny hand across his eyes.

I loosed myself from his hug and turned to see Delphine locked in her mother's arms. When the two separated and



"I Suffer No Pain and I Have Not Tasted Food for Three Days"

Mrs. Fairfax turned to me I could understand how she had deceived the world so long in the personality of Gaston Berdou. She was nearly as tall as I, straight as a mast, with a supple figure that betrayed no feminine curves beyond the fullness of bosom, which was masked by her loose serge coat and pongee shirt. Her face was that of a handsome fellow of twenty-five with a Latin softness of feature, an olive skin with a warm flush shining through from beneath, eyes of a deep violet-blue and black-lashed, and hair that clustered in a dark, wavy mass about her ears and the back of her head. It was a face that was striking at first glance from the expression of extreme intelligence, resolution, and the suggestion of strongly contained passions. Any man would think twice before attempting familiarity or deception toward a person with such a face. There was a decided masculine note to the firm mouth and the darkness of the upper lip.

"Mother," said Delphine, "this is Douglas Ames, who saved me from being kidnaped by Cullom. We are going to be married as soon as we can," and the rich color flooded her face.

There followed a perfect chaos of questions and counter-questions and interrupted answers, until we all became so confused that Mrs. Fairfax quietly suggested that we sit down and get at the tale with some sort of coherence. I was elected narrator, so I began from the time when I had parted from Connor on the beach. The story held them tense and quiet, though Connor had to be suppressed several times by an authoritative word or two from Mrs. Fairfax, who was listening intently, a glow in her cheeks and her deep-blue eyes never leaving my face. But when I told briefly of Cullom's death Connor burst from all restraint. He sprang to his feet and gave me another hug.

"Oh, lad, lad!" he almost sobbed. "And ye bruk the divil's back on the brace o' the gallus'-frame? Glory to the saints! Oh, but hell must ha' been hungry for the baste!"

Mrs. Fairfax interrupted him curtly:

"Then Silverside and the women are on the island with the blacks?" She turned to Connor. "We must arm the crew and go ashore at once," said she. "I think that I know where the women are hiding. Keowa Harry took me once to a cave he had found on the other side of the crater while hunting goats. He said at the time that if we should ever need a refuge it would be perfect, as there is a sort of labyrinth inside. The women knew of the place." She looked at me. "Did Silverside tell you why Cullom was so anxious to destroy him?" she asked.

"No," I answered.

"Cullom was for many years Von Bulow's man. He learned that the comprador had advanced money to Silverside, taking his simple, unindorsed note. Then he discovered later that Silverside had bought the Rossignol and turned her over to Gaston Berdou. Cullom met me two years ago in Apia and tried to blackmail me. He suspected my real identity and wished me to marry him and turn the schooner into a pearler, saying that he knew of an island where he was sure there were rich pearl fisheries. Failing with me, he went to Silverside and tried to intimidate him. Silverside was then a cook in a hotel in Sydney, and in his ruthless way, when he discovered that Cullom had him to some extent in his power, he attempted to poison Cullom and very nearly succeeded. But Cullom recovered and Silverside fled to the United States. Not long ago Cullom went to Von Bulow and told him what he knew, with the result that when I went into Apia on this last trip Von Bulow libeled the schooner. She was taken in custody and I went to Suva by steamer to try to arrange the matter with Von Bulow. He refused to make any terms whatever, and now I understand why. Knowing that Silverside would be obliged to bring the yawl here he wished to delay my return. In Suva I met Captain Connor, who agreed to bring me here, for I was anxious about Delphine."

"Ye see, lad," said Connor, "when ye did not show up I thought ye must have crossed the trail o' Silverside and followed it, Heaven knows where. I went to Von Bulow, and he grinned like a haythen joss and denied all knowledge of ayther you or the cook. Then in Paul's place I heard a disquietin' tale from a drunken beachcomber av a fight down be the ind o' the town and two men shanghaied by a gang o' coolies. This felly had skulked beneath a wall fearin' another hand might be naded. 'Why coolies?' I said to mesilf, and when the nixt mor-rnin' I saw that the pearlin' yawl had gone out I begun to have me doubts. Inquirin' here and there I found she was in command o' Sam Lung, that I knew to be in Von Bulow's pay; so I wint to the ould divil and charged him with kidnapin'. He grinned more than iver and knew nothin'. So when Gaston Berdou come aboard and told me she was the widdy o' Dan'l Fairfax and would I please give him—or her, I should say—a ride to the island where she had left her daughter and that 'twas there she had been gatherin' pearls; and when she told me that Von Bulow had libeled the schooner, claimin' it was bought with his money loaned to Silverside and that the Chinaman would make no terms, I begun to see some light. So away we come, and now ——"

But I was not listening, interesting as the tale was. Something down the beach had caught my eye and I jumped up and reached for the glass.

Half a mile below the bungalow there had slipped from the dense foliage a white figure which seemed to pause for an instant, then turned and came running swiftly up the beach in our direction. It had covered perhaps a hundred yards when from the jungle farther down from the spot whence it had emerged there appeared first one, then three more blacks. A fifth appeared, then a sixth and a seventh, leaping out of the undergrowth, to turn and course after the quarry like a pack of wolves.

"Look!" I cried; "it's Silverside—and the blacks are after him!"

XVIII

CONNOR and I, as if acting on one impulse, rushed for the boat. Cullom's revolver was lying on the companionway hatch and I snatched it up as I went. We tumbled aboard, to the astonishment of the crew, for as the boat was hidden from the beach by the schooner they had seen nothing.

Connor was bellowing orders as he went over the side and in an instant we had shoved clear and were heading in for the beach. Standing in the stern we could see that the blacks were gaining rapidly on Silverside, who presently cut across down the beach for the hard sand at the water's edge. He must have seen the boat immediately it passed clear of the schooner, for he flung up one arm as if in a frantic appeal for haste.

"Pull, ye divils, pull!" roared Connor, and the stout ash bent under the muscular arms of the Kanakas, who guessed now that some desperate business was afoot.

As we foamed ahead, rapidly shortening the distance between us and the beach, I could see that the blacks had

lessened Silverside's lead by more than half, and at the present rate were bound to overtake him before we should have got within a quarter of a mile. Silverside must have realized it, too, for suddenly he splashed out through the water until chest deep, when he flung himself forward and began to swim. The three foremost blacks followed him. Silverside struck out at right angles from the beach and for the moment my relief was intense, for I did not believe that any man, white or black, could overhaul that amphibian. Connor slightly altered the boat's course, and as we watched it was plain that the three dark heads were rapidly overhauling the first one. And then Connor suddenly gripped my arm.

"Did Silverside Tell You Why Cullom Was So Anxious To Destroy Him?"

"Look there," said he; "a new hand in the game!"

From some distance farther out than Silverside a dark object was moving slowly through the water in his direction. The surface of the lagoon was still and it needed but a glance to see that this new factor was a shark. Silverside had discovered it, also, for he began to beat the water.

"Delphine has his fetish," I said. "Without it he'll lose his nerve and attract the beast."

But at least this last danger removed the previous one, for the swimming savages saw the shark and made back for the shore. Connor was shouting at the Kanakas, flinging his body forward with every powerful stroke, but at a distance of about four hundred yards from Silverside it looked as though we should be too late. In the hope of frightening the shark I flung up my revolver and fired. The ball splashed the water a little short and in a fairly good line, but apparently without effect, for the fin continued its slow but steady approach to the swimming man. It passed in front of him and I fired again, taking the risk of hitting Silverside; but the fin appeared on his other side, then made a circle and reapproached.

"Keep it up, lad," growled Connor. "The haste is a bit leary."

Again I fired, and again as it seemed without effect. Above the grunts of the straining Kanakas and the thresh of our oars rose the sound of Silverside's repeated screams—shrill, frantic, agonized. We were getting close now and could plainly see the swirls in the water made by the shark's sinuous tail as the creature sculled back and forth, working gradually closer. Once the fin disappeared and we thought that it was all over, for Silverside's head vanished at the same time. But a moment later it reappeared, as did also the shark, which advanced to attack.

"Fire, lad, fire!" growled Connor.

I pressed the trigger, but there came only a click in response. I had snatched up the loaded revolver without waiting to run below after the cartridge belt.

"It's empty," I cried.

"Then bang on the gunnel with a stretcher," bawled Connor. "Lord save us, there he goes again!"

We were now so close that we could see the huge mottled shape through the clear water and the shine of the belly as the shark rolled on its side and lunged at the struggling man. But Silverside dived again, straight down like a diving guillemot. Several seconds passed and they seemed like hours. Then up came the glistening face just under our bows, and as it broke from the water scream after scream rang out and we saw that he was flapping like a wounded duck in a smother of bloody spume. The shark appeared at a distance of ten yards, and as though roused to greater activity by the escape of its prey, turned with surprising swiftness and rushed back to the attack.

But Silverside was already under the boat's bow, and as the bow oar turned on his thwart he saw the crisis, whipped up the boathook and cast it harpoonlike at the broad back of the shark as it passed in front of him. The brute swerved, there was a wide whirlpool and a sucking sound of the water, and then a white body in a crimson zone came writhing against the side and was gathered up in the powerful arms of the stroke oar. I bent over Silverside as he lay limp and inanimate in the bottom of the boat where the big Kanaka had gently lowered him. Blood was gushing from somewhere, and as I turned him over we saw that his right arm had been shorn off at the elbow as cleanly as though cut away by a single blow of an ax. It did not take many seconds to apply a tourniquet. Silverside lay unconscious; lifeless, to all appearance, for his breathing was imperceptible and he was without pulse.

"Take him to the Favorite," I said to Connor. "My surgical kit is aboard and I can do what's necessary."

Connor nodded and swung the boat's head. The men gave way and for a moment we plowed along in silence. Then said Connor:

"Look at the felly's remainin' thumb, docthor. Belike Jawn Shark has not done him so bad a turn as it might seem. The ways of fate are amazin'."

I stooped and raised Silverside's left hand, turning it palm upward. Glancing at the thumb, which was long and well formed, we saw that it was free of any scar. Connor, leaning over my shoulder, gave a grunt of satisfaction.

"There's the damnin' evidence o' the Fairfax case reposin' in the belly of a tiger-shark," said he. "Any man who wants it can go there and look for it."

"But how about Von Bulow?" I asked. "He could testify that he saw the mark on the store list."

"Von Bulow will do no testifyin' whatsoever," said Connor dryly. "We will saw it off even with Von Bulow. We will tell him that if he dares so much as yip we will jack him up for kidnapin' you and this poor divil of a Silverside. Besides, what is it worth, his unsupported testimony, for if we are questioned, you and I, we will perjure ourselves like little men? Silverside has suffered enough, I'm thinkin', and, besides, after all I have heard from the widdy Fairfax, it was in my opinion no crime to strangle Big Divil."

He fell silent, staring at the unconscious figure at his feet.

"A strange, strange man!" he said, and shot the whaleboat alongside the Favorite.

I got to work at once on Silverside, and had everything finished and the dressings applied before he returned to consciousness. Connor had returned aboard the Annie Laurie, as Cullom had rechristened The Christian Faith, and when Silverside's eyes fluttered open the first face that he saw was that of Therese Fairfax, who was leaning over his bunk.

"Therese," he murmured. His deep-set eyes opened wider and there was an expression in their lustrous depths that made me turn away my head. "Therese," he repeated in a stronger voice.

"Yes, my poor Yan," she answered very gently. "I am here. All is well"

"And Delphine?" he whispered eagerly.

"Delphine is unhurt, thanks to you and Doctor Ames. Are you in pain, Yan?"

A smile transfigured the gaunt, forbidding face. He turned his head slowly. Therese Fairfax was resting on one arm, her hand on the edge of the pillow. Silverside's lips brushed her wrist. He fell to kissing it and began to sob. There was nothing loverlike in the act, which was rather that of a dog that licks the hand of its mistress and whines. Therese stroked the damp forehead with her free hand. Her eyes were brimming over. Silverside was murmuring brokenly in a strange tongue that sounded like Polish, but presently he said in French:

"I would die tens of deaths for you, dearest friend."

"You will not die, Yan," she answered soothingly. "Here is Doctor Ames with some broth for you. Are you in too great pain to eat?"

He looked up at her and smiled. "I suffer no pain, Therese," he said, "and I have not tasted food for three days."

I handed the broth to Therese. "Feed him slowly," I said, then turned and went out. When I returned half an hour later Silverside was talking slowly and with an effort. His returning pulse had brought pain with it, as I could see from his eyes. Therese looked up at me. Her face was pale and her blue eyes seemed to burn.

"He says that the blacks found the cave where the women were hid," she told me. "He thinks that they have probably killed them. When you drove the blacks off the schooner they swam ashore. Silverside had used up all his ammunition, but he did not want to return to the cave as he was afraid that they would track him there. So he made for the other side of the crater, then lost his trail in the rocks, where he spent the night. The next morning he worked round to the hiding place, and when he came within sight of the cave the blacks were clustered about the entrance. They saw him and gave chase. They have been hunting him ever since and he has been doubling about the island like a fox."

"I saw the Favorite come in from the top of the cliffs," muttered Silverside, "and as I was nearly spent I determined to make a dash, though I knew that the blacks were somewhere below me. Perhaps they have not killed the women, who might have hidden somewhere in the cave. The place is a labyrinth."

It was too late then to go ashore as the sun was almost down, so we planned an expedition for the following daybreak. I gave Silverside an opiate and we went on deck.

That night I had a long talk with Therese Fairfax, and when it concluded she took my head in her hands and kissed me on either cheek.

"*Le bon Dieu* sent you to protect my little daughter," she said. "She loves you very dearly, it seems, and of

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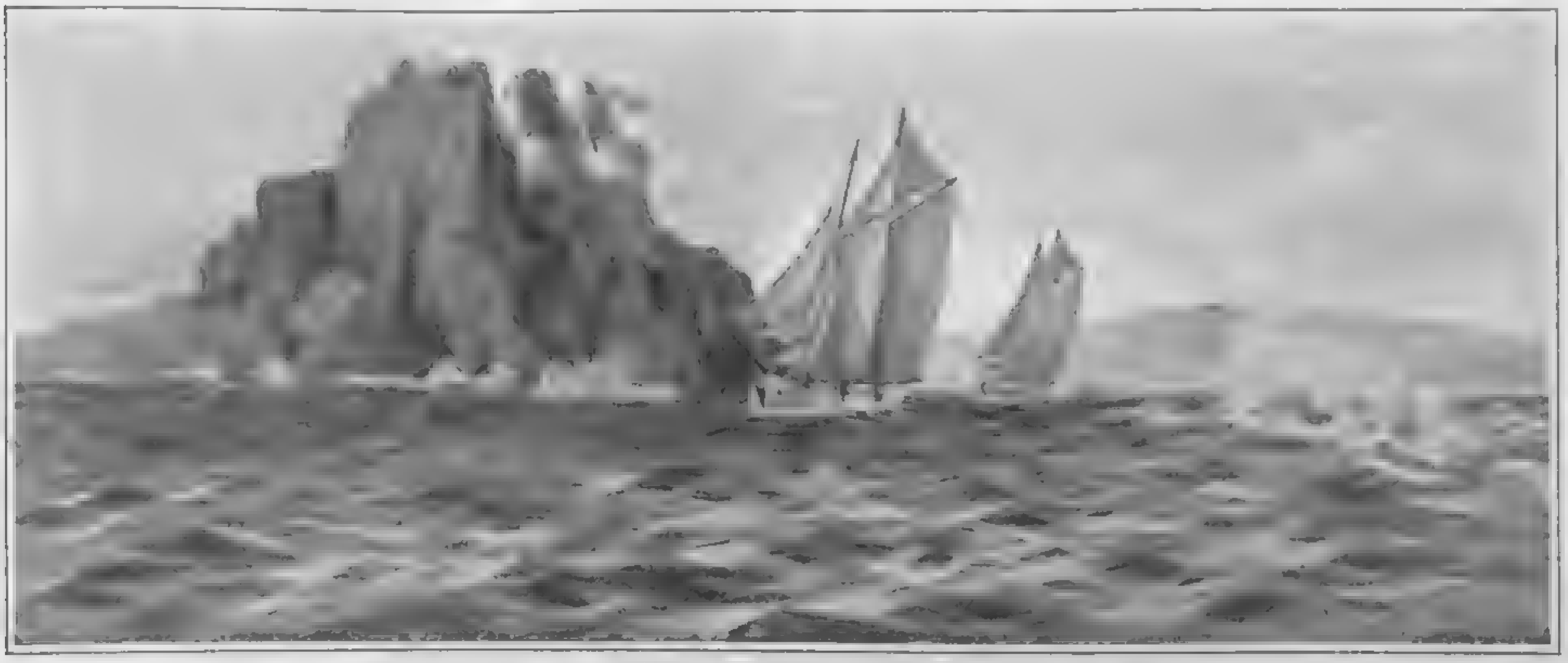

With What Was Left of the Soft, Perfume-Laden Night Breeze We Slipped Gently Out of the Lagoon

Billy Fortune and the Root of Evil

By WILLIAM R. LIGHTON

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

The Sight of the Yellow Ones Was Enough to Strike a Brake Man Blind

HOW much money do you want? No; I ain't goin' to give it to you—I'm just askin'. Oh, don't tell me a million! Anybody can say a million. A million's common. I'm talkin' sense now. Honest—how much do you want? If you had it all stacked up in front of you and had hold of a good, stout scoop-shovel, and they told you to go right to it, how long would it take you to be ready to quit after you'd started?

Listen to me a minute before you get started: You put that shovel right down. That's what I'd do. I wouldn't even spit on my hands to get ready to start. I'd just give the pile one of these wise looks and then walk right straight away from it and keep agoin'. I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole. Do you want to know why I wouldn't? Because it would be foolish. I don't approve of doin' foolish things—do you?

Why, yes; I've done 'em. Certainly I've done 'em; and I'm goin' to do 'em again too, right often—just so long as I keep my health and don't get weary with variety. There ain't any way to get wised up in this world except by doin' foolish things. That ain't the kind I'm talkin' about. A man lives through that kind and comes out of 'em agrinnin'. "Well, there," he'll say, "I've learned that anyway." The kind I'm talkin' about are them you don't learn a blessed thing out of, because you don't ever live to see the finish—because there ain't any finish—just like shovelin' that money.

Oh, yes, you can say you would; but you wouldn't. If you got started on it I expect you'd figure you'd just work till noon and then quit; but by noon you'd plumb forget all about your dinner with thinkin' different things, and you'd whirl in and work till dark night; and then you'd have 'em fetch a light and stay right with it till your eyes would be bulgin' out of your head, and the handle of your shovel all bloody, and your back breakin' square in two. And then you'd drop over on the pile, wore out and horrible greedy and scared, and get up long before day and go at it again; and by the end of the week you'd be thinkin' you might as well make it a month. And then it'd get to be a habit; and after that some time you'd just kill yourself dead tryin' to drive yourself to take just one more shovelful. You don't need to begin arguin' with me; I know that's what you'd do if you started. That's why I'm tellin' you to let that shovel alone. Didn't I watch it workin' out myself once? I certainly did.

I was down at Cheyenne when it started—and I was broke. I know I was, because I'd riffled through my clothes just a little while before, and all I could find was just one poor, dried-up-lookin' half-dollar poked down in a lonesome corner of my right-hand breeches pocket. I always did hate a half-dollar too, when it's all there is left; it don't even give you the chance to count it up again to see if you ain't mebbe made a mistake—to save your life you can't make nothin' out of it but four bits! I went all through myself another time, pilin' all my things beside me on the bench and shakin' out my handkerchief, and lookin' to see if there mightn't be a dime wedged in between the blades of my knife. It wasn't a speck of use though; that half-dollar was every cent there was on me.

"You, Billy!" I says to myself. "Just look at that! What have you done with it all? You had aplenty this mornin'." "I didn't," says I. "It wasn't aplenty or it would have lasted better. Darn these little bits of rolls that's always peterin' out on you!" "You had every bit of forty dollars," I says. "Well, ain't that what I'm tellin' you?" says I. "I might every bit as well not have had none, by the looks of this." "But what have you done with what you did have?" I says. "You count back now and see if you can tell." "I won't do it," says I. "I'm sick and tired of countin' back. What's the difference to you what I've done with it, so long as I ain't got it?" "Well, anyway," I says, "what you goin' to do with that half-dollar? You might tell me that."

But I seemed to be just sort of set on bein' contrary and ridiculous. "I knew a man once that was in this fix," says I, "with nothin' but a dollar left; and he went and spent it for a pint, him figurin' that if he had the pint in him he could mebbe make his dollar look as if he had two of 'em. Only then he didn't have his dollar left to look at! It made him terrible disappointed. Do you reckon you and me had better try it?" "Oh," I says, "I wish you'd quit your triflin'. What you goin' to do with that half-dollar?" "Me?" says I. "Well, how would it strike you if I was to use it to start a great big home for feeble-minded rainbow-chasers? Or else let's change it into a couple of quarters, so we'll have somethin' to chink anyway. What do you say?" I was just rank disgusted with myself. "We won't do nothin' of the sort," I says. "We'll go and get some supper—that's what we'll do. You come on now." And with that I drifted up the street till I come to a place to eat; and I climbed up on a high stool and told 'em to bring me a cup of coffee and a couple of doughnuts and a piece of cocoanut pie for fifteen cents. Cocoanut pie and them fat-soaked doughnuts don't satisfy you a mite, but they're horrible fillin'—ain't they?—when you're broke.

Well, I was settin' up on my stool and messin' with 'em when the Bocock man come in and climbed up on to another stool, right over across from me. I commenced to notice him right away. He didn't notice me though. He didn't seem to be able to notice much of anything; he looked as if he'd been at it a heap longer and harder than me, because his eyes was all glazed over with it, dull and sleepy and starin', with his chunky red face all loosened up and hangin' round the mouth, and his thick shoulders droopin'—and all kind of sagged down and weary. It was his clothes, though, that made you pay attention to him most. They'd cost him a sight of money, those clothes of his had—black and soft and rich-lookin', with his plug hat and his quarter-section of white shirtfront, and a diamond shinin' out of the middle of it. They wasn't doin' him much good, though, his clothes wasn't, because he hadn't more than got settled on his stool till he put his elbow up on the counter and rested his head on his hand and went sound asleep while he was waitin' for the waiter to come around.

They had to work with him quite a spell before he could get roused up enough to tell 'em what he wanted. Three fried eggs, it was, straight up, and cooked just a little. And then he went to sleep again till they brought him his eggs and shook him awake.

You'd have been amused. He set there for a minute, kind of drowsin' over his platter, lookin' down at it as if he didn't just know what it was there for; and then he picked up his fork. He didn't try to cut 'em apart; he just slid his fork under the whole bunch of 'em and started to lift 'em up to his mouth, with his eyes tight shut. Why, no; he didn't get 'em there. They slipped off. Did you ever notice how quick a fried egg can slip? His done it. He had 'em halfway up to his mouth when they went right off his fork and slipped down in between his vest and his white shirt—all three of 'em. I guess it was the empty fork hittin' his teeth that kind of jarred him awake. Anyway he opened his eyes about half and begun starin' at his fork and then at his empty plate, and then down at the floor under his stool—as if he was tryin' to locate 'em. Just perfectly solemn he was. He seemed to know just perfectly well that he hadn't eat 'em; but I guess he must have made up his mind by-and-by that he'd had 'em somehow or other, because he climbed down off his stool and went over to the desk and paid for 'em and went out.

I expect I'd have laughed if I'd been feelin' like it, but I wasn't. "Billy, did you see that?" I says. "Ain't that a terrible wasteful way to use eggs?" "I certainly do wish I had 'em," says I. "They ain't goin' to do him a speck of good where he put 'em. And did you notice the roll he paid for 'em out of? Big as a stick of wood, it was. It looked as if he could afford to lose 'em—didn't it? But it was plumb wasteful anyway. Billy, you and me could live real well off of what goes to waste if we had it—couldn't we?" "Now don't you start talkin' that way!" I says. "What's the use of sayin' them kind of things? We could live real well off of what you waste yourself if you only had judgment enough to keep it." I guess I must have been feelin' right stern with myself. I finished the last bite of my doughnuts and the last grounds swallow of my coffee and went over to have my séance with the cash register. It was a right friendly lookin' little girl that was runnin' the machine and there wasn't nothin' rushin' me, so I just leaned up against the cigar case.

"That lad that just went out of here," I says: "Does he always apply his eggs the way he done that time?"

She give a funny little tinkle of a laugh.

"Mr. Bocock?" says she. "Oh, he's liable to do all sorts of things if he's in the notion. Last week one night he come in and bought both of his pants pockets full of raw oysters, with a big spoonful of horseradish on top of 'em, because he said he might want a lunch along in the night and he mightn't want to come back for it. And then one night he hired the boys to fill the nigger cook's extra shoes with cayenne pepper—and he paid the nigger extra wages for a week. He's an awfully funny man."

"He sure must be," says I; "but them funny little ways is expensive when you keep 'em up. He must have aplenty."

She made a motion with her hand that looked like lots and lots.

"My goodness!" says she. "Money? He seems to have most of it. And he certainly is liberal with it. They say he's makin' barrels of it too. He's a promoter. He come here from Texas. I don't know what he's promotin'; but there certainly is money in it! I think he's awfully nice."

I didn't seem to care to listen to any more of that kind of news right

"Did You Know There Is Over Three Thousand Dollars in That Roll?"

ther. "Oh, well," says I, and I drilled out to the sidewalk and on up the street, with my hand holdin' on to my thirty-five cents down in my pocket and real downhearted in my spirits. No, it wasn't just because I'd blew my money or because I'd have to be worryin' me up a new job pretty quick. I just didn't appear to be in good standin' with myself. Why, certainly, I could have rustled round and made a little raise if I'd wanted to, off some of the boys—enough to spend for another day or so; but that didn't suit me. I didn't want just enough to spend; I wanted a whole lot—enough, so that I couldn't spend it.

"Yes, sir, Billy," I says, "that's the very idea. I don't see a mite of use of havin' only enough to start with. That's what's the trouble with this world—there's too much startin' and too little finishin'. What you and me want, Billy, is plenty, with some left over; and it's time we was goin' after it." "All right," says I, "that suits me. You just tell me where it is and I'll go get it." 'Shucks!" I says. "Others is gettin' it. It's round some place."

I expect that sounds foolish to you—don't it? I wouldn't have thought of it at all myself, most likely, if I hadn't been feelin' melancholy; and I'd have got out of the notion by mornin', I reckon, if I hadn't happened to run right into the chance that night. It was the Bocock man.

I blew into one of the places where I'd been spendin' my money and went back in a corner and set down at a table. I wasn't figurin' on doin' any more frolickin'. It just struck me I might set there till some ranchman would come in that I could hit for a job. It was too early yet, though—things wouldn't be startin' for an hour or so. The place was empty except for somebody that would come in once in a while and get him a drink and go right out again, with the barkeeper readin' a newspaper down at the back end. Dull, you'd call it. That was the way it was when that Bocock lad drifted in after a little bit.

Somebody Else Would Throw In a Nickel or a Dime, and Then He'd Chuck in His Dollar

I guess he hadn't been watchin' the clock very close. He seemed surprised some because there wasn't anybody there, standin' in the middle of the floor with his legs spread apart and gazin' round as if he was tryin' his best to make out what had become of all the folks. You could have told the signs. He'd got right where a man don't like to be alone with himself if he can help it. He must have been in a bad way, because pretty soon he got me located, back in my corner, and come over to my table and set down across from me, with his heavy face lightin' up as if he'd found a real good old friend.

"Well, well!" says he. "I don't remember your name, but it's a long time since I've seen you. Have something on it with me. I can read you like a book. You're dry! Name it."

I just shook my head.

"No; thanks," I says. "I ain't doin' any drinkin' this evenin'. Much obliged."

"You ain't what?" says he. "You ain't doing any drinking this evenin'? Why ain't you? You needn't tell me. I can read you like a book. You're broke. I can tell it by your sadness. And you're proud! You haven't got the price of a comeback and so you refuse to drink with me. Be perfectly frank with me, friend. How much money have you got? Produce it. Come now; lay it out here on the table—right here."

He wasn't nasty about it. I done it just to humor him, layin' my two bits down with the dime beside it. He stooped over and studied 'em, solemn and careful. I was afraid he was goin' to sleep over 'em; but he didn't. In a minute he straightened himself back in his chair and commenced starin' at me steady. He wasn't what you'd exactly call sober, of course; but it seemed as if there was some part of him that was sober yet, lookin' at me from away back in his eyes, showin' through the foolish glaze. It didn't show in his voice though; his voice was real limp and thick.

"That's all you've got," says he. "I can read you like a book. You used to have more. You saved it up till you had a little. You worked for it and saved it up. I'm telling you the truth now. I can read you just like a book. You had more when you started, but it's all gone. Thirty-five cents—what's the use of thirty-five cents? You can't take a drink with a friend because you've got only thirty-five cents. Ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

I wasn't goin' to answer him; I was just lettin' him go on. I didn't care what he said to me; my spirit was just mopin' away down. Pretty soon he stuck his hand down in his pocket and dug out his roll and laid it on the table beside mine.

"Look at that!" says he. "Can you see the difference? Look close. Can you see the difference?"

Could I? I blinked my eyes shut and turned my head the other way so I couldn't see it. In a little while I reached out my hand to take mine back; but he beat me to it, slidin' 'em off his side of the table into his hand and droppin' 'em into the big brass spittoon. "Thirty-five cents!" says he. "Now you're dead broke!"

I didn't care. I didn't care even enough to get mad. I didn't care for nothin'. It didn't even rouse me up when he pushed his roll over toward me across the table.

"Have some," says he—and then he jerked it back. "No!" he says. "Don't you touch it. It's poison! It's poisoned me. I'm sick with it." It seemed as if it had sobered him off all at once. He was settin' up straight, with that look blazin' in his eyes again. "See here!" says he. "Let me show you what it's done for me."

He threw back the edge of his coat and reached his hand down toward his inside vest pocket. I couldn't tell what he was reachin' for, but I could see what he brought up. It was a big handful of fried eggs. Straight up he'd ordered 'em and cooked just a little. That's the way he put 'em in there; but they come out an awful ruined-lookin' mess oozin' out between his fingers and drippin' on the floor, with him settin' and starin' at it. It seemed as if it brought the drunk back on him. He was solemn as a gravestone at first; and then he commenced to giggle, shrill and silly.

"Well, lookee!" says he. "Eggs! I produced 'em! I'm a wizard. Can you do a trick like that? Try it. Let's see you try it." He dragged out his handkerchief and started to wipe off his fingers, laughin' his foolish laugh. "I wonder what else I've got inside," says he. "I ain't going to look. Maybe the old hen's down there too—and she might peck me!" He kept on with his loose laughin' a while; and then it tapered off and he set frownin' over it. "Eggs," says he, real thoughtful. "I missed some eggs a while back, it seems to me, but I can't recollect about 'em. These may not be the ones." He give it up then, lettin' his chin drop down on his shirtfront and then startin' to shake his head as if he was tryin' to clear away the fog. "It must be the whisky," says he. "Do I seem drunk? I've been trying to get drunk ever since four o'clock—drunk enough to go to sleep. One more ought to fetch it. You'll join me. Come on! You've got to, I tell you."

Well, I went over to the bar with him, just for luck. He took a drink big enough to put out a fire, gulpin' it down as if he was fair famished for it. The taste of it fetched a groan out of him and he spread his arms out and dropped his head down on 'em; and, the next thing, he straightened up again. He was lookin' cheerful again by now.

"Thank the Lord, it's taking hold!" he says. "I was afraid it wouldn't. 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' Ever hear that?" He was grinnin' at me, with the hot shine of the drink commencin' to come into his eyes. Lookin' at me seemed as if it brought somethin' back to his mind. "Why, you're the man that's broke, ain't you?" he says. He had his wad of money out in his hand, payin' for the whisky, and he held it up in front of my face, bunched up tight in his fist. "See that?" says he. "I've got plenty of my own. You haven't got a cent. Why don't you get some for yourself? Why don't you get plenty? Want me to tell you how? I'll tell you how. Listen to me a minute and I'll tell you." He started to stuff his wad back in his pocket and leaned over close to me to whisper, but he couldn't cut it. He fell over against me so I had to hold him up and get him balanced on his feet again. It didn't seem to bother him, he was so interested. "Listen here," he says; and then, just when I was listenin' so hard it fair hurt my ears, he changed his mind, pullin' away from beside me and stuffenin' up against the bar. "No," he says; "I won't tell you. It would poison you. If you want to poison yourself take something quick. It takes money too long to kill you—Lord! Lord! How long it does take!"

I guess you think he was just drunk and actin' the fool. You'd have thought different if you'd stood there and seen him. He was drunk enough to suit anybody, but what he was sayin' was just perfectly sober. I didn't have the least notion of what he meant—but I could see he meant it, every word of it. He didn't try to tell me any more; all he done was to start off toward the door, easin' himself along the best he could with one hand against the edge of the bar and out to the street without lookin' back.

"Well, good-by," I says when he was gone; and then I forgot all about him till real late, when I'd drilled off to my room and started to undress for bed. What made me remember him then was feelin' round for my tobacco for one more cigarette and stickin' my hand down in my side coat pocket and findin' his big, thick bunch of money! It surprised me some. I didn't know how it had got there I don't know yet, unless it was that mebbe he'd just slid it in there by mistake when he bumped over against me that time. Anyway, there it was. I could have told it was his with my eyes shut—just by the rich feel of it, fat and solid and heavy; and when I ruffled the edges of 'em with my thumb the sight of the yellow ones was enough to strike a broke man blind.

"Well, for the love of Christmas, Billy!" I says. "How do you like the looks of them? Ain't they pretty? Poison, he said they was. Do they look poison to you?" "I'd sure like to risk a big dose of 'em!" says I. "But what you goin' to do with it? Do you reckon we can find him tonight

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 21, 1912

The Great Police Mystery

ONE murder *per diem*, we believe, was New York's midsummer record—leading naturally to much talk of suppressing crime. The police department is the proximate instrument upon which the city must depend for suppression of crime, and New York has never for a moment been able to suppress crime inside the department—to say nothing of suppressing it outside.

Mayor Gaynor and Commissioner Waldo are honorable, intelligent, energetic men. They have tolerably plenary powers over the police, but they can't keep the police out of active partnership in crime. This partnership is the great police mystery, exemplified not only in New York, but in nearly every other large American city.

Imagine good Farmer Robinson calling in his hired men and addressing them as follows: "You boys can have a good job with me as long as you live; the pay will be fair, the work comparatively light, and I will pension you when superannuated or disabled. But I insist that you abstain from robbing the neighbors' henroosts."

Next morning up comes a file of indignant neighbors protesting that their henroosts have been robbed overnight and the tracks lead to Robinson's barn. "Well, it does beat all how my men act," says the farmer sorrowfully. "I'll have to talk to them again."

Suppose he tried an ax.

Ginger in the Political Pie

THE last presidential campaign was as inspiring as an annual meeting of the trustees of an old ladies' home. There was about as much enthusiasm for Mr. Taft as for the proposition that no gentleman should strike his mother or that people with colds should wear rubbers when it rains. After some droning over the dear old tariff the election went to the Republicans by default. Obviously there is little good in politics when a presidential campaign can pass off as perfunctorily as that one did; and general apathy respecting politics is as favorable to the predatory interests as somnolence is to burglars.

But for the certainty of a third party, Mr. Clark, no doubt, would have been nominated recently at Baltimore, and we should have had about the same windmill battle over again, with much droning about the tariff—while Barnes and Murphy, Fairbanks and Taggart, Lorimer and Sullivan sat back in complacent assurance that, whether the coin came up heads or tails, the old game would go on at the old stand.

We have, in fact, a radically different situation and a campaign more alive than any since 1896. This is decidedly to the good. There can be no more dangerous state of politics than one that deadens public interest in political affairs. The third party at least has added a copious dash of ginger to a dish that would otherwise have been flat.

China and the Bull Moose

FOR a full generation Europe had us mixed up with China. Thirty-nine years after Columbus first set foot on American soil the learned Orontius Finnæus, professor in the Royal College of France, made a globe to show all the western discoveries. Upon this globe Haiti, Cuba, Jamaica, Florida, Central America and the north coast of South America are drawn with substantial accuracy; but Mexico and Texas are put down as a part of China. Toscanelli's map, which Columbus carried with him on his first voyage, showed Japan about where Haiti is, of course, with the Chinese mainland only a few degrees north and west, and Columbus died in a belief that Cuba was part of the Asiatic continent. Even after Magellan and Drake sailed across the Pacific learned Europe stuck to its preconceived notion of a vast eastward extension of Asia, imagining that a man could walk dry-shod from about the longitude of our Atlantic seaboard to the strange, rich lands which Marco Polo had written of in the thirteenth century. One memorial of this notion survives in the name of the rapids above Montreal—La Chine.

Perhaps the actual relevance is as slight as that between some sermons and their texts. But these cosmographical facts come to mind in reading some utterances of the president of the republic of China. They sound almost Bull Moosey. It is odd how ideas derived mainly from the wild land that was once mistaken for China have leavened the immemorial empire and may make of it politically an America in Asia.

The Growing South

EVERYBODY knows that New York ranks first among the ports of the United States as measured by the volume of imports and exports passing through it; but not everybody knows that New Orleans ranks second and Galveston third. Of the ten great ports through which eighty-five per cent of our foreign trade passes four are in the South and two on the Great Lakes.

Thirty years ago, seventy-eight per cent of our exports went out of Atlantic ports and fourteen per cent out of Gulf ports. Last year Atlantic ports handled only fifty-eight per cent and Gulf ports twenty-two per cent. In the last ten years exports through the Gulf ports increased sixty-four per cent and through Atlantic ports only twenty per cent.

No doubt figures are dull things. More humanly interesting—and to many minds more convincing—is the evidence that every winter traveler to the South in late years finds under his eyes—even though sunny weather and the golf links were all he really expected to find. He sees a land quick with new enterprise—reclamation projects; fruit and vegetable farms constantly edging farther into the swamp and the palmetto; road building; new structures going up in the towns. Next the golf links they are laying out an addition. We don't know any part of the country where the casual traveler is more impressed with a notion that the people are "doing things" than in whole sections of the South.

The President's Veto

THAT the president should have power to veto any act of Congress, which veto should stand unless overridden by a two-thirds vote in both houses, was one of the very first points agreed upon in framing the Constitution—although Franklin and others objected to it. The argument was that this power was necessary for self-defense; without it Congress might virtually legislate the president out of office.

Later on the question was taken up again, but always the same argument prevailed—that without a veto power the executive could not protect itself against encroachments by the legislature. Mr. Wilson believed, as others did, "that this power would seldom be used." Knowledge that the president could protect himself, he thought, would restrain the legislature from any attempt to encroach upon him.

In fact, of course, the president now uses this power on any occasion and for any purpose that he pleases. Mr. Taft vetoes bills for the same reasons that would cause him to vote against them if he were a member of the Senate. In vetoing the second wool bill, for example, after his own tariff board had shown existing wool duties to be excessive, he simply set up his own judgment against that of over two-thirds of the House and a strong majority of the Senate in a purely legislative matter. At his earnest solicitation Congress established the Commerce Court; but he refused to let Congress abolish it, although strong majorities in both houses agreed that it was useless and harmful. This would seem a very long way from the intent of that Constitution which Mr. Taft swears by.

Death of a Party

HEGEL elaborated the idea of negation. For example, to prevent killing, we kill—when we hang murderers. To preserve individual liberty we surrender that liberty to a government. For the sake of peace we build dreadnoughts. We whip a child lest it do something that will cause it bodily suffering. The way to become strong is to expend strength prodigally. We inoculate ourselves with virus to keep from having smallpox, and take poisons to cure disease. To be truly charitable one must refuse beggars, because indiscriminate giving defeats genuine charity.

The true sensualist guards against excessive indulgence of the senses, which would impair them. Collectively we gain wisdom only through our mistakes. Unless a seed decays it cannot germinate. On the moral plane the way to wealth lies through sacrifice and renunciation; to save your soul you must give it away.

Thus everything eats itself. Every true concept is shadowed by its opposite, which destroys it. If you say "I am in doubt" you are not in doubt, for to be in doubt you would have to doubt the doubt instead of being positive about it.

So every human institution tends to defeat the very object for which it was created, and digs its own grave, save as it may be renewed by a rebirth. Rome was invincible while she had enemies to dispute her power. As soon as she demonstrated her invincibility, dissolution began. The perfection of feudalism produced the monarchy which swallowed it, and Louis XIV prepared the Revolution. Our own Constitution, which as swaddling clothes preserved our national life, now cramps and binds us. The Republican party, born of an aspiration for liberty, seems to have become the most dependable refuge of oppression. Sounds now in the air resemble the rumbling of a hearse; but perhaps they are from the carriage-wheels of guests hastening to a christening.

Sugar and the Tariff

THE August Crop Reporter of the Department of Agriculture contains some interesting sugar figures. Last year Louisiana got three hundred and thirty-three thousand tons of sugar from two hundred and ninety-six thousand acres of cane—a little over a ton to the acre. From one hundred and seventeen thousand acres of cane Hawaii got five hundred and seventy-four thousand tons of sugar—nearly five tons to the acre.

This Hawaiian sugar is produced almost exclusively by Asiatic labor. Of the male inhabitants of the islands above twenty-one years of age, Chinese and Japanese form more than seventy-five per cent, while the census of 1910 shows that out of a little less than forty-six thousand agricultural laborers, over forty-four thousand are Chinese and Japanese. The industrial system is baronial, the sugar being produced mostly on great plantations, each employing two or three thousand hands. If the object of the tariff were to protect labor in the continental United States from pauper competition the duty on sugar apparently should be about three hundred per cent.

Of course there is no duty on Hawaiian sugar, for the islands are under our flag; and here we see again that marvelous perfection of the protectionist system, by which the products of foreign cheap labor are carefully excluded from American soil, though the cheap labor itself enters in hordes.

It costs much less to produce cane sugar in Hawaii than in Louisiana, and less in Cuba than in Hawaii. If the tariff's true function is to foster every possible industry at home by equalizing the difference in cost of production at home and abroad we ought to grow our own tea in hothouses under a thousand per cent duty.

The Child in Court

IT WOULD be easy for some people to argue that the church is a scandalous institution. It takes father and mother from home in the forenoon, leaving the children without their guidance. Then its sinister adjunct, the Sunday-school, draws the children, even of tender age, from the home circle. Thus it tends powerfully to destroy the fireside. It leads directly to vain ostentation in dress—on the Sabbath, of all days. The members of the congregation quarrel. The edifice may be drafty and the cushions full of germs.

It is equally easy to argue against the juvenile court, and the arguments are equally cogent. That institution does, in many cases, interpose an outside authority between parent and child; but when a child has developed into a juvenile-court subject it is high time for interposition. Naturally there have been mistakes in administration, but the idea upon which the institution rests is wholly good. It is that whenever a child appears in court it is not the child, but society, that is on trial, nor can the defendant enter a tenable plea of not guilty. With a child of twelve or fourteen, the dullest can see that he is what he has been made, not what he has made himself.

The idea of the juvenile court is to take the young delinquent, not as an enemy of society but as a social product. Before it was established the law dealt with juvenile offenders substantially as with adults. They were locked up, if unable to furnish bail, tried and committed to some penal institution, which about three times out of five was a graduate school of vice; or, to save the child from a penal term, his parents, whose straitened circumstances may have sent him into the street of nights, impoverished themselves by paying a fine.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Let George Do It

WHEN he had reached the age of seven and a half years George Walbridge Perkins gave unmistakable evidences of the two characteristics that have marked his career through life. Even at that early age it was noted of him that his brow was bulgier than the brow of any of his schoolfellows, which was a portent; and it also was pointed out he had thus early determined on his work in life, which was, in the large assay, to help his fellowman.

Extremely desirous of obtaining the greatest results, the young man decided, with that quick instinct that has ever been his, that the problem of helping his fellowman was of such magnitude it must be made subject to business methods. Hence, in order to work advantageously in his chosen field of endeavor, after corrugating his brow for a long period of time—so intense was his thought—he came to the conclusion that, though his methods and merits were of the highest order, it might be necessary to apply even his tremendous force to the solution of the problem and its working out, only after a judicious separation of the materials on which he was to work—that is, Mr. Perkins held the labor should be undertaken in sections, if the term may be used.

To that end he divided the people of this country into two parts. One of these parts consisted of himself; the other part consisted of the remainder of the population. Having attained this desirable alignment, Mr. Perkins began immediately to look out for himself, holding the remainder of the population in abeyance until he had looked out all that was necessary and had reached a position wherein he would be able adequately to attend to the wants of the others.

This decision, as I have observed, was reached by Mr. Perkins when he was aged seven and a half years. Thereupon for some forty years he assiduously helped himself. Then, two or three years ago, Mr. Perkins, leaving the office of Mr. Morgan, which was then at the corner of Broad and Wall Streets, New York, announced that he intended to devote the remaining years of his hitherto busy life to helping his fellowmen—aiding that rather large section of the community set aside when he planned his lifework long, long before.

He had retired, he said, for no other purpose, and the toiling masses took heart and expressed entire willingness that Mr. Perkins should go as far as he liked. It was his intention, announced Mr. Perkins, to readjust the relations between labor and capital, which gave him a reasonably broad field, inasmuch as Mr. Perkins had ample experience of capital and there were persons to be found who, lacking capital, were long on labor.

It had been his observation, he said, that the relations between capital and labor were not so harmonious as they should be, or so just. Having had plenty of opportunity to look into the question while more or less concerned with the Steel Trust, the Harvester Trust, the Shipping Trust, not to mention a score or so of railroads, but having been entirely too busy with the first half of his lifework to undertake or suggest many reforms, he now found his time was his own. It was undoubtedly up to him to begin to help those of his original segregation who remained and those whom the fullness of time had added to that particular company of people.

He brought great enthusiasm to the work. Too long had labor and capital been at odds. His own personal capital, of course, was not in question. He had that invested securely, and the time had not been ripe while he himself represented the capital end of the eternal warfare. Now that he had retired he was willing—nay, eager—to adjust the differences between capital and labor. He became an ardent uplifter, and continues so until this very hour, uplifting impartially for his former associates among the predacious plutocrats and his long-pitied-but-just-considered toiling masses.

The Time Has Come, the Walrus Said

ASIDE from that early resolution, it was imperative Mr. Perkins should do this. Any man engaged in great affairs and of incessant activity, who in the prime of life finds himself suddenly without occupation except the clipping of coupons, owing to circumstances over which he has no control and a temper over which his chief apparently has no control, must inevitably find some outlet for his energies. He cannot trust. No more can he bust. So George Walbridge Perkins decided the time had come to help his fellowman, to ameliorate the conditions of the workers and to point out the mistakes of the employers, he belonging for the time being to neither class and occupying an important position.

A Progressive Publicist

Likewise a man who has been, as we say, so prominent in the public eye deprecates retirement from the purview of that gaze. What profits it George Walbridge Perkins, or any other, to be known merely as a former partner of the gigantic Morgan, however it may have profited him to have been said partner for a space? Suppose a man has attained the age of fifty or thereabout, and has a million tucked away for each year, is he to sit idly by and be known merely as a millionaire?

Nay: in fact, nay-nay, nay-nay-nay—neigh, not on your Bull Moose! Nor did he—nor did George Walbridge Perkins, the persevering publicist. There is nothing idle about G. Walbridge. He hopped hastily into the public prints with the announcement of the beginning of his long-cherished plan as regards capital and labor, and the amelioration, and so forth, of whatever there is to be ameliorated—which is enough, Heaven knows, to hear either side.

The Parlous Plight of the Publicist

WELL, it was a frost. The papers printed the Perkins pronunciato—as Bill Flinn, now associated with Mr. Perkins, would say—remarked it was about time somebody did some ameliorating, and let it go at that. Mr. Perkins, waiting for loud cheers, heard none; eagerly scanned the papers after the second day and found plenty of baseball and politics therein, and all the latest about soul-mates and affinities, but mighty little about Perkins. So he tried universal peace, and civic centers, and adequate fire protection and municipal reform, contributing largely in language, but not coming across with anything much more substantial, being prudent—at that time—in money matters, as they say in New England, but without appreciable result. So far as could be observed, George Walbridge Perkins was doomed to be a millionaire and nothing else for the remainder of his life, and millionaires are so common in this country they have to elope with chorus girls or be killed on joy-rides to get on the first pages at all.

It was a parlous situation, a situation fraught with wealthy obscurity. All the Perkins in him revolted. For weeks, during the insurance investigation in New York, his name had been in the papers every day. For weeks and months and years he had been constantly referred to as the prodigious prodigy of plutocracy and the Steel Trust. Every farmer, damning the Harvester Trust, damned Perkins at one and the same time. He flitted hither and yon through the mazes of high finance and every flit was paragraphed.

Now what was there? Nothing—absolutely nothing but a few lines when he presented a new plant to the botanical gardens or the horrible, the odious, the calamitous "George W. Perkins also spoke"—when he suggested his remedies at banquets or before associations. They cut down his interviews to a few lines, these unfeeling editors. They revised, revamped and reduced his statements. He was a former—that was all! His views on the revival of business got a place in the notes of Wall Street. Apparently he had nothing but money.

Obscurity was claiming him for its very own when suddenly there came a great light. The sun rose for Perkins. Along last January or February, when The Colonel began to sit up a little and take notice; along about the time when he was due to emit the clarion cry, just previous to the first woof-woof! of the Bull Moose, George Walbridge Perkins came marching to the front.

Needing occupation, he grabbed the off hind leg of the Bull Moose and hung on tight. Cursed with the calamity of being nothing but a former member of Morgan's firm—a former member—he took a long, running jump into the Roosevelt movement, scattering greenbacks as he jumped—all for the privilege of standing upstage, knowing that the calcium man would be sure to hit him now and then.

And here, dear children, we have the answer to your question: What started George Walbridge Perkins off on this progressive tack? Here we have the answer: George Walbridge Perkins was a publicist without publicity; now he is a Progressive with publicity.

Inside Information

VARIOUS doctors, among them many specialists, were called as witnesses in a case in a San Francisco court, with a view to ascertaining what killed a woman whose death was in question in an insurance litigation.

They all testified they had examined the woman professionally, and the consensus of opinion was that the dead woman had suffered from an affection of the liver which caused that organ to shrink materially.

The last doctor on the witness-stand was a young hospital interne. He testified that instead of a shrunken liver the dead woman had an abnormally enlarged liver.

"Do you mean to sit there on the stand and swear that this woman had an enlarged liver when all these eminent authorities have sworn her liver was wasted and shrunken?" demanded a lawyer.

"I do," replied the young doctor.

"How comes it you set yourself up against these eminent practitioners—you, a young squirt of a doctor, with no practice and only a few months out of a medical school? How do you know this woman had an enlarged liver?" thundered the lawyer.

"I performed the autopsy," answered the young doctor.

Not a Fair Shake

A JURY at one of the smaller county seats in Wyoming had retired to consider the evidence presented to them in a larceny case. The judge had charged them they must find for the defendant as the preponderance of the evidence was in his favor.

They stayed out a long time and finally the judge sent in to find what delayed them. He was told that one man refused to vote for acquittal, but desired to argue the case. The judge called in the jury. He asked the argumentative juror what he meant by holding out.

"Why, jedge," said the juror, "it ain't a fair shake. You told us about this here preponderance of the evidence, an' I hold that if we prepon on one side we just gotter prepon on the other too."

Appropriate Scripture

WHEN Henry J. Horn, now assistant to President Mellen, of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, was division superintendent of the Montana division of the Northern Pacific Railway, he lived at Livingston, Montana, and married a Miss Josephine Robinson.

One day after the first baby came, Mr. and Mrs. Horn took the baby to church. Mr. Horn carried the child, and as the proud father and mother walked down the aisle the minister read from Daniel, seventh chapter, eighth verse: "I considered the horns, and, behold, there came up among them another little horn."

The Loot of the Silver Special

By CALVIN JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY D. C. HUTCHISON

"THIS most partic'lar and fastijous ye are!" said young Hogan to the Old Switchman as the latter dusted off a coupling-pin with his sleeve before throwing it at a howling dog near the switch-shanty.

"The ixample av Rory McWinkle is strong in me this night," explained the Old Switchman, with a hint of rebuke.

Hogan was astonished. "Rory McWinkle! Saints preserve us!" he said. "It is a voodoo charm ——"

"It is the name av a partic'lar man, who ye may well take ixample by," interrupted Denny sourly; "three nights hand-running ye have let me walk all the way to the bridge yard to see if the track shud be pulled—and me wit' a pained instep!"

"Sure, it is not the instep which pains ould Denny," broke in the yard foreman from the doorsill—"it is the outstep."

"Rory McWinkle wud niver have seen me do it," said Denny darkly—"he was that partic'lar in politeness as in iverything else."

After a moment's silence, during which there was an uneasy shuffling in the group, Hogan spoke up.

"I will bargain with ye," he declared firmly. "I will meself be partic'lar to check the bridge yard if ye will ixplain the maning av Rory McWinkle."

Denny considered the proposition.

"It will be av great profit to ye all," he said at length, "if ye listen with riverence; but 'tis bad luck to jest at a man's name, as Miss Tinkle Donovan discovered to her sorrow.

"A pipeful av soft coal will bind the bargain," he suggested, pausing again. And after Hogan had threatened another switchman until the latter grudgingly produced a flabby tobacco sack, the Old Switchman said:

Sorrow the day I shud smoke such trash, but Rory himsilf cud not be fastijous among certain yard crews who are stingy and wur-rk at night, though I am naming no names.

But Rory had betther companions, in the way av box cars and ould brokendown cahooses and derelict ingines, av which he tuk record ivery day in the repair yards at Barlow Station. That was the day av the ould P. D. Q., whin Rivets was sooperintindint.

In those days, beyant visiting the paycar and cursing the officials, no man was particular ixcipt Rory. Ivery day, wan by wan, he tuk down the numbers av all the hundreds av cars in the shop yards into a little book kept for the purpose. Thin he wud copy the numbers on sheets av white paper, which he bought himsilf, because the coompany used no rale paper ixcipt to print stocks and bonds; and a single inkmark on the regular blanks wud cover a page in the coorse av a day.

"The figger two luks like a drunken ilyphant in thirty minutes," he ixplained to Miss Tinkle Donovan, who was agint at Shop Station, three miles from Barlow.

"I use an indelyble pencil," she wud reply. "Sure, ye are over-particular, Misther McWinkle."

Now the girl delighted to spake his name, which made her laugh heartily from the day he had come out to ixplain that it meant himsilf. She had laughed during the introduction, for which Rory niver forgave her; but he was a man to bide revenge, and considered.

"Not a girl in the wur-rld who is nate and pretty, with black eyes and hair, shall snicker over McWinkle. I am partic'lar to name no names," he says; "but a Donovan shall rue the day she laughed!"

With that he entered the station, where he tuk the chair standing face to the wall in a far corner av the waiting room and carried it into the telygraph office.

"Clancy, Ye Have Deaved Us and are a Guilty Man!"

"Why do ye move the furniture about so?" asked Miss Tinkle, who was called so because of her voice like sleighbells.

"Whin there are only two chairs in a place it is unsociable to kape thim apart," says Rory. "I will place mine near yours and they will be betther satisfied ——"

"It is red-haired, freckled men are the impidint ones," she says. "Why shud ye come here at all, Misther McWinkle?"

"For the rayson that I put the two chairs togither!" he ixplains. "Besides, it's only a quarther av a mile from the ind av the yard, and there might be a car on the siding yonder."

"There niver has been," she began; but Rory talked on to tell her what he had seen that day.

"There is a caboose down the yard," he says, "which has been sideswiped by a new B. R. car."

Tinkle always struggled against showing intherest to a red-haired man with freckles, but niver cud she restrain her curiosity av things he mentioned in partic'lar ivery day.

"How do ye know it was a B. R. car—and new?" she asks, frowning.

"Because the roof av no other car is so low by six inches—and besides, the paint on the scratch was bright and fresh."

"Annybody cud ixplain that," she says wit' contempt.

"It is an aisy wan," confessed Rory; "but what av the switch that was left open from the main line by Clancy, the ingineer?"

"It is not his business to close switches. How do ye blame him for that?" asks the girl wit' anger in her eyes, for Clancy wud frequently run out av the yard limits to visit her, if only for a moment.

"Sure, he did not give his crew a chance to drop off and close it. Here he comes now, and ye may aks him yoursilf."

And, indade, the switch-ingine roared up to the station at that insthant, and Clancy ran inside to shake hands with Miss Donovan.

He scowled and thin laughed on seeing Rory, for he cud not be jealous av a man so much smaller—and freckled to boot.

"How many cars today?" he asks with good humor.

"Four hundred and tin," says Rory politely.

"It will take a long time to copy the numbers," says Clancy with significance. "If ye will get aboord I will save ye a long walk back to your office."

So Rory walked out, with a bow; and as Clancy began saying how glad he was to see Miss Donovan on so fine a Wednesday, the girl interrupted:

"Why have ye left the main line switch open?"

"I was leaving wur-rk only for a minute and cud take the chance," says the ingineer, scratching his head wit' astonishmint; "but how iver did ye know?"

"Niver mind; ye must run back at wance. There is nothing due on the line, but ye can niver tell what may happen. Don't stop to ixplain, but go! Remember, my father runs a thrain on this road and I do not like to hear av open switches."

She turned on her heel, and afther a glance the ingineer ran back again to his ingine and sent her round the curve into the yard below like the swoop av an eagle.

"Sure, 'tis a fine figure av a man is Misther Clancy," thinks the girl, looking afther him; "but I wish he was more partic'lar." The very wur-rd makes her indignant. "Rory McWinkle is a partic'lar man," she says, "he goes about like a ferret spying little things; and if it wasn't for the level eye av him —— Bah! he amounts to nothing when compared to Clancy, who is big and bould and will some day be an officer."

Whin Rory arrived next day there was no chair in the place at all, ixcipt the wan houlding Miss Donovan.

"I am used to standing alone," says Rory, taking position in the center av the floor.

"Have ye come again to bear ill tales of my fri'nds?" asks the girl coldly.

To her surprise Rory does not answer in defense av this; but prisintly he says:

"I can't help noticing things that are at all unusual; and, as ye tould Clancy, he will be more careful hereafther, which is a good thing."

The girl sat silent, biting her lips; but she cud not restrain her curiosity.

"How did ye iver guess he left the switch open?" she asks crossly.

"If I may sit in the same chair in the same place I can show ye," replies Rory; "but only from that very spot can I make it plain."

She luks at him with scorn, and Rory goes on:

"'Tis no lie I am telling, as ye will see." And at this the girl rises to her fate.

"If ye are making a fool av me," she says, "beware! For I will say right out what I have been thinking av ye—and ye will niver hould up your head agnin."

Taking the chair from a closet whose door she had locked, Miss Donovan watched Rory place it where he had sat the day befoore.

"I must place your own a thrifle closer," he ixplains. "Now, through this windey we are facing, ye see the hill betwane us and the yard; the thrack curves round that hill. Well, yesterday I saw a black ring av smoke deep in the yards and knew it was Clancy's ingine. Thin the smoke poured up in a thick, black cloud; he had the ixhaust open. And ivery second afther that the thick, black smoke came straming up behint the hill, until I heard the roar av the ingine rounding the curve. Av coorse the ixhaust had been going full blast from the time he had left the inside thracks near the shop till he showed up here on the main line. He had not stopped to drop a man at the switch."

"But maybe wan was already there."

"I cud count the full crew av three switchmen on the footboard as they came up."

"But perhaps an outsider ——"

"There is always 'perhaps,'" says Rory dryly.

The girl luked at him with some attention, then tossed her head.

"Still these are little things for a man to consider all the time," she says.

"Sometimes it behooves a man to figger closely," Rory tells her. "Now, by my watch, the passinger which has

just whistled coming through Barlow will pass here in four minutes; taking three steps a second, I can just reach the fourth telegraph pole before it catches up to me."

With this he walks outdoors and up the thrack, watch in hand, with the rails rattling under his fate as the passinger sweeps up. And when he steps aside at the fourth pole the draft av the passing thrain tears at the roots av his hair as he bows to the ingineer, who is cursing him with wan hand and tearing his beard with the other.

The girl, leaning faint and white against the door, can't answer as Rory passes by with a jaunty step and calls:

"It proves how partic'lar we must be av little things aven the seconds av time."

"Ye are a great fool!" she told Rory next day. Still, afther that she had an awe av him till Clancy, the ingineer, outdared him by racing afther a box car which the wind had blown on to the main line, catching it several miles down the line and racing back just ahead av a passinger thrain.

"I take off me hat to ye, Clancy," says Rory the next time they met; but this only made the girl indignant that she could not complain av Rory's littleness.

Wan day along in winter when Rory was in the dispatcher's office at Barlow he heard that Miss Donovan's father had been discharged by the thrainmasther. That same afthernoon he found the girl with traces av tears on her face.

"Bad cess to Flint, the thrainmasther!" says Rory; "he is as hard as his name in spite av his smiling way. Has Mr. Donovan taken it up with Sooperintindint Rivets?"

The girl nodded.

"And so has Mr. Clancy taken it up," she says; "he is a man av influonce and may get him reinstated."

"Sure, manny's the McWinkle who has been under the influonce, but niver a wan possessed av it!" Rory is thinking sorrowfully, whin the girl spakes up sharply:

"Here is a message from the gineral car accountant at headquarthers, saying ye have repoorted a car by the wrong number. It is a wonder that ye wudn't be correct in such little things, Misther McWinkle."

"She always has a pleasanthry for me," groans Rory; and he wud likely have gone away foriver in despair if somethin' partic'lar had not come into his mind.

"It is attention already ye merit at headquarthers—by some av the mistakes ye make," breaks in the girl again.

"Why, 'tis not mesilf—it is the gineral car accountant who is wrong," says Rory in surprise.

The girl laughs scornfully.

"Here, I will prove it," says Rory, and luks among his numbers for the day, all set down in order. "Number 7216," he says, reading from the telygram; "it is not in the yards today, but it was here yesterday—because I have it in the book."

Again the girl laughs and again Rory is in despair that the girl shud love to hurt him so.

"It is the conceit I love to take out av ye in being so correct and partic'lar," she says; but Rory only replies:

"The car Number 7216 has been reported from somewhere else on the line by mistake. I have niver yet had a correction in my repoort."

They sit in silence until an ingine runs up from the yard and Clancy comes in.

"It's no use, Miss Donovan," he says—"Rivets will not interfere with the thrainmasther's decisions. 'I let Flint handle the men av his division,' he says, 'and that's the ind av it.'"

The girl luked down, but, being too proud to show much grief before the two men, merely thanked Clancy. "I am sure ye did all that any fri'nd cud do," she says.

Afther a time Clancy says: "There is a silk special coming in, making record time from the Coast. The list av road ingineers is short and I am to take her out. Ye know I am on the extra list."

Miss Donovan nodded. "And they have picked on ye for a record run because av your wild race against the passinger thrain with the box car," she smiles. "'Twas a brave deed!"

"I must be on my way," says Clancy; "the road ingine's in the yard with steam up and the special is due in fifteen minutes."

Miss Donovan shuk hands, wishing him good luck with his record run, and the ingineer jumped on the switch-ingine waiting outside.

Rory sat silent and unnoticed, luking out av the side windey while Miss Donovan copied waybills in her station record.

Suddenly Rory says in an indifferent way, without turning round:

"The silk special has lost four minutes av time." And as the girl luks in surprise at the clock—"I have been counting," he ixplains.

The girl is intherested at wance. "'Twill be disappointing to Mr. Clancy," she says unaisily, "and dangerous, too, for he will thry to bring her up to the schedule time on his own run.

"Clancy is bould for some big purpose," she says severely to Rory, "and not with a fool's wish to show off by walking in front av a thrain! And only the man av littleness cud ixpict to rival Clancy's repytation by such a thrick."

With that she walks out to the platfoorm and stands shading her eyes to watch for the incoming special; but minute afther minute runs by and there is no sign or sound av it.

Thin the smoke av her rises among the hills and, ten minutes late by the station clock, she tears up to Shop Station.

"Luk for a hot box," says Rory to the girl, and jumps across the thrack to inspect the other side av the thrain, which crashes betwane them like a thunderbolt and reels round the curve below, with not a man av the crew in sight.

"Five new box cars, and a mogul ingine—they wud not have lost time in those nisy grades but for the hot box," says Rory.

"Ye cud niver detect a hot box with the special flying like a cyclone in a cloud av dust," mocks the girl, who has been forced back against the station by the draft, "unless it was blazing, and thin I cud have seen it mesilf through the trucks."

"It is not blazing now," ixplains Rory—"they have stopped to pack it with fresh waste and grease; but I cud smell it."

Afther that they stand silent for five minutes—till, hearing the whistle av Clancy's ingine as he starts the special out av Barlow, the girl says: "The saints take care av ye, Clancy; for I know ye will run like a madman."

Then she goes back into the station house and Rory starts down the track without a luk or goodby to kape him coompany.

Now the girl is right in the belief that Clancy will run like a madman, for Gineral Sooperintindint Rivets himself is walking the platfoorm at Barlow on the arrival av the special. Rivets has ixamined the hot journal and luked over the thrain; and it is Rivets who runs up to Clancy at his ingine, when the high sign is given.

"The hot box will not throuble ye now," he says, standing in the gangway; "but, whether it does or not, this is our last division and ye must turn the special over to the connecting line on time, if she is afire from ingine to caboose. Burn her up, Clancy!"

And for twinty miles the ingineer does burn her up; thin, at the very crest av a steep grade, a coupling-pin wur-rks out and the special parts three cars back from the ingine. There was no airbrake in those days and no way to signal the ingineer from the rear; so, while Clancy tears over the crest wit' three cars, the other two and the caboose stop, and thin begin to roll back till held by the conducthor and the brakeman, who have been riding behind.

Twelve or fifteen miles Clancy runs befoore, luking back, he discovers the accidint, and aven thin he can only rejuce speed for a few miles more, fearing the thrain had parted on the downgrade and that the last section wud come shooting at him round some curve av the hills.

Whin the other cars do not appear he begins running back recklessly enough, but it is almost an hour befoore he picks up the lost section and is on his way again. And, having already ten minutes to make up, he arrives in the city yards at the ind av the P. D. Q. a full hour late.

'Tis there two inspecthors from the connecting line glance over the thrain; and, afther a moment's talk with the conducthor, one av them runs up to Clancy as the ingine uncouples.

"I will ride to the roundhouse if ye don't mind," he says, and, seeing him a small, pleasant-spoken felley with freckles, Clancy laughs.

"Jump on," he says. "Ye remind me av a bit av a felley back home, who is always luking for partic'lars—but ye have not asked why we are late."

"The conducthor told me ye broke in two."

"It is thrue," answers Clancy, "and ye may well understhand my disappointmint, with the gineral sooperintindint himself yelling afther me for a record run."

"How many cars stayed by the ingine whin ye broke?"

"Three," answers Clancy. And, his disappointmint beginning to prey on him, he luks grimly down the thrack; and the inspecthor does not ask anny more questions.

He does not nade to ask anny more. Clancy and his fireman have admitted being alone with the first three cars av the special for the best part av an hour. And one of those very cars, whose seals were all ixamined carefully by Rivets himself at Barlow, has been broken into before arriving in the city yards.

Av coorse the inspecthors can't tell yet whether anny av the freight is damaged or missing, but a broken seal is enough to set them hunting evidince on the spot.

They tell no one av their discovery, but that night, secretly, the car is opened and found impty. Not a trace av the load it started with comes under the inspecthor's lanterns.

Siveral days later Rory had walked a matther av a mile to drop in on Miss Donovan incidentally, whin Clancy also came in.

"Ye are not wur-rking?" says the girl, smiling in admiration av the Sunday clothes av him.

"I was not put back on the switch-ingine," ixplains the ingineer; "'tis a road man wit' a regular run I will be in a few days."

The girl shuk hands on the promotion; so did Rory, at which Miss Donovan was displeased. "Hypocrite!" she mutthered.

Rory was so accustomed to her displeasure that he was not further abashed than to listen to Clancy, wit' his hands in his pockets.

"There is a strange unaisiness at Barlow headquarthers," the ingineer was saying. "Rivets has been there iver since the day av the special; he has two or three strange men,

"Come! the Whole Game is Blown. Tell Us Where the Rest of It Is"

whom he sends out on handcars and houlds conferences wit' in the avening, along av Flint. There have been manny cipher messages; and, whist! there is a rumor that iverybody on the road is to be fired. What d'ye think av it?"

"Sure, it wud be polite to fire thim by cipher," says Rory; "a man wud be a week understhanding he had lost his job."

The others frowned him down.

"It is rumored that they will begin firing from the letter 'M' on the payroll," says Clancy.

"Sure, thin I will take me grandfather's name. It was Adam, glory be!—and I will be the last man on the job," says Rory.

The others luk at him still more darkly and begin mutthering betwane thimselves, but Rory has given way to despair and thinks: "The more I anger thim the quicker they will fire me out av here for good; thin I will quit making a fool av mesilf for a girl who despises me."

It is going wooful hard with him to lave Miss Donovan foriver, but he only stands, luking very freckled and indifferent, wit' his hands in his pockets. "If I cud only grin at thim!" he thinks; but he thries and cannot.

Howiver, it made little difference, for at this insthant a change came over the lives av thim all.

Rivets entered the door, followed by the smiling little inspecthor who had boarded Clancy's ingine in the city yards. Clancy had risen to his fate in respect to Mr. Rivets, whin the inspecthor, coming close befoore him, showed something in his hand. Rory caught a glitter av metal, but cud not make out the kind av object it was.

"Come; the whole game is blown," says the inspecthor quietly. "Tell us where the rest of it is."

Clancy is puzzled, and luks to Rivets.

"Divil a bit do I know," he says.

"It is the cargo av the special thrain," ixplains the inspecthor patiently, niver taking his eyes from the other's face. "There is a handcar outside and we are ready to go wit' ye."

There is something in the man's manner that rouses Clancy's tamper.

"Ye are spaking to me wit' high authority," he answers quickly. Whereupon the other, raising the edge av his coat, shows the shield av a United States marshal. At this moment Rivets breaks in:

"Clancy doesn't luk a guilty man. I hardly expected you would accuse him."

"Betwane the Pacific Coast and the city yards there has been only one chance for the robbery av that car," says the marshal, as though to ind an argymint; "that was for this ingineer to cut his thrain in two—or have his fireman do it—and thin drop off the two rear cars with the brakeman and conducthor."

"But how cud he unload ten thousand pounds in less than an hour—which was all the time he had, even if he ran only two or three miles beyant the point where the thrain broke?"

"It was aisy for a gang to toss it out in that time."

"Ye say gang; and yet, afther searching the right-av-way for miles, we can find no trace av thim." The marshal does not wish to argue, but Rivets persists in his questions.

"I am sorry I brought ye along," says the officer; "but since ye wish another reason for this arrest I'll give it. The seals, stamped with an iron av which there can be no duplicate, were all untampered with from the Coast to Barlow."

"They were," replies the sooperintindint, "because I ixamined ivery wan mesilf, as they had been ixamined by other officials at ivery stopping-point on our line."

"Well, thin, until the thrain left Barlow there had been no delay and no breaking in; but afther laving there both these things happened, and only this man and his fireman had a chance to loot the car. And, as a clincher, I offer a piece av freight picked up on the right-av-way three miles beyant the spot where the thrain broke. The gang dropped it, though a rain had washed out their trail among the hills."

The marshal, flushed and angry at the talking av Rivets, holds up a fragmint av white metal. "I broke this off and had it tested," he ixplains. Rivets is staggered, and without further words beckons Clancy to follow them outside.

Miss Donovan sits dazed and white.

"They have arristed Clancy!" she whispers. "For what?"

"Looting that car," replies Rory.

"The silk special?"

"Didn't ye see what the marshal held in his hand? It was not silk, but silver; there is sometimes a great shipmint goes to the mint or to the treasury in the city. The railroad has been bidding against the ixpress companies."

"Do ye mane five cars av silver?"

"They had it in this wan partic'lar car, av coorse. The others were only to make up a thrain and may have had merchandise." Rory is walking up and down; but, hearing the handcar being set on the rails, he runs outside.

"It is Red-Haired, Freckled Men are the Impidint Ones," She Says

"Sooperintindint," he says, "there was wan other delay to the silver thrain; it arrived here tin minutes late."

"That wud be av no consequence," replies the marshal; and, with Clancy still too stoopid from surprise to spake, the three board the car and are gone.

Rory paces up and down rapidly. "Av no consequence?" he repates suddenly. "Iverything is av partic'lar consequence!" His laugh is only a fierce squawk. "Tin minutes av no consequence—and he is a United States marshal!"

The girl luked up hopefully. "Do ye mane, Rory, that a gang cud stale the silver from the car in those tin minutes," she pleads, "befoore it came on to Clancy's run?"

"Av coorse not; but it is av consequence."

"Ye are a fool with your little things," she says bittherly; but, to her surprise, Rory does not answer. Instead he hastens out and down the thrack, walking hard, his body bent forward, and with an air that makes the girl guess for a moment.

"He trots and scents for all the wur-rld like a wolfhound," she ixclaims thin; and, having known much throuble lately, Miss Donovan seizes the opporchunity to cry. Her father has been obliged to take a job wit' another road and now she has only her throuble for coompany.

Whin Rory McWinkle entered the Barlow yards he did not hesitate at anny fork av the road, but cut across the thracks to the flathead reservation that same being the shanty av car inspecthors who can stick their heads among the trucks like serpints. At the door sits ould Michael Dugan, the chief av inspecthors, who lets his pipe go out while blackguarding all railroad officials to Rory.

Whin he has finished with thim Rory asks: "And, sure, what have the officials been doing?"

Dugan frowns at him. "Is it not enough that they are officials?" he asks. "Do not tell me annything good av thim," he says, for he wud not have his pastime av blackguarding interfered with.

"It is thrue," answers Rory, considering, "they are not what they used to be. Nayther is the waste and grease what they used to be; 'tis the whole systim will burn up wit' hot boxes."

Mr. Dugan growls, being well plased.

"No wonder the passingers and freights are delayed," goes on Rory, in mourning that such railroads shud be; "aven the specials ——" he says.

Dugan lets his pipe go out wit' the joyous snarl av a wildcat; thin, staring at Rory, he lights it again.

"The snarl is not enough," thinks Rory, wild wit' impatience, as if scenting a trail beyant Dugan.

"On silk specials they shud have a fire daypartmint instead av a thrain crew," he says; and Dugan drops his pipe wit' a curse av glee.

"'Tis the counthry still going to ruin!" he says fiercely. "And me here twinty years—out av Oireland," he ixplains.

"Rory McWinkle," he whispers, "small wonder they had a hot box on the special; 'twas well packed," he says, wit' a wink av indignation. "Niver," he vows, houlding up his hand, "Niver will Michael Dugan so far forget his duty to a dacent freight car as to pack the journals in mud. If the coompany officials -bad cess to thim wud save the ixpinse av grease they must get another than Misther Dugan to conspire with thim against dacent freight." But Rory is already out av hearing and Dugan begins filling his pipe again.

Rory stopped in a quiet place betwane two strings av cars and considered.

"I must ixamine aich point av the case in partic'lar," he says, and afther a few moments nodded his head in satisfaction. "Whin Covey, the conducthor av the special, and his crew got out on the road a bit," he decides, "they stopped, tuck the packing out av the box av wan av the cars and threw in handfuls av dust—I can see them at it. And just befoore arriving in Barlow, wit' the journal smoking hot, they wiped out what they cud av the dust and stuffed in some fresh waste. So they had the ixcuse av stopping to pack a hot journal. Why did they nade an ixcuse to stop at all?" he asks himself, on the fast walk again, wit' his head thrust out as though sniffing the air.

A minute later he is in the dispatcher's office and, picking up the conducthor's book, begins luking over lists av cars which have gone out av the station on the day av the silver special and during the wake befoore. The special is not registered, being all through cars, handled in and out by the same conducthor—only the ingine crew being changed.

"Lost a car, Rory?" asks some wan, and he recognizes the voice av Thrainmasther Flint.

Rory nods respectfully. "The car accountant is tracing a caboose," he ixplains. Thin, luking the other full in the face: "'Tis a bad business—Clancy being in charge for looting the Silver Special."

Flint is a slender but powerful man, wit' eyes and hair and beard av shiny black; he is pleasant, wit' a good wur-rd to all his men, though always cold and hard in the coompany's intherest. In two years' service he has proved so able that he holds the power av a sooperintindint, and the men gossip that he will shortly have a new division created for himself.

"Ye have heard it all, thin?" he answers Rory; "but, av coorse, the nature of the shipmint wud be revaled during the investigation. Yis, Rory, it is bad business. I am sorry they nabbed Clancy—and almost wish he had got away."

"Ye knew he was under suspicion?"

"I knew it, av coorse," replies the other; "and at the marshal's suggistion I gave him a layoff. The marshal hoped that Clancy wud make some move to betray himself, and thin, being afraid he would run for it, insisted on his arrist. His fireman is already in charge in the city."

The thrainmasther stands luking down on him in fri'ndly humor, for Rory is well liked and industhrious.

"He is a good felley outside of coompany matthers," Rory is thinking.

Suddenly Mr. Flint says: "I wud not belave ye'd be so concerned over seeing Clancy put out av your way!" And with this walks on to his office.

Rory almost starts from his chair, luking afther him in surprise.

"Flint manes on account av Miss Donovan that I shud be glad to see Clancy jailed," he reflects; thin he goes on examining the record.

But Rory did not find what he wished; and, afther going back to reflect among the freight cars, which were like a council av fri'nds to him, he went bouldly into Rivets' office.

"Will ye tell me where is Clancy?" he asks, and Rivets motions to the rear office.

"Clancy is under guard there; the marshal will take him into the city on the tin o'clock passinger. Rory," he ixclaims, wit' dape feeling in his voice, "I am sorry for the man! I began railroading wit' his father. And, though the proof is all against him, I do not belave Clancy is a guilty man."

"I wished to ask him about a car that he switched," is all Rory says to this; and the sooperintindint, disgusted wit' his indifference, says curtly:

"Go in." And Rory enters the back office, where Clancy, still dazed and stoopid, luks out av a windey, while the marshal sits rading a paper.

"Clancy, I have lost a car that was in the yard and is not repoorted out by thrain," says Rory in a loud voice. "Is it possible ye have switched wan outside the yard limits about the time av the special?"

Afther a moment the ingineer answers dully: "One morning I set a car on the Pinetree Siding."

"Why didn't ye give me the number?" says Rory, disgusted; "the cars set there are ginerally taken out by local thrains and there is a record in the conducthor's book. Now I will have to go out there for the number. How far is it?"

"Only five miles."

Rory jumps off the floor. "Do ye think I have wheels instead av fute!" he complains.

"Rory," ixclaims the prisoner, coming close, "tell Miss Donovan I am not guilty—I plead not guilty," he says, his hands pressed to his forehead.

"I will tell her," answers Rory in his loud voice. "But I have the car on me mind—the car taken to Pinetree Siding some days befoore the Silver Special came through."

The marshal is indignant at such lack av faling. "Give him a black eye, Clancy!" he commands, but Rory scurries through the door like a rat.

"And him a marshal!" says Rory outside. "No wonder the counthry is ruined, as Dugan tells us ivery day. I will tell him to put the marshal in his curse-book, as a

fool who wud take a man to jail wit'out investigating the crime—and me passing out clews like circus bills!"

Rivets glares at him as he goes through the office. "May I borry a handcar to go afther a number av a car with Clancy switched ——"

"Ye may go to the divil!" thunders Rivets—and again Rory scurries out.

"'Tis a popular man ye are getting to be, McWinkle," he says to himsilf wit' a sigh, as out in the yard he boards the velocypede car av the section boss, who bawls at him, threatening his life; "but all men partic'lar in duty are abused," he says, pumping the handles wit' all his might, "and I must have the number av this car at wance."

Out av Barlow he spins, past Miss Donovan at Shop Station, wit' a wave av his hat; and fifteen minutes later he is at the switch av Pinetree Siding. 'Tis here he pauses for a moment's reflection, which is hard wur-rk wit' no freight cars about.

"This siding runs through deep, dark wuds, intirely out av view av the main line," he says. "Ye are not afraid in dark wuds, McWinkle; but 'twas your ould father who said: 'Kape on the main thrack, Rory!' " And so, heeding the ould McWinkle's advice like a dutiful son as he was, Rory ran the car half a mile farther on the main line.

Thin he plunged into the wuds and a minute later come to the siding, where a new box car stud alone in the shadows av the trees.

"Faith, they are not cutting timber, and the sawmill over yonder is not running," says Rory; "and yet they have a car set here to load!"

He walks down toward the car and then pauses. The time is nearing sunset; he cannot distinguish the number av the car, and yet his curiosity and sinse av duty refuse to carry him farther.

"Perhaps 'tis the glisten av a leaf—perhaps 'tis the twinkle av steel come from the thicket over yonder," he whispers. "I wud like that number. Duty!" he thunders to himself and marches half a step—thin draws back.

"'Tis the retreat bating on my ear-drums," he thinks. "Ah, the McWinkles are tigers by nature; but there may be another wan loose over yonder—and I have the inspiration that tigers shud not fight among thimselves."

He has withdrawn into the wuds again, whin he hears the rumble av a thrain—thin a faint crash.

"Saints to the rescue!" he shudders. "'Tis the boss' handcar! Betther had I faced the tiger!"

For the moment he stands still, considering. "That must be car 7216, whose number the car accountant said I reported in error. Clancy brought it here the same day I reported it—in the morning," he thinks wit' a start. "Now I remimber taking my numbers the morning av that day instead av during the afthernoon, because I wished to drop in on Miss Donovan during the afthernoon. If I had taken my numbers at the regular time I wud not have seen this car at all.

"This car is fresh painted," he thinks, scratching his head to rouse his memory. "That morning I began taking numbers near the paintshop; then I was in other parts of the yards for over two hours befoore calling on Miss Donovan. Manetime, Clancy, under orders from somebody, brought out this car. Who gave the order? Why was a car set here to be loaded whin there is nothing to load? Where was the special stopped to pack the hot box? Near this very spot—because they were repoorted on time twinty miles back!"

Wance more he peers out at the car, wondering at his own fear.

"There is no connection whativer betwane this car and the looted special," he reflects wit' impatience—"there can't be—it is impossible. The special came straight through from the Coast like a whirlwind, wit'out pause ixcipt to change ingines—and thin always under the eyes av officials. It reached Barlow wit' seals—Governmint seals—all unbroken.

"Thin Clancy and his fireman were alone wit' the car av silver in a rough country, wit' no station for twinty miles beyant where the thrain parted. There is no check on him there. Whin he arrives in the city the seal is broken, the car impty. Clancy, they've got ye! Clancy, ye have desaved us and are a guilty man!

"A curse on ye! It will break the heart av Tinkle Donovan!"

Rory McWinkle walks slowly back through the wuds to the main line, and in the shade which falls dusky there finds the splinters av his car beyant the track.

"Bad cess to thim for not stopping!" he mutthers; but the fact is, though feeling the little shock av the collision, the ingineer has been talking to his fireman at the minute and thinks they have only sthruck a limb blown from the trees up the hillside.

Rory is like a man disthracted. "The girl is right!" he cries aloud in bittherness. "I am always a little man, worrying at little things—like the number av this car. The marshal is right; the stop av tin minutes is av no consequence—'tis a little thing. Why am I afraid to go up to this car and make sure av its number since I am out here? Who wud guard an impty car?

"It is because," he answers himsilf afther a pause and drops his hands limply, while luking fearfully round—"It is because a man's life in this couhthry is also a little thing!"

Suddenly he comes out av his distraction, hearing the faint jangle av cars and puff av an ingine; thin darts back through the wuds to the siding. He is too late. The very freight train that wrecked his velocypede has backed into the siding, picked up the car standing there, and Rory, already in chase, sees it whisk away through the wuds.

He runs like the wind, wit' straining chest and eyes that jump in their sockets, but only comes in sight again as the switch is closed and a brakeman swings up behint the last car av the thrain on its way to Barlow.

At the switch Rory halts in his thracks; his face grows black and his hands are flung out as though delivering a curse; his throut swells wit' terrible wur-rds! Thin suddenly he raises his right fut and barks his left shin wit' the heel av it. "Bah!" is all he says, and starts down the thrack at a dog-trot, bound for Barlow on wan partic'lar little purpose.

Tinkle Donovan, agint at Shop Station, has locked up for the day and is crossing the platfoorm toward the neighbor's house where she lives, whin something comes down the thrack out av the dusk.

"It is a man," she says—"he is bent over and crouching, and trots like a dog—bad cess!" she ixclaims wit' temper. "I am getting partic'lar in little things." Still she waits to see who crouches and trots like a dog.

"Rory McWinkle!" she says sternly as he comes abreast; but the man only turns toward her a white, dusty face, wit' eyes like glass, and trots past.

"Saints save us!" whispers the girl. "Stark mad he is! He is like a ghost."

"Rory!" she calls in a faint voice—but there is only the pad, pad av flying, stealthy fate in answer.

As Rory rounds the curve he falls to his knees while talking to himsilf: "To hill wit' her! Why was the car set there? Who gave Clancy the order? And why—whin the special broke—why shud a seal break ——" At the yard limits he stumbles and rolls clean over. "'Tis a great burst av spade," he says, trotting. "Why shud wan conducthor—Covey—take the thrain clear through? Why did Covey put dust in the journal for a hot box back yonder? Why shud a piece av silver be left on Clancy's run, as if to give him away? Why! Why! Why!"

In the heart av the yard near Rivets' office, where freight trains are made up for the road, Rory crosses a switch wit'out lifting his fate, and his skull cracks on the ties like a torpedo. Five minutes later he sits up, still talking and houlding his head: "Dom the stars! It is like tripping over the Milky Way. Why"—in a moment he is on his fate wit' a yell—"I know!" he says—"I know! Now run, ye mock-orange—there is yet wan bloodvessel left to burst for the glory av the McWinkles!"

And so, torn and smeared and bruised and bloody, he comes among the thrains already made up for the road, having snatched the white lantern that hangs at the door av the switch-shanty.

The thrains are made up in three long strings, and two ingines are panting and crawling down the roundhouse yard toward thim as Rory goes up and down, reading numbers by the light av his lantern. He trots, wit' only a flash av light upon aich car; but not a number iscapes him till all three thrains are ixamined, and he is back to their cabooses again.

"'Tis ruined we are!" he whines. "They have changed the number!" For niver a moment will he allow that he has been wrong and the car accountant right.

"The car on the siding was siven-two-wan-six," he grinds through his teeth. "'Tis partic'lar ye are in little things, Rory, at laste."

The two ingines couple on to their thrains far ahead, and wance more he begins to trot; now he knows which thrains are going out first by the jangling cars alongside av him.

"Sure," he thinks, "perhaps I can see where they painted wan number over the other—the ould wan may show through. Siven-two-wan ——" He stops, for in front av him is car 721. "Av course they simply painted out the last figure!" he says, and quietly wur-rks out the coupling-pin on the front ind av the car.

"That will give me a few minutes," he says. "The crew will have to get another pin."

There is only wan thing to do during those few minutes. The car is locked wit' padlocks—and Rory strikes a smashing blow wit' the pin.

He hears the shout av "Car-thief!" And a man rushes on him from under the thrain alongside, where he has been dodging back and forth. He strikes Rory and thin grasps his throat; but, as the McWinkle's hands are thrown out in defense the coupling-pin clips the assailant's jaw—and he goes down and out.

Rory houlds the lantern to his face. The man is Flint! And Rory is thinking, "Sure, I have finished the thrainmasther!" whin the other sits up.

Down the track from the dispatcher's office comes the green-and-white lantern av a conducthor; it is too late to smash into the car now, aven if Flint was not there, and the absence av a coupling-pin will only delay the thrain a few moments.

"I have no evidince," howls Rory in despair; "if this car iver gets on the road the game is off! Nobody will pay attintion to what I say and Flint will see that I don't go on this thrain. Ye robbing, cowardly scoundhrel!" he tells Flint to his face. "Why are ye by this partic'lar car at this time? Move, and I'll knock out the partic'lar brains av ye and make wan little thing count in this business."

Thin it occurs to him why Flint is there, and he laughs in a way that is unpleasant to the thrainmasther, who sits staring, half dazed and still.

"If I can only kape Flint from unlocking the car—and hould the thrain at the same time! Wirra, wirra, McWinkle, where are your wits? Here comes the conducthor."

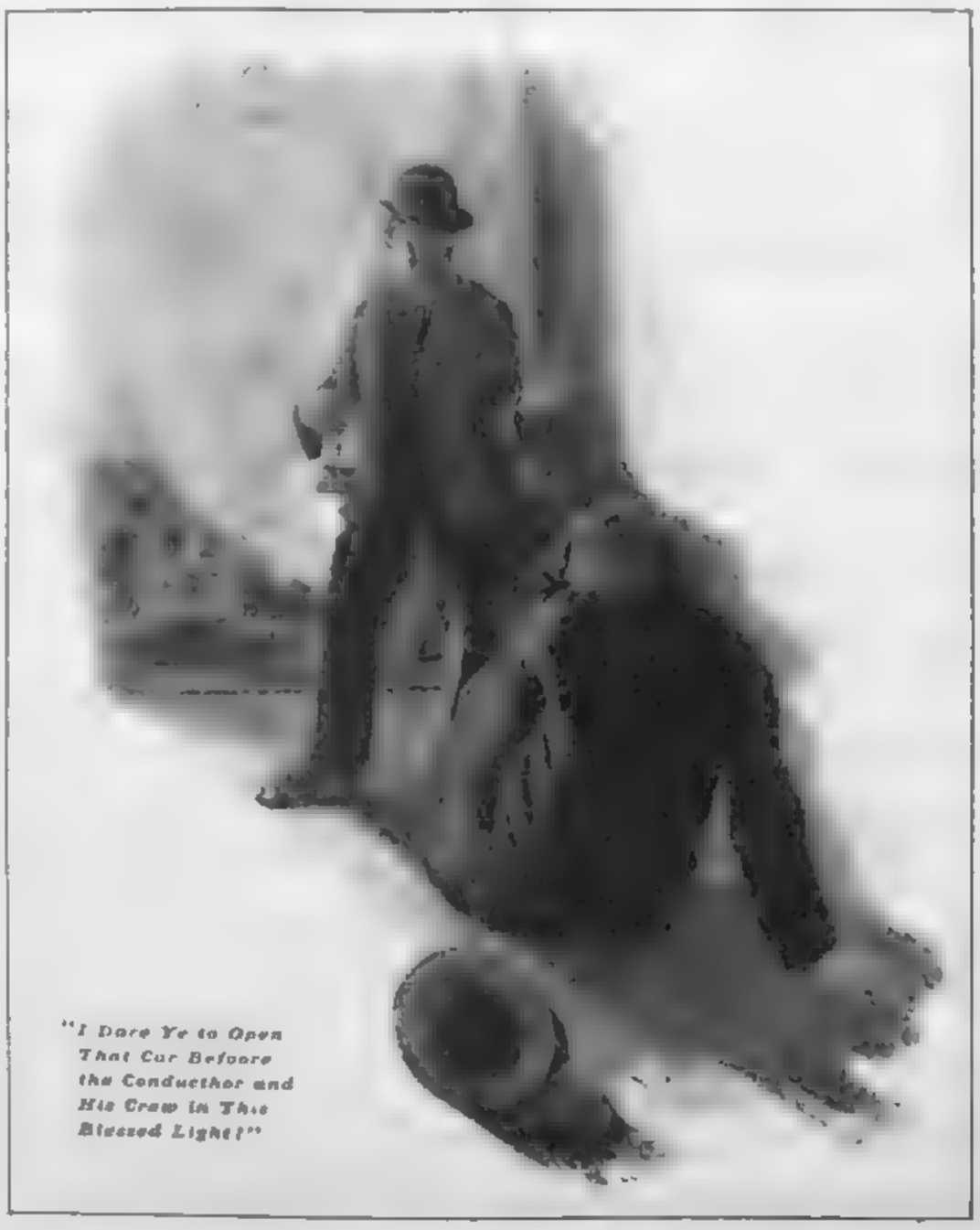
He luks at his watch, and thin, as though his thoughts are scheduled and on time, takes off the globe from the lantern and, throwing open the lids av the journal-boxes, begins lighting the greasy waste.

"I dare ye," he says to Flint—"I dare ye, hould robber, to open that car befoore the conducthor and his crew in this blessed light! Scoundhrel, I have robbed yourself av the black dark, which is the only shelter in all the wur-rld ye will iver find from this day."

He walks up the thrain lighting the boxes till the cry av "Fire!" goes up and he can hear men running toward him. Thin he turns, wit' the yard as light as day, to the spot where Flint has been sitting—but the thrainmasther has vanished, thin and for all time to come.

"I gave him more chance than he gave to Clancy," says Rory.

In the rear office av Misther Rivets sat the United States marshal and his prisoner waiting for the passinger thrain to the city,



"I Dare Ye to Open That Car Befoore the Conducthor and His Crew in This Blessed Light!"

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You can destroy every germ in boiling water and keep your home as sanitary as a hospital.

Use Valspar wherever there is incidental exposure to dampness and water.

Use it in the pantry, kitchen and bathroom—it will postpone re-varnishing and the varnish will remain bright and lustrous.

Use Valspar on all outdoor woodwork; such as front doors, porch furniture, etc.

Use Valspar on the dining-room table—hot tea or coffee won't spot it.

Yes, Valspar does cost more than other varnishes, but re-varnishing costs more than Valspar.

Prices: Gallon Can $4.50; Half-Gallon $2.25; Quart $1.20; Pint 60c.

We authorize every dealer to guarantee that on inside work Valspar will give at least twice the service of any other varnish made for that purpose, and that on outside work it will outlast *any* other varnish, and that it won't turn white. If directions are followed and this doesn't prove true, we will cheerfully refund your money.

TRADE VALENTINES VARNISH MARK

Valentine & Company, 458 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Chicago Boston Toronto *Established 1832* London Paris Amsterdam

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and walking slowly up and down, like a man in affliction, was the gineral sooperintindint himsilf.

Too absorbed was he to notice the light at the windey or hear the cry av "Fire!" outside. Beyant the closed door stands Misther Rory McWinkle in the front office. "Sure, I have no courage to enter at all," he says; "and I must take a wise man's precaution to make mesilf heard before I am thrown out."

Wit' this he opened the door only a crack and, slipping through, locked it on the inside.

"Clancy," he cries in a loud voice, "sure, the car ye switched to Pinetree Siding had the wrong number!" The marshal opens and shuts his hands, and luks from Rory to the windey.

"What, are ye back again to bedivil poor Clancy about that dommed car!" cries Rivets. "It is wild ye make me!" And he prowls at Rory, who shows the key.

"I cannot be put out till the door is unlocked!" he ixplains, and strikes up a kind av banshee's cry. "What is the number av the looted car? Tell thim to answer, Clancy—for the love av Heaven! What's the number—the looted car number?"

The marshal began to notice the man who luks so like himsilf.

"This felley has something treed!" he says. "The number av the looted car," he answers Rory, "is 7216."

"And it wint through to the city?"

"Av coorse—wit' the seal broken."

Rory walked up to Clancy on his toes, luking him in the face wit' an eye av glass. Thin he struck him a staggering blow in the chest.

"Take that!" he says, wit' a yelp av joy. "Clancy, ye are a free man!"

They are amazed and spacheless—all but the marshal.

"Spake out—tell it all! Be quick!" he says in a business tone.

And Rory answers:

"It is a little thing—ye must not mind if I am partic'lar, because I can't help that, ye know. The car Clancy set on the Pinetree Siding was numbered during the night; it was placed on the siding befoore the hour I ginerally take my numbers—but I was early that day. Thin the car accountant said I was mistaken—but I am niver wrong in little things; and whin Clancy tould me av this switch I knew there were two cars on this road numbered 7216. Both av thim were repoorted to the accountant, whin it was intinded only wan shud be; and on the nixt day wan had vanished—being lost on that siding. The other was in the special thrain, which had a hot box by reason av dust thrown on the journal av another car and stopped tin minutes near Pinetree Siding."

"Ye mane they traded cars at the siding!" says the marshal, his eyes brightening. "But what av the seals?"

"They must have pulled out the staples av both doors on the original car—pulled them out bodily with some jack or jimmy. That left the seals free. The impty car had no staples; so they drove in fresh wans through the looped wire av the seals."

"But the parted thrain——"

"The same conducthor and brakeman wint through; they broke the seal, cut the thrain and, after Clancy had picked thim up again, threw off a piece av silver where he had been alone with the car."

"The case is complete; all that is needed is proof," says the marshal grimly. "Only three av the officials knew av the silver shipmint. Who organized a crew into a gang av robbers and put them on that special? Who gave the order to number the car and switch——"

"Why, there cud be only wan man!" answers Rory.

The marshal luked at Rivets, thinking: "Maybe it is conscience that troubles him!"

"Flint!" says Rory.

"Hands off him!" ixclaims the marshal roughly to Rivets. "We'll break or prove this story in thirty minutes by the car on the siding."

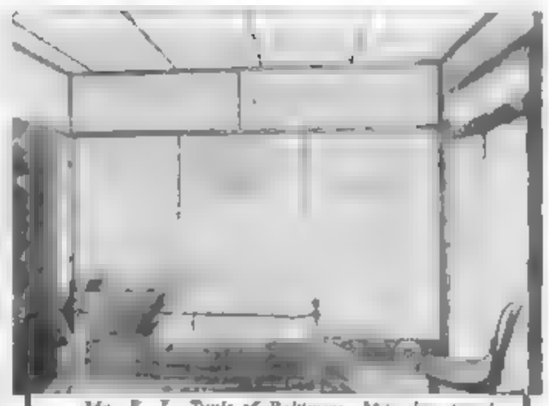
"It was taken out this avening," says Rory. "I saw it go."

Then did the marshal himsilf shake his fists in the air.

"By the powers above! And ye stand here chattering! It might have had some av the silver in it still. Gone, ye dumbhead—and ye let it go wit'out an alarm!"

"I was alarmed," says Rory, remembering the twinkle av steel.

"Bah! Ye luk as if ye had run for mules. We might have nabbed the robbers——"



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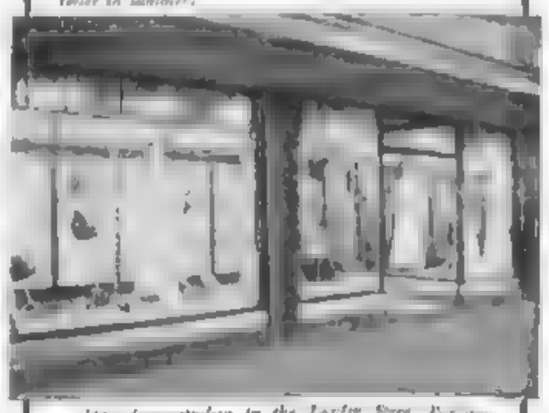
Beaver Board has not only given Mr. J. R. Davis of Oklahoma City, Okla., beautifully designed walls and ceilings, but has made the room warmer in winter and cooler in summer.



[illegible] the window display in the Leader Store, Pueblo, Colorado, suggests one of the many uses of Beaver Board in Commercial buildings.

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INSTEAD, investigate the advantages of Beaver Board for Walls and Ceilings. It will relieve you forever from plaster and of wall-paper, and give you clean, sanitary walls of pure-wood-fibre, the unique pebbled surface of which you can paint in attractive and tasteful colors.

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Beaver Board Walls and Ceilings are made in panels suiting the best modern ideas of interior design. They are economical, easily put up in old or new buildings, keep out heat, cold and sound, save all the delay, litter, trouble and confusion of lath and plaster, lumber or other materials.

Sold by builders' supply, lumber, hardware and paint dealers and decorators in sizes to meet all average requirements.

GENUINE BEAVER BOARD has our registered trade-mark on the back of each panel and sample. It has also a light-cream color all the way through, that comes only by the use of sanitary, durable PURE WOOD FIBRE. Insist on seeing both trade-mark and color before buying.

Write for free illustrated booklet "Beaver Board and Its Uses" and for details of our free designing [illegible] ceiling, estimating, etc.

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BEAVER BOARD

Hotel Food for the Home

Guests at the Post Tavern, Battle Creek, have been enjoying a delicious new food—

Post Tavern Special

This unique blend of wheat, corn and rice makes a distinctive, new flavour, unlike any other cereal. It is now served in many of the best hotels and restaurants, and can easily be made at home—

Whisk it into sharply boiling water and cook 10 to 15 minutes. Serve with cream and sugar—same as hot porridge.

Post Tavern Special is an economical food, put up for home use in cartons and sold by grocers at 10 and 15 cents, except in extreme West.

Tomorrow's Breakfast

Made by Pure Food Factories of

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd Windsor, Ontario, Canada

"The chief wan is locked up." Rory tuk a long luk at their faces; his story was tould and he unlocked the door. Wit'out, he beckoned to the marshal.

"Are ye armed?" he asks.

"I am."

"Thin go in front, so I will not be alarmed again. Another five-mile flight wud be the death av me."

"Come, Clancy," says the marshal, and takes him by the arm; for he is roused by this strange story av Rory's and determined to see it through to the ind.

Rory led the way to the thrains made up for the road, where the blazing waste had been thrown to the ground and the boxes were being packed again.

"Seventy-two-sixteen," he says, pointing to the number; "only the figure six ——"

"Painted out," nods the marshal shortly.

"Order the car broken open!" Rory says to Rivets; and a moment later the lock is smashed, the door flung back, and the marshal calls into the car:

"I am coming in. If you dare to shoot ——" But there is no nade to threaten. A man sullen and fierce-eyed steps befoore them in the doorway, dragging a rifle by the barrel.

"If I had only potted ye back there in the wuds ——" he says. It is Conducthor Covey.

"He manes me," ixplains Rory. "He came down in the car to guard the silver, and here Misther Flint locked the doors so there wud be no intrusion."

"The silver is here," says the marshal, flashing a lantern. Thin he turned on Rory McWinkle with a steady luk; and, goin' close, he struck him a blow in the chest that staggered him. "Ye are right! Clancy is free!" he says in a businesslike way. "Now for Flint!"

But Flint they niver caught; and Rory was glad av it on account av Rivets, who had trusted and liked the man. The brakeman was aftherward captured and convicted with Covey; but the ingineer and fireman who had the special whin the robbery occurred were found not guilty. The evidince av the convicted men proved to a jury's satisfaction that they had compelled the ingine men to act at the point av revolvers, and sworn vengeance if betrayed aftherward. The robbers had also promised some av the spoil, but the jury agreed that a robber's promise was no temptation to crime.

Whin Rivets and the marshal hastened toward the thrainmasther's quarthers the other two men walked back to the room where Clancy had been a prisoner.

Not a solitary wur-rd did they have to say to aich other; but, on entering the rear office, Clancy closed and locked the door and, turning to Rory, cleared his throat. Still he did not spake; and, afther staring a moment, he stooped down and began rummaging in his traveling bag, which had been brought to the office by Rivets himsilf.

Rory, who was much imbarrassed, considered av the distance from the windey to the ground.

"I have locked him in till I cud thank him," reflects Clancy; "but aven if I cud say the wur-rd, which I cannot, he will jump out av the windey."

So he wint on rummaging till he got to the bottom av the bag and carefully drew out an object wrapped in paper.

He fixed Rory wit' his eye while unwrapping the object; and thin he held out an ould tintype av a lady and gintleman sitting in front av a bourding car. A construction gang in the background was quarreling wit' shovels to get into the picture.

He put his thumb on the ould lady and gintleman and nodded, wit' a frown.

"It is Father and Mother Clancy—rist their souls!" said Rory wit' intherest; and thin the ingineer put his thumb on the construction gang.

"The young Sassenach soaking his fri'nd wit' the shovel," whispers Clancy in confidince, "is Barney Rivets—now Misther Gineral Sooperintindint Rivets, av the P. D. Q. Railroad."

"Glory be! He was a hard nut!" says Rory wit' respect. "Faith, 'tis a handsome photygraph. I wud luk at it ivery day."

"I cud not luk at thim this day—till now," says Clancy.

He cleared his throat again; but, as Rory luked at the windey, he only sighed to himsilf and, replacing the tintype, closed the bag and rose wit' it in his hand.

"See how they cut down the bills"

"YES," said he, "and they cut down trouble and bother for you. We would never need to worry about food-trusts if all our provisions were as tasty and nourishing, and such good value for the money as

Campbells' SOUPS

"And such a variety," she added. "Wasn't that Chicken Soup delicious last night?"

"Perfect."

"Tonight we'll have the Ox Tail Soup. I haven't much of a supper."

"That's almost a supper in itself. And you give it to me on the minute, too."

"I buy them by the dozen—assorted; so I'll always have them on hand."

"Good! That's sense. That's business. The very thought of such soups makes me hungry!"

"I have a notion
If all the ocean
Was *Campbell's Soup* to
Sea
I'd feed a host
From coast to coast
With this good pail of
soup"

21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
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Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
	Tomato-Okra Vegetable
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The Shoe for You

Thousands of men and women all of one mind

EVERY day more than seventeen thousand men and women in all civilized lands agree upon a *certain* important point.

They unanimously decide in favor of Walk-Overs because of a prior first-hand inside knowledge of their *worth*.

A shoe that commands a world-wide sale must have *more* than average quality and give *more* than average satisfaction in actual usage.

Then—the many styles and sizes, the way they look and fit and wear, these are the reasons the world is wearing Walk-Overs.

$4.50 and $5.00, standard prices. Other grades down to $3.50 and up to $7.00; and all are *good*.

Exclusive Walk-Over stores or agencies are established throughout the United States and in all the principal cities of the world.

Call at your local Walk-Over dealer's and be fitted in the Walk-Over way.

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY

Manufacturers of Walk-Overs for Men and Women

CAMPELLO (Brockton) Mass.

"Empire" Model

5.00

Thin he spoke out as usual in a hearty way—for a hearty man was Clancy:

"Come on, now, and see me off, Rory—'tis nearly thraintime."

"Clancy, whin I tell ye this time ye are a free man I cud land on your nose instead av the chest av ye!" answers Rory, indignant.

Clancy turned pale, for he saw that his strategy was discovered. "Since ye hint Miss Donovan into it," he says, "I will tell ye that the girl has niver incouraged me ——"

"Thin why did ye come to the station?" asks Rory. "'Twas not that I incouraged ye!"

"And afther what ye have done," declares Clancy, "I will not stay here to annoy ye."

"But ye will stay!" firmly replies the McWinkle; and the two double their fists.

'Tis thin that a low knocking startles thim; and afther a moment they hear the voice av Miss Donovan in the outside office. A callboy has luked in and she is asking him questions.

"She has come all the way to sympathize wit' ye," says Rory. "Go in there, Clancy, and tell her ye are a free man; but do not say I had a hand in this—ye know I am partic'lar in little things."

"Well, I will see her," says Clancy. And wit' that he stalks into the outer office and the girl shakes both his hands.

"The callboy just told me ye were free!" she cries. "Sure, I was heartbroken over it all—and ye so true and ginerous."

But almost in the same insthant she luks about, inquiring:

"And where is Rory? I have heard that a piece av his wrecked handcar was found on the pilot av 76. And I saw him pass like a ghost, Clancy, on the way back. He did not spake—him who was so partic'lar to tell all he knew. His eyes shone like dingy bottles and he trotted on air—Clancy, is he dead or struck dumb wit' the collision?"

"He is here to answer for himsilf," says Clancy. For wan moment he houlds the girl's hands, luking into her face; and thin, relusing them, shoves Rory into the room and shuts the door.

And the girl, wit'out bashfulness or pride, puts her arm about Rory's shoulders.

"'Tis the little things we miss so greatly," she whimpers.

Afther a few moments Rivets himsilf enters the office and stands amazed that they shud talk in such confidince there, with heads so close together.

Thin, with his first shmile for many a day, he congratulates Rory.

"It is true," says Rory, who is still surprised himsilf; "though she niver incouraged me till this minute."

"Ah, 'twas McWinkle that frightened me," says the girl, stepping away from the two men. "This is what happens to me for making fun av the name. Tinkle McWinkle I will be—I knew it from the first.

"Rory," she cries, her hands over her face, "I cannot marry ye"—but seeing the woe av his face betwane her fingers—"today!" she finishes. "And I tuk the man av little things!" she sighs.

Rory, very erect, luks the sooperintindint in the eye.

"I will request that ye reinstate Misther Donovan as conducthor," he says quietly.

"It shall be done tomorry—this insthant!" answers Rivets; and, seeing that Rory asks for nothing else, he goes on: "The P. D. Q. Railroad is grateful to ye, Misther McWinkle, for many little things—and ye will be well remembered in due time."

Tinkle listens as wan in a trance.

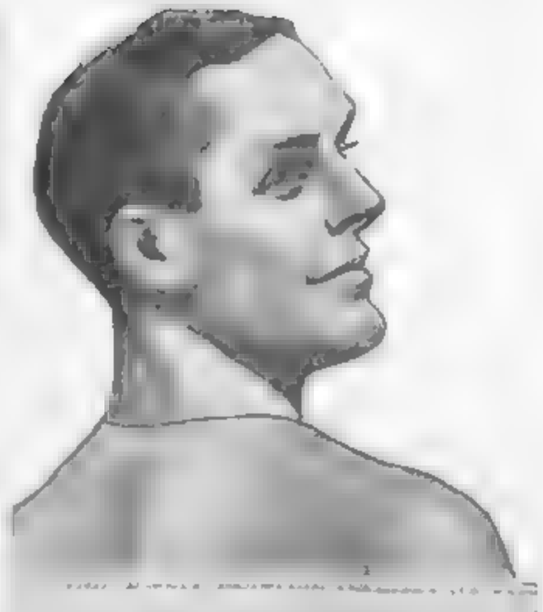
"Wud ye hear the great men praise him for little things!" she says, intirely to hersilf. "I do not agree wit' thim; and yet"—wance more she studies Rory through her fingers—"it may be ixplained. Perhaps he treats the big things as little wans and is a great man himsilf!"

As Clancy comes out av the rear office Rory trimbles, for he carries the bag in his hand; but the ingineer gives his good wishes heartily to the couple.

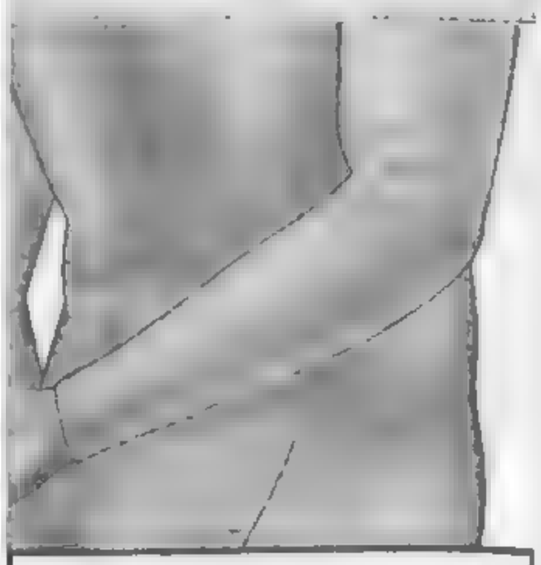
"I will be at the wedding," he says; "and many's the good time we'll have aftherward in memory of Shop Station. Now I am going home to slape off the hoodoo av the Silver Special."

"Clancy is a man av high character," says Rivets, luking afther him.

"He is a man av bravery," reflects Rory, "and by wan big stroke has won more glory than I can wit' all my life summed up



STEPHENSON UNDERWEAR MILLS (STALEY BRAND) SOUTH BEND, IND.



HUNDREDS of men are miserable and irritable from Underwear discomfort—and don't know what ails them.

Stephenson Underwear banishes the grouch, and brings calm comfort. It fits—that's why. Fits because it's made man-shaped. *Elastic*—but it does not draw. *Full*—but it does not bulge.

And its shape *remains*.

Stephenson Underwear

(STALEY BRAND)

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Our Double Spring Needle Knit lightweight worsted mixtures for fall are chill-proof, and give surprising protection from severe weather outside—yet do not cause perspiration in even heated rooms. Many men of indoor occupations wear these light worsteds all Winter long.

These elastic knit worsted fabrics are fine like the imported qualities, and are very moderate in cost. Ask the dealer you'd suspect of handling the best.

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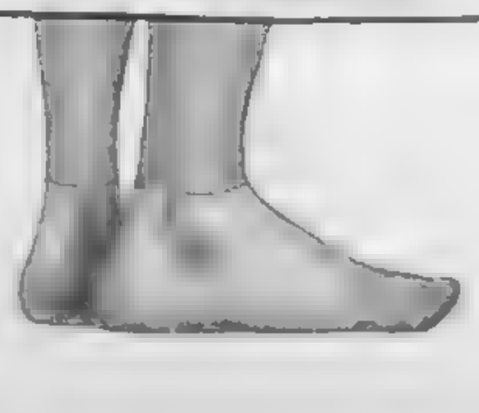

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

Two Questions

Four-fifths of the whole tire question, among standard tires, centers around these queries. On your answer depends, under average conditions, half your tire expense.

Do You Want Tires That Rim-Cut ?

With clincher tires—the hooked-base tires—one must always risk these rim-cuts.

Such tires, when punctured and run flat, may rim-cut in a moment. And under-inflation may lead to rim-cutting. This has never been avoided, and can never be avoided, with the old-type tires.

Our latest statistics, covering most makes of clinchers, show that 23 per cent of all ruined tires are rim-cut. Our own experience with Goodyear clinchers confirms this general average. And rim-cut ruin is beyond repair.

So tire users must suffer that worry and expense—that utter waste—else buy new-type tires.

The New Type

The new type means our patent tire—the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

Rim-cutting with this type is simply impossible. It has never occurred on one tire of this type. It never can occur.

So this tire expense can be wiped out forever by simply adopting No-Rim-Cut tires. And that means an average saving of 23 per cent.

Do You Want Them Just Rated Size ?

Tires of rated size will prove all right if the tire size is sufficient.

But most tires are overloaded. Sometimes by extras added to the car, sometimes by over-weight passengers. Blow-outs are largely due to this overloading.

Every 5 per cent which you add to the tire load deducts 15 per cent, it is estimated, from the tire mileage.

This being so, every 5 per cent which you add to the tire size should add 15 per cent to the mileage.

10 Per Cent Oversize

No-Rim-Cut tires, to meet these conditions, are made 10 per cent over the rated size. That means 10 per cent more air, 10 per cent added carrying capacity. And that will add, under average conditions, at least 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

Add these savings together—23 plus 25 per cent. That means about half of one's tire expense. And they are not theoretical savings. Legions of tire users have already proved them—proved them tens of thousands of times. The average is pretty sure.

200,000 Men Say No

Perhaps 200,000 motor car owners now use Goodyear tires. And the number is growing faster than we can supply them.

The users have multiplied twelve times over within the past three years. They double now once in eight months.

It requires over 100,000 tires monthly to supply the demand for these premier tires. No other tire has ever commanded anywhere near that sale.

This is largely due to a growing rebellion. Men have rebelled against rim-cutting—rebelled against skimpy tires.

The 13-Year Tire

Goodyear tires are the final result of 13 years spent in tire making.

For years we have used a tire-testing machine to guide us in the making. Hundreds of tires have been worn out in our factory under all sorts of road conditions.

Thus we have compared about 240 formulas and fabrics. We have compared every method and process—compared rival tires with our own. After all these years, all the actual tests, we have brought Goodyear tires pretty close to perfection.

Back of our special features lies a quality which has never been excelled.

How We Do It

You will ask how tires of this quality, and oversize tires, can be built at the Goodyear prices.

The answer lies in our margin of profit. Last year it averaged 8½ per cent.

Our output is the largest in the world. All our machinery is up-to-date. So our costs are reduced to the minimum.

We have modest capitalization—no water in our stock—no bonded debt.

And our earnings are divided among an output of 100,000 tires monthly.

Thus tires that can't rim-cut—oversize tires—tires of the maximum quality—are sold at the Goodyear prices.

The Goodyear Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

Goodyear pneumatic tires are guaranteed when filled with air at the recommended pressure. When filled with any substitute for air our guarantee is withdrawn.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
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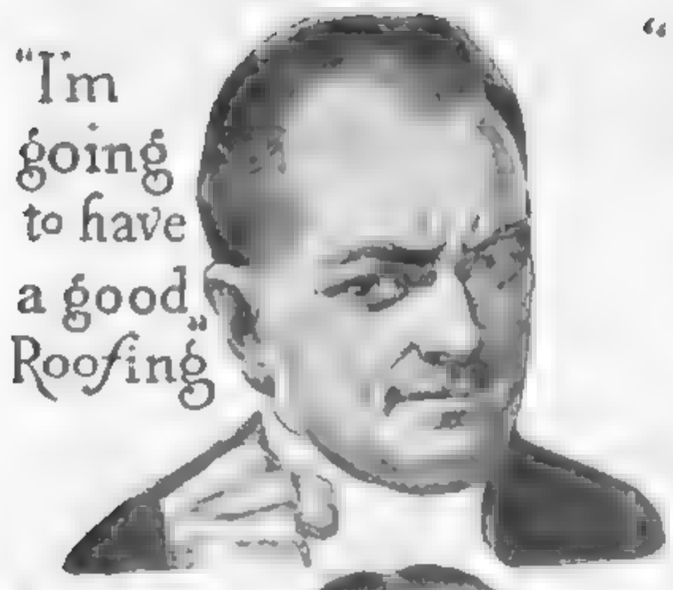

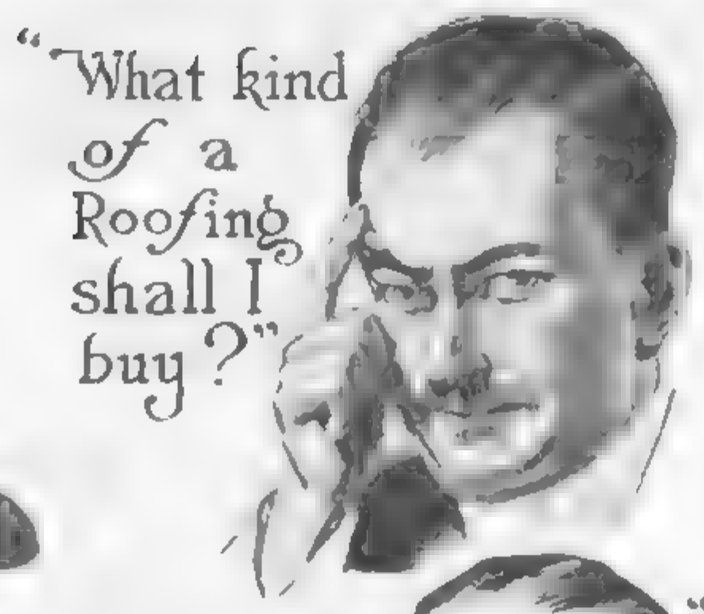

"The Certain-teed Guarantee is thoroughly dependable and is better than any test you can make"

THE faces above tell a true story. The owner of a ***Certain-teed*** Rubber Roof can afford to wear a smile because he has bought a *better* roof for *less* money.

Certain-teed Rubber Roofing

Quality Certified *Shingles or Rolls* **Durability Guaranteed**

In selecting a roof covering bear in mind Quality, Durability and Price.

Certain-teed Rubber Roofing is made only of the best materials. In the General's laboratories trained chemists make hourly tests of all materials used, insuring a uniform, high-grade quality at all times.

The user of modern, ready-to-lay ***Certain-teed*** Rubber Roofing need not worry about durability—the manufacturer backs his product with a written 15-year guarantee.

The "General" Says:

"Roofs don't wear out, they dry out. Don't buy roofing by the smell, taste, bending or tearing it—or any other fool test—let me tell you a better, safer way.

"I have originated a method of standardizing quality and value by putting a ***Certain-teed*** label on every roll. ***Certain-teed*** Roofing is guaranteed not to dry out and the ***Certain-teed*** Guarantee is thoroughly dependable and is better than any test you can make.

"This is just my way of protecting you, and makes it possible for you to get roofing with the quality certified and the durability guaranteed. It prevents you from buying inferior roofings and thinking they are the best."

If your lumber, hardware or building material dealer does not happen to handle ***Certain-teed*** Rubber Roofing, send us his name and we will tell you where you can get ***Certain-teed*** Roofing—or better still we'll arrange for your own dealer to supply you.

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General Roofing
U. S. A.'s Largest manufacturer of Roofing and Building Paper

OUT-OF-DOORS

Your Airship—How and Why it Flies

EVERY man familiar with his country's literature must know something of the ancient ballad concerning the good lumber scow Jules la Plante, which once upon a time "bust up" on Lac St. Pierre "wan arpent from the shore." Especially is there to be borne in mind the heroic conduct of the captain of whom the saga goes on to state: "The captain took the life preserve' an' go jomp on the lake; an' say, 'Goodby, my Rosa dear—I go die for your sake!'"

It is not all of us who can own a lumber scow or save the life of the chambermaid by lashing her to the mast. Still, the days of heroism are by no means past, for we still have the airship in our midst. Whether or not aviation has come to stay, it certainly has come to pass. The profession does not make the life-insurance man enthusiastic, but chorus ladies are crazy over it. Chorus ladies marry rich young society men. Now guess who gets the money, and why!

Whether or not you chance to be a rich young society man, you no doubt have wanted to fly—or, at least, you have told everybody you did and declared you would if you ever got a chance—business here of crossing fingers, and making the mental reservation that the operator must be competent and the machine wholly reliable. It certainly is fascinating to see a chap sailing along several hundred meters high—not yards, but meters—especially when you reflect that he is taking down perhaps a thousand dollars a day, and knows that when he comes down the girls are going to fall over themselves in the rush to shake his strong right hand.

What the Wind Will Do

If you are bound to be a hero, or if you need the money and hence resolve to be an aviator, or even if you conclude to remain merely a spectator, it is well enough to know something about the underlying principles of the flying machine, so that you can speak learnedly about it whenever you have people ready to listen while you tell them you are going up some day—if you can find a competent operator and a thoroughly reliable machine. Very likely most of the men who do practical aviation work are mechanicians rather than geometricians. They have empirically discovered that the thing will go up sometimes and stay up sometimes. Most of them go into the business just as calmly as the drivers into automobile races or as the fast men in the bicycle-racing days.

So far as exact knowledge is concerned, the practitioners of the art of flying are about as well off as the scientists who developed it, for there are many phenomena in flying in regard to which authorities do not fully agree. Any sort of analysis of the art, therefore, will be most useful if it confine itself to things regarding which most of the scientists do agree.

Whether or not you ever studied physics or geometry, you know that in case you tie two different strings to a movable body and pull on both the strings at once, the body will move on a line somewhere between the two strings, its course being the resultant of the two forces applied. If the two forces be equal the line of movement will be halfway between the two. You also know, even if you never heard of the equality of the angles of incidence and reflection, that when you fly a kite it rises against the wind because you hold it with a string. That is a very good instance of the composite or resultant.

Suppose one of the applied forces came from behind the kite: none the less it would be a force, and there would still be progress along the line of the resultant. Now the engine of the airship supplies that force. As to the theory of the flying-machine's planes, you can get some notion of it if you try to carry a big picture, a sheet of glass or a wide board in a heavy wind. If you keep the edge into the wind it carries easily, but when it swings sidewise it pulls. Set a straw hat at a slight angle to the wind and it flies. Tilt any flat surface against the wind and hold it there, and it tends to go upward. The wind tries all the time to blow that flat surface back; and if it is held so that it cannot be blown back it tries to get away, and hence goes upward.

Birds rise against the wind, setting their planes at just the right angle. Their power is applied by their muscles, their hearts are their engines, and their fuel is food. The aviator generates power by means of gasoline. He sets his wings at such an angle as shall give him advantage of the law of the resultant. He may fly without ever knowing that the angle at which the wind strikes his plane is the same as that at which it was thrown off, and that his upthrust is on a line bisecting that angle. He wonders more about the gate money than the upthrust.

The flying machine of today is the result of much practical experiment, and it does not quite follow out all the theories its builders had even a few years ago as to shapes of wings, and so on. At first it was thought that the wing must be curved like that of a bird, because it could be proved by experiment that a curved or humped wing would lift more than a flat one. It was in the course of experiments as to curve of wing, however, that a very useful fact was discovered—namely, that a long entering line of the plane gave it a good bite or lift. You will notice that an airship looks very wide across when you look at it from the front, and carries the long dimension of its wings forward in order to enter and grip the air firmly.

Scientists used to figure that the airship rose by compressing the air under it; and once they thought—or some of them thought—there was a sort of a vacuum above the plane, at least above the curved plane, the wind running up above its surface like water striking the edge of a curved board. No less a scientist than Sir Hiram Maxim said that the air did no such thing as this, but flowed along the plane at the top and bottom alike, the carrying power shown being the resultant of the forces applied along the two planes. Then came a gentleman by the name of Mr. Weiss, who, so to speak, threw the hooks into Sir Hiram by means of a simple experiment. He took a strip of paper and bent it into a sort of hinge at one end. He found that when he blew along the top of this piece of paper the hinged end would stand straight up; but when he blew along the lower side of the paper the hinged part would wobble and fall down, and not stand up so rigidly as under the application of the same amount of air on the upper surface of the paper.

The Dispute About the Vacuum

Then he used a blower with smoke in it, so he could mark the direction the air took; and this showed him the same result. It is quite likely that the air does something, but no one seems to know just what. Perhaps there is or is not a vacuum on top of the upper planes. It does not make much real difference to the aviator provided the ship just flies. If you are up in the air a couple of miles thinking of the loved ones at home you are very likely too busy to care much whether your planes have a pterygoid or an apteroid aspect—though these are fine words to use in the parlor.

All the time the aviator is simply playing the boy's game of kite-flying, except that he goes up with the kite and uses an engine instead of a string. He knows that his engine must be stronger than the wind. If the wind were twenty miles an hour and the engine were driven at just the same speed, the machine would go up, but not forward. If the wind against it were increased ten miles an hour the ship would drift backward ten miles an hour. If the engine increased its speed ten miles an hour the ship would advance ten miles an hour. If the aviator turned and went down wind, the latter having a velocity of thirty miles an hour, his engine still at thirty miles an hour, he would advance at sixty miles an hour, and at a less speed would begin to drop. His airspeed must be in excess of the speed of the wind. Now no one can tell with exactness just what the speed of the wind is going to be a mile or so up in the air. Moreover, there are "holes in the air," as the aviator phrases it. The substance of the air is not uniform and the velocity of the wind is not constant.

In view even of these approximately accurate statements it is plain that the man who flies must have under him a constant

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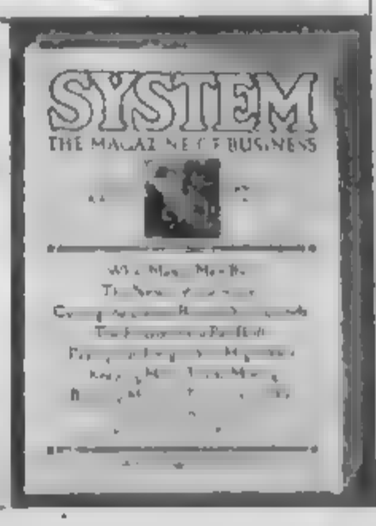

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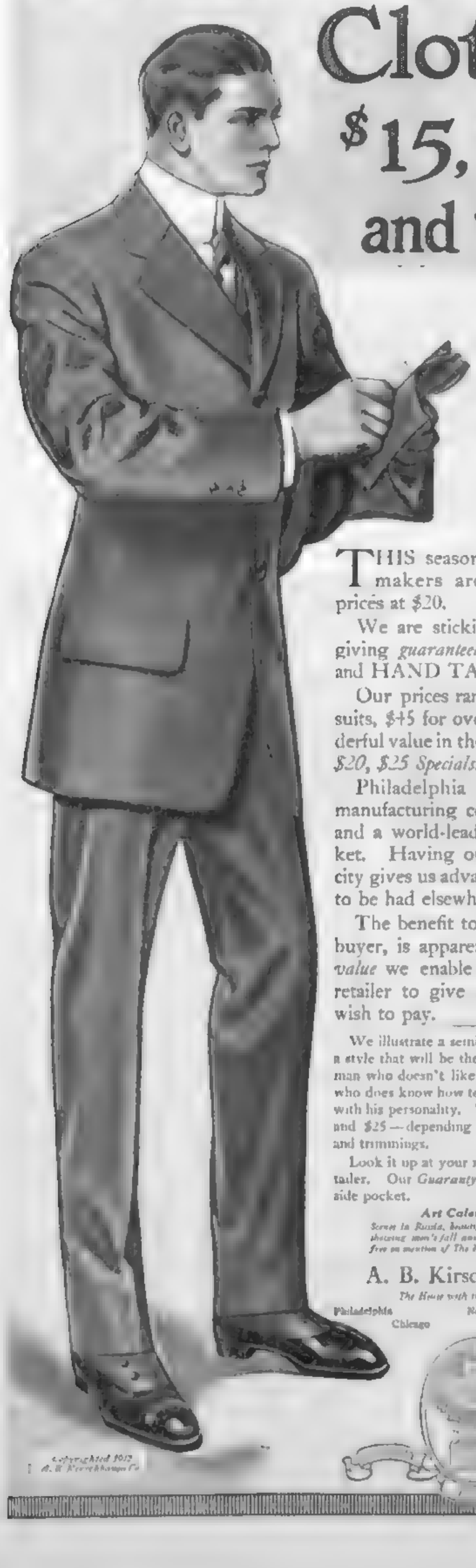

THIS season, many clothes-makers are starting their prices at $20.

We are sticking to $15—and giving *guaranteed* ALL WOOL and HAND TAILORING.

Our prices range up to $35 for suits, $45 for overcoats, with wonderful value in the *Kirschbaum $15, $20, $25 Specials.*

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We illustrate a semi-conservative model—a style that will be the choice of the forceful man who doesn't like spread-eagle dress but who does know how to harmonize his clothes with his personality. This model at $15, $20 and $25—depending on selection of fabric and trimmings.

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power capable of being turned on in excess of the wind-speed; also, he must be able to vary the angle of impact of the planes. The nearer automatically he can do this latter, the better for him. The bicycle rider taking the bank of a curve leans inside. The horseman unconsciously balances as he rides. Quite often the aviator sits in a sort of frame, so that the instinctive balancing of his body against the supports gives him steerage in the proper direction. His control of the damper, or elevation plane, is directly in front of him. His power supply is controlled by his hand. Even his feet are useful. The more he gets to be a part of his great and somewhat intricate machine, the more he feels it and thinks it and is it, so much the more he approximates the bird, and hence the longer he is apt to stay in the flying game. Physically he should be sound, especially as to the heart. It is a weak heart that makes one dizzy at great heights; but, singularly enough, one is less apt to be dizzy in flying than in mountain climbing. Of course nothing but practice can assure this almost automatic attunement of the man to the machine. Some take it on quicker than others.

It is not the case, however, that the aviator depends necessarily or always on his balancing instinct. In the Wright biplane, for instance, he controls his courses by the use of three levers, and he is taught to rely on his brain and not on his instinct. It soon becomes second nature for him to pull a lever instead of leaning against a frame. He still feels and thinks himself a part of the machine.

There is always an air current for the aviator, no matter which way he is going—against, across or down the wind—if his actual air-speed is the same. Air-speed is different from ground-speed and is a relative thing. As one writer explains, it is as though you were walking on the deck of an advancing ship and passing some object on the shore. If you walk forward you add your speed to that of the ship and pass the object faster. If you walk astern you take your speed from that of the ship and pass the object more slowly. If you walk squarely across the ship the two speeds are neutralized. Now the ship's place in actual aviation is taken by the advancing air-mass on or in which the machine is passing. The airship's air-speed must exceed the speed of the wind, but the wind-speed may add to or lessen the ground-speed of the airship. All of which is useless information to the practical bicyclist, automobilist or aeroplaner who is content with results.

Learning From the Eagle

Almost any kind of racer knows that, as speed increases, less motion need be given to the steering bars. Yet each machine has its own flying angle, its individual adjustment of angles, lift and power, the one with the other. Your planes lift by crowding down and compressing the mass of air; but if you turn your plane too strongly against the face of the wind, of course you cut down speed. Of course, too, it takes more power to drive agninst the air when the plane is set at too stiff an angle. In theory the builder strives to get approximately the right set of his planes. In practice the operator feels his machine all the time, as the rider does his horse. He works his horizontal damper, or rudder plane, to just that point where he can get speed and direction and lift out of his ship. If the planes enter at a slight angle he must go at a greater speed; so he turns on more power.

All these little things are learned by aviators who survive long enough to tell how they did it. It looks easy, but the aviator has much to keep him from being a victim of ennui while up in the air. Sometime he will have yet more. One of these days, not content with the warping edges, or ailerons, of his planes, some man is going to try to make a wing that will expand or collapse like that of a bird, and be under the control of the man while actually in flight. When an eagle drops down through the air after a fishhawk he folds his wings. A bird, however, has its ailerons under rather better control than airship-builders have their planes at date.

When the pupil has learned something of the theory and practice of flying, has got the idea of relative speeds and some notion of the resultant of forces; when he has gained a mechanician's knowledge of his engine, his rudder, his planes, dampers and ailerons; when he has caught the hang of automatic balance and guidance, he may find himself far aloft some day in an element where perhaps he is not yet sure he belongs. His progress to the observer seems smooth; to the aviator himself it does not seem like an oily glide, but a series of little bumps. He finds the air is corrugated and sometimes worse than corrugated. He has no opportunity to rest, for he finds that the air has strange holes and chutes in it which cannot be seen or predicted and are hard even to explain. These holes in the air constitute the greatest danger in aviation.

Perhaps sometimes, when running a strong and bad river in a canoe, you have felt a boil come up from below, striking the boat with a blow like that of a hammer. Then that boil or surge may disappear for quite a time before it comes up again. No doubt it was caused by the current striking some rock deep down in heavy water, and rolling backward and upward to the surface. Now it is something of that sort that seems to take place in the air sometimes.

Suppose there is a steady, level wind going against the face of a steep hill. The air current slants along the front and over the top, its force not wholly broken. Now if that cliff is very steep—say, perpendicular—the wind does not readily adjust itself when it rises up to the top edge of the vertical surface. You can best represent the course of the wind over the top of such a cliff not as a series of continuing straight lines but as a series of curly lines. And right on the front edge of the clifftop there is a sort of dead place, an approximate vacuum, where there is less carrying power to the air—just as there is less carrying power to white than there is to smooth water.

A Dangerous Descent

We do not know all about this vacuum business yet—if we did we could better understand the work of the cyclone, which is simply a great vacuum cleaner. The aviator is content to know that these holes in the air, caused by currents against actual physical objects or against denser masses of air, do exist. When he strikes one his machine sinks—has less freeboard, so to speak; so continually he must readjust his speed, power and elevation angles as he meets these changes in his carrying medium. The result is that the airlanes have a sort of corduroy effect—sometimes even drops or jolts. The aviator some distance up in the air has a wider circle of selection and more time to get under control.

It is an exciting and beautiful thing to see an aviator come down in a splendid spiral. It looks easy. Let us consider some of the things he must be doing—even when he is allowing the force of gravity largely to take the place of his own original motive power:

All the time he must remember that his center of gravity—which should coincide with his center of pressure—is shifting with the increase or decrease of his speed. This dangerous shifting he controls by his ailerons, his warp, his rudder or elevator. He must turn her nose down, and yet must take the airbanks of his curve with a drag on one side, as in boat-steering. Again he must figure, unconsciously but none the less surely, on the momentum of his machine, which all the time has a tendency to fly not in a circle but off at a tangent from the edge of that circle. This centrifugal force must be very great, for the machine weighs several hundred pounds and its momentum is the result of its velocity into its weight. And the aviator must have velocity in excess of air-speed. Unless you have a little power applied to paddle or oar you cannot steer a boat in a current, but simply drift. In the case of the airship drift means drop. If you allow gravity to furnish your power and work against it by the angles of your planes you must nicely adjust them so that the resultant of your power does not spell a sudden jolt when you come to earth.

Therefore theory takes a back seat to the mechanical problems when your aviator comes spirally down or when he takes a quick horizontal turn. All the control of that tremendous centrifugal thrust of the heavy machine means strain against a thin fabric of drawn wire and spun linen or silk. If the fabric fails under the strain there is an accident. Moreover, under the aviator there must be throbbing evenly the heart of that most capricious instrument of man, the gasoline engine. That gone, steerageway gone, gravity begins unresisted. Drift begins, which in terms of the air means drop.

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WE could easily imagine our Mayflower ancestors freezing to death in winter in the Wayne Knit Hosiery of today.

And conversely, we of today would be the most uncomfortable mortals on earth had we to wear the thick, hot, coarse sox and stockings of former times.

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America leads the world in chocolate eating. *Whitman's* leads in chocolate making—in the blending and working, mixing and flavoring which enhance the value of the ingredients many fold.

Take these four *Whitman* packages for your proof. They are each distinct, individual, each package always the same—

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Nut-centre and hard-centre chocolates. Unquestionably the most widely distributed and most favored dollar chocolate in the world. In half-pound to five-pound packages.

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Marking the 70th anniversary of the house of Whitman's with a modern improvement in bitter sweet chocolates fashioned after the favorite old style. In pound and two-pound packages, at 80c a pound.

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Candy as sweet and pure as honey in the comb, in a box as beautiful as a bouquet. Designed as a gift package, with sentiment expressed in it. One-pound and two-pound boxes at $1.00 a pound.

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An old style Sampler suggested the wrapper. Inside is a demonstration of ten famous Whitman's assortments. One-pound size only, $1.00.

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Seventy other packages, chocolates and confections to suit every taste and pocketbook, are sold by your local agent. He gets them direct from us. He will replace any package damaged by extreme heat, or in any way imperfect.

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Makers of INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE and MARSHMALLOW WHIP

THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN GOAT

(Continued from Page 19)

Through that vast cavern of joy-rocking, band-quaking,
Followed a season of Marathon hand-shaking;
Thousands of Misters and hundreds of Madams
Thronged to the platform—"By George, here's Jane Addams!"
Cried Ted, "Here's to Suffrage!" A cheer soared aloof
And the Lady of Hull House near brought down the roof.
Blue joining Gray
Vets of the war
Gave a hooray
For a common T. R.;
And G. A. R. fifes, while bandannas waved redly,
Played Marchin' Through Dixie—a Moose-loving medley;
And two cullud delegates—objects of pity
Because of the way they'd been snubbed in committee—
Came in for a handclasp and felt so relieved
That they blushed jetty black at the honor received.
A pause.
Stop! Look!
By the laws
Of the book
And the cause
Unforsook
T. R. lifts his fist in a gesture we know
And smites his left palm a most shattering blow.
The press section gapes,
Every pencil in air,
The photographer apes
Through their cameras glare,
The noise dies to murmurs and fades like a wraith,
For hark! He's begun his Confession of Faith.

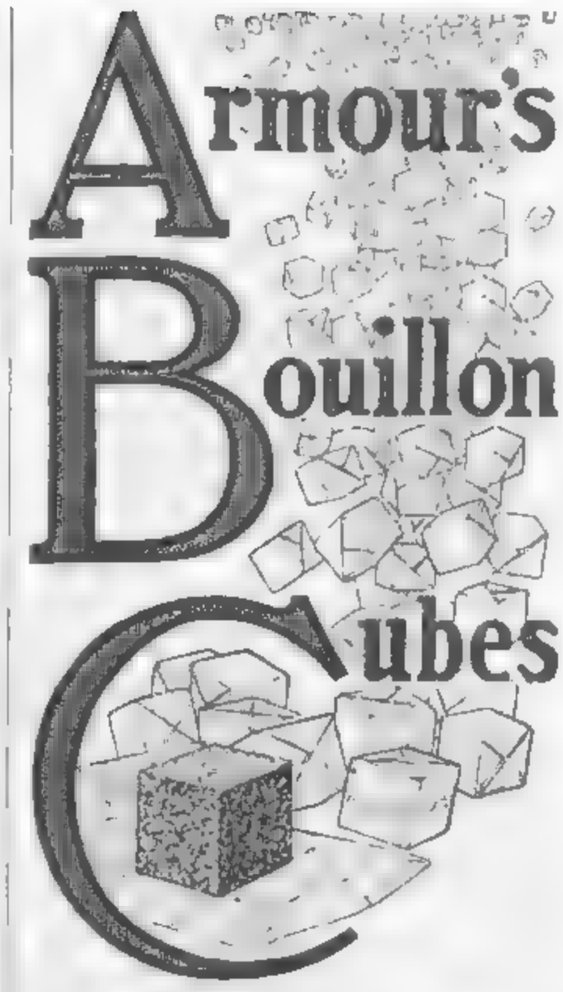
A little lighter hustle
For the man behind the muscle,
A little squarer dealing from the man on top.
A little legislation
For more honest Conservation
With a way to curb the pirates when the law says "Stop!"
A little chance to call down
Any Judge whose morals fall down
Till he fags for Private Interest and buncoes General Pub.
A little scheme perfected
So officials, when elected
By the People, can't be toadies to the Rich Man's Club.
A little demonstration
For a Workmen's Compensation,
Likewise an Old-Age Pension and an Eight-Hour Day.
Some straight suggestions giving,
Ways to shrink the cost of living,
And a boost for woman's suffrage—girls, don't faint away!
Graft must quit its lofty steeple—
"We've a contract with the people"—
Let us cease to pay the piper while the bosses sing!
We defy the bitter thunder
Of the powers that prey and plunder,
We must face the noisome caverns of corruption's hordes abhorred.
Let the drums of carnage rattle,
We are in a man-size battle—
"For we stand at Armageddon and we battle for the Lord!"

So did Theodore's Confession
Ring like steel across the session,
Till a grand "Amen" came rolling from the Spirit of the Times.
But the Bosses, standing gooseflesh,
Hiding from the horde of Mooseflesh,
Gulped: "We knew he'd go and do it—
Teddy has confessed his crimes!"
But the smiling Bird of Freedom
In the voice of H. B. Needham
Screamed: "There's lots o' things hurt
Penrose which are good enough for me."

IV—OBSERVATIONS ON THE NOMINATION OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Was it unanimous? Truly, my friend.
If a cyclone removing a feather, beam end.
Or a thousand of brick falling off of a house
Or a 'leven-foot lion devouring a mouse
Are said to be rashly unanimous feats.
Then the choosing of Theodore certainly beats
All previous records by ninety per cent.

Armour's Bouillon Cubes



Let Us Treat You To A Cup of Bouillon

Beef or Chicken Flavor

Send us your name and address on a postal and we will forward you, by return mail, free samples of **Armour's Bouillon Cubes.**

They will introduce you to the best bouillon you ever tasted—

And the bouillon that is easiest and quickest made

One cube in a cup of boiling water, and ready to drink

Some of the "A-B-C".

How many other people (both men and women lovers of outdoor sports—everyone who works hard or plays hard needs Armour's Bouillon Cubes.

Does give rest and refreshment to the tired and nervous, provide a convenient way to entertain for company—make the best bouillon at or between meals.

30c for a convenient tin box of 12, either flavor; also packed in tin boxes of 50 and 100. Ask for Armour's Bouillon at fountain.

We will send you, with the free samples, the current issue of Armour's Monthly Cook Book, edited by thousands of women, on how to cut the high cost of living.

Over $500 given in prizes each month.

Remember, samples and cook book are free for your name and the name of your dealer on a postal. Better write one today.

ARMOUR & COMPANY
Dept. 187 Chicago

MOST varnish problems can be solved simply by selecting one of the following Berry Brothers' Varnishes. The trade-mark label is the same on all of them—with the name of each kind shown at the top.

Liquid Granite—For finishing floors in the most durable manner possible. There is no substitute.

Wood Luxeberry Finish—For the finest rubbed (dull) or polished finish on interior woodwork.

Elastic Interior Finish—For interior woodwork exposed to severe wear, or action of soap and water.

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THE selection of the varnish is always worth your personal attention.

If you are as wise in your choice as Berry Brothers' users are, you will get a large return in economy and permanent satisfaction.

BERRY BROTHERS' VARNISHES

Don't think one floor, or the woodwork of one room, or the refinishing of the front door too small a job to pay for the extra trouble it may take to say and get "Berry Brothers."

For any job you can always afford to use Berry Brothers' Varnish. It costs just as much in labor to apply cheaper varnish as it does Berry Brothers'—and labor is two-thirds of the cost. Cheaper varnishes bring the labor-cost around years earlier on the refinishing.

Any dealer or painter can supply Berry Brothers' Varnishes. If you have any difficulty in finding them write us and get the name of a dealer who believes in Berry Brothers' standards of quality.

Send for free booklet, "Choosing Your Varnish Maker."

Berry Brothers, Ltd.

Factories:
DETROIT, MICH. WALKERVILLE, ONT.

There rose up to mention the Oyster Bay gent
An enthusiastical,
Warm, Prendergastical
Voice. The ovation was super-gymnastical.
Texas, New Hampshire and hot Arizona
Circled around like the waters of Mona;
Portraits of Uno Who dropped from the gallery,
Men yelled for motives more lofty than salary.
Prendergast shouted: "I nominate Teddy!"
Everett Colby
Blew off his soul by
Shouting: "Hurrah! He's elected already!"
And when Mr. Beveridge put it to vote
A broadside of "Ayes" burst from every throat.
From every throat, did I say? The truth sordid
Compels me to mention one vote unrecorded.
His name it was Jack Johnson Jones—he was black—
And he started to register "No"—when, alack!
He sank to the cushions, his protest unsaid,
For a Tennessee alternate sat on his head.

The tumult and shouting sure died a slow death.
In an hour, when they stopped to recover their breath,
Then Beveridge, cocking an eye to the sky,
Asked: "Who's for Vice-President?"
Thunders of "Hi!"
Then sixty-eight delegates leapt to their feet
With speeches for Johnson. I need not repeat
The send-offs of Lindsey and Garfield and Flinn
That boosted the Big Californian in.
Up on the platform they lifted their Hiram,
Who shook hands with Teddy, intent to inspire 'em.
T. R. made one speech, H. J. another,
While even Doc Cannon, the Little Black Brother—
Though the Party had offered the Cuffud Man slight hope—
Yet joined in a cheer for the Golden West White Hope.

So the Moose stamped away when they moved to adjourn;
Their courage flamed high, for they had it to burn.
But a certain Conservative, coolly as ice,
Beholding them boost Mr. Johnson for Vice,
Said: "He'll wreck the New Party, the radical rummy;
He's unfit for the job—he's not even a dummy!"

V—AN OBVIOUS STEAL FROM MR. KIPLING

When the last word is spoken,
When the last dog is hung,
When the last promise broken
Drops from the Senate's tongue,
Still shall the Faithful mention
Over Progressive feasts
How the Bull-Moose Convention
Bucked at the Jungle Beasts.

Krishna! but that was hunting!
Gymkhana! but that was great!
The Honest Truth wore bunting
And came as a delegate.
The Moose trailed over the wet stones
On to the stamping-ground;
They had sharpened their horns with whetstones
And their south-paw hoofs were sound.

For the bully Big Moose had spoken,
Pawing the earth in scorn:
"The Law of the Hunt is broken,
Tribes of the Branching Horn.
For the forest fattens with treason,
The gray wolves lurk in the shade,
And the hunters out of their season
Slay us with poison blades.

"Come, brothers, us for a ticket
To the scene of the Big Pow-Wow!
Stalk forth, each Bull, from the thicket,
Each bringing his Suffrage Cow.
Blood in our eyes, confronting
The beasts of the Jungle Zoo—
Gymkhana! but this shall be hunting
When the Call of the Wild is 'Moo!'"

IS THE glance of admiration which you direct at a clear, fresh, wholesome complexion entirely one of admiration?

Doesn't just a little envy creep into your feelings? No need for envy; need only for Pompeian Massage Cream.

POMPEIAN
Massage Cream

Take a pinch of Pompeian; rub it on your moistened face and well into the pores. A few moments of massaging—and lo! out comes the dirt-laden cream, much discolored by the pore-dirt gathered up. You never suspected that so much deadly dirt could stay in your skin.

"When first I used Pompeian," wrote an enthusiastic user, "I was as astonished as at my first turkish bath." The pore-dirt that comes out will astonish you too. Ordinary face creams can't thus cleanse the pores completely clean.

Good looks come from skin health. Pompeian keeps the pores clean and thus promotes skin health. Resolve today to begin to preserve or promote your looks. "Don't envy a good complexion, use Pompeian and have one."

Important. You won't be long in doubt what you got on your face. Do you realize why a cheaply priced imitation of Pompeian is offered? Because it cost the dealer less. He makes more at your expense. Get the original and standard *massage* cream. Get Pompeian—50,000 dealers sell it

Trial Jar sent for 6c (stamps or coin). For years you have read about Pompeian. You have meant to try it, but have delayed. Each day that you delay you make it just so much harder to preserve or regain your good looks. Cut the coupon, now.

Sold by 50,000 Dealers

50c
75c
$1

CUT OFF, SIGN AND SEND

The Pompeian Mfg. Co.
49 Prospect St
Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find 6 cents (stamps or coin) for a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name

Address

The first Cash Register method of figuring
Invented 30 years ago

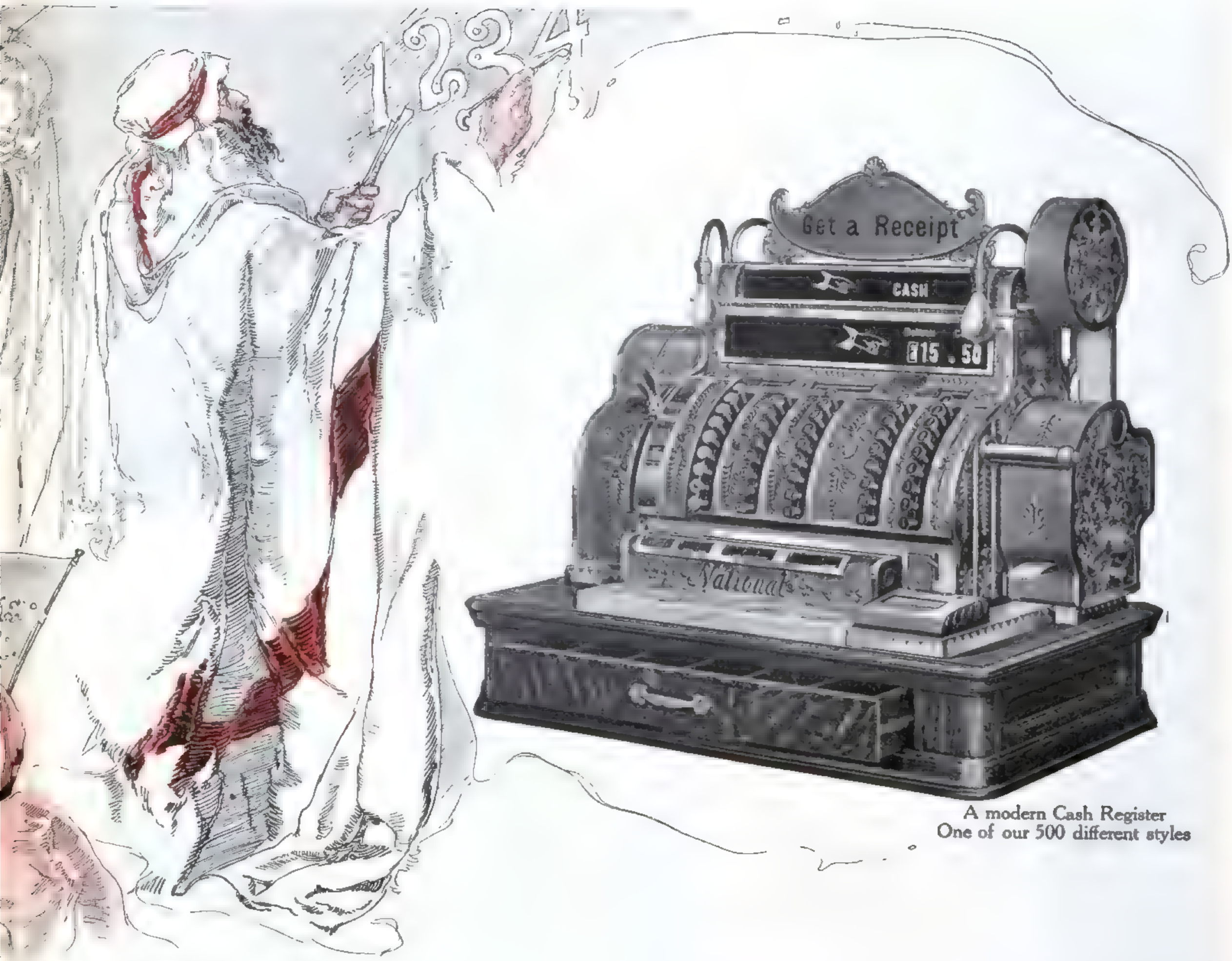
Method of Figuring Invented

UP to thirty years ago, the merchants of the whole world fussed, fumed and fretted along with systems of counting and recording based upon methods originated by the Arabians 6,000 years ago.

After sixty centuries, the National Cash Register marked the second great epoch in figuring. Until its invention, all business records were subjected to temptation, carelessness and the inaccuracy of human memory.

The National Cash Register makes accurate, unchangeable records of Money Received, Money

The National Cash Regis



A modern Cash Register
One of our 500 different styles

by the Arabians 6,000 Years Ago

Paid Out, Goods sold on credit, Money deposited in your bank, Checks drawn from your bank, Goods Purchased, and all other business records.

Throughout the universe—wherever trade has made its path—National Cash Registers are stopping losses, safeguarding profits, guaranteeing the integrity of employers and their employees and warranting protection to purchasers.

More than 500 types and sizes of National Cash Registers—each meant for the special need of a particular business. Adopted by more than 250 different trades, businesses, professions and industries. More than one million have been sold.

No matter ***who*** you are, ***what*** you do or ***where*** you do it, if you handle money or keep records, write and find out just what sort and size of National Cash Register is built to serve ***your*** special requirements.

er Company, Dayton, Ohio.

By boat and train and caravan the peoples of the earth send for this Oatmeal

The oat-loving peoples, nearly all the world over, give preference to Quaker Oats.

In the British Isles—home of the Scotch oats—the favorite oatmeal is Quaker.

So in Australia, so in India, so in Germany and Austria.

We send tens of millions of packages across the seas, to those who want the utmost in oatmeal.

Ecstasy of Flavor

The reason is this:

The delight in oatmeal lies in an exquisite flavor. A flavor found only in the rich, plump grains.

We pick out those grains from the choicest crops by 62 separate siftings.

From a bushel of oats—weighing 32 pounds—we get only 10 pounds of Quaker.

So, one gets in this brand just the cream of the oats—just the ecstasy of flavor. And our process makes it doubly delicious.

It is that wondrous flavor, maintained 25 years, which has won the world to Quaker.

Quaker Oats

For Breakfast and Supper

One can't get this flavor from puny grains. It isn't in lesser oatmeal.

There's nothing haphazard about it.

We get it by careful selection. You get it by ordering the Quaker brand.

That is all. We ask no premium for it. Quaker Oats, despite its quality, costs but one-half cent per dish.

A thousand million dishes will be served this winter, in homes of those who know.

For your children's sake, let your home be one of them. You want them to love oatmeal.

Regular size package, 10c

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

The prices noted do not apply in the extreme West or South.

Look for the Quaker trademark on every package

The Quaker Oats Company

CHICAGO

The Native Garden

By JOHN CORBIN

The Border of Swamp Maples—The Blossoming Lilies Have Been in Place a Single Year

THE dean of American editors once remarked that of all the works of Thomas Hardy he preferred The Return of the Native. "Not the novel," he hastened to add. "The novel is a great disappointment. I mean the title. What an idea—the return of the native!"

If those who make gardens will stop and think of it they will find, perhaps, that they have regarded them, all unconsciously, as something won from a distant and reluctant Nature by the ingenuity and power of man. A simple, formal flower has been

Doubled and doubled and doubled again;
Then squared and raised to the power of ten;

and behold! the result is a formless mass of petals—the perfect rose. The violet has been developed from the humble thing it was to something resembling an oyster. And we are not content with the products of our own land and climate. Europe and the Orient, the Andes and the Himalayas, send their tributes to swell the pride of our eyes. Our native blue flag shrinks and becomes dull beside the iris from Germany or Japan; the orchid—from Heaven knows where!—makes flowers of all regular forms and simple colors seem hoidens. What has been so hard won is not easy to preserve. Soil is compounded as scientifically as a drug; sunlight and air are regulated, as the wind is said—on no good authority—to be tempered to the shorn lamb. There are constant manipulation and spraying, bedding out and housing in. Then some simple-minded person comes along and asks:

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?

Sometimes the answer is a burst of glory, a riot of form and color, which puts the senses all aquiver with delight. It is so sometimes. Other times the garden proves more contrary than Mary.

Of late years there has been a reaction against this sort of thing. We have learned the artistic value of Nature unsophisticated. The first step was taken by the great English gardener and writer, William Robinson. Revolting against the excesses of formal gardens and show flowers, he preached the gospel of a more natural beauty—a beauty not modified by the ingenuity of the landscape architect or the floral stock-breeder. He advocated "things that take care of themselves in the soil of the place—things that will endure for generations if we suit the plants to the soil." His ideal was what he called the wild garden. To achieve it in its utmost variety he imported wild flowers from all the world. To us in America he rendered an especial service by first prominently proclaiming the singular and varied beauty of our native flowers and shrubs. He introduced into England mountain laurel, wild azalea, wood lily, moccasin flower, Virginia creeper, Rocky Mountain phlox, Canadian bloodroot, goldenrod, New England aster, and many another species familiar to us and too often despised. To adapt the phrase of our Western railway advertisements, he saw America first.

It remained for an American, however, to carry the wild garden to its logical conclusion. And so we have the native garden.

Our gardener was born in New England, and as a boy he loved the swamps and ledges, the green fields and breezy uplands of his home country. From wilding thickets on the roadside, from luxuriant tangles of the marshes, from gold-dappled shadows of the underwood, he used to gather what to him were most beautiful flowers. In the prime of life he bought an ancient farmhouse and many abandoned acres overlooking Long Island Sound. In his treatment of house and landscape his aim has been to restore the atmosphere of old New England. In one part of his place he has made what he calls a Connecticut garden. Here no green thing is admitted that does not grow wild in the country roundabout; and of all the varied flora of the state, numbering almost one thousand varieties, the most beautiful flowers and grasses, ferns and trees are abundantly represented. "America is here or it is nowhere!" raged Carlyle. The motto of the creator of the Connecticut garden is a paraphrase of this: Beauty is here or it is nowhere. This native returned.

His garden, so far as I am aware, is the only thoroughgoing and elaborate thing of its kind in existence; but it is already widely known. In all probability it marks the dawn of a new era in landscape gardening. After a generation of hybrids and exotics, of Dutch gardens, French gardens, Italian gardens, we are to have something that gives direct and spontaneous expression to our own soil and sky, our own life and our own love of Nature. It is a prospect that should cheer the heart of every human being who owns a farm or an acre, whether he lives on the Atlantic seaboard, in the fertile groves and prairies of the Mississippi basin, or in subtropical California. The plainsman feels fettered in the close and tortuous country of little hills; the ranchman who has ranged the sun-steeped region of cactus and palm shrivels and is chilled in the land of oak and pine. The native garden is the true garden of democracy. The spirit of beauty may be evoked anywhere or nowhere.

The native garden is not, however, the result of such theories. It is rather the source of them. Our gardener has always cared most for Nature in its wild and native moods; and his country place is the spontaneous expression of the fact. If the spirit of doctrinary intolerance creeps into

these lines it is to be charged not to the master but to the disciple, zealous to make the message clear and strong. The best flowers in any garden are peace and brotherly love; and any garden where they flourish is a perfect garden.

The native garden began with the house, which is simply and beautifully Colonial. The terrace is of greensward, the walks of brick lined with barberry. For some hundreds of yards before the house green fields stretch out to the irregular border of wild pasture, swamp and woodland. As a country-seat of elaborate architecture requires stone terraces and formal gardens to make it merge fitly into the landscape, so the simplest house profits by surrounding it with lawn and field.

A study of the treatment of these home acres is the best possible introduction to the spirit that inspired the garden proper, which lies just beyond them. Originally they were crossed and recrossed by stone walls, overgrown with woodbine and poison ivy, blackberry canes and cathriers. The fields were rank with daisies and wild carrot. A weed has been defined as a flower out of place; so all these, beautiful in themselves, were cleared away. Sheep now crop broad, pastoral fields and keep them soft and green.

Nothing has been done to change the contours of the land, but everything has been done to develop and delicately emphasize them. In the field before the house there is a deep and picturesquely crooked ravine, which gives the landscape a pleasing note of vigor and forms a unique and attractive detail in harmony with the simple scheme of terraces. Once it was gullied far back into the fields, the work of many years of rain and freshet. It was littered with rusty cans and broken bottles, choked with blackberry and cathrier. The transformation seems simple enough; but it cost no little ingenuity. The gullies and banks were reclaimed, staked with sod—the watercourses guided; and along the edges a slight, almost imperceptible ridge was raised. Now the flush of waters may gather in pools above the banks and soak into the soil, or ooze down the hillside.

On the slopes of the ravine curiously shaped apple and pear trees have been left standing, and on a neighboring knoll a group of gnarled and twisted veterans. The result is at once characteristic and picturesque. No farmhouse is quite a farmhouse without apple trees, and the bossed and twisted bolls of these veterans are full of salient vigor. Henry James called the apple tree the olive of America; and from early blossoming to the reluctant falling of the dark green leaf surely it adds charm to every landscape—a charm that is intensified by our appreciation of the fruit, but which in itself alone is excuse enough for being. The apple tree, wherever found, either in the more formal orchard or in curious and interesting self-planted groups, has been utilized for its characteristic value.

The Fate of the Gray Tree

In many subtle ways natural beauties are refined. Here an adroitly balanced tree emphasizes a delicate curve of the land; there a too salient contour is broken. Often the eye—most fallible of the senses—has to be helped to a just sense of distance, of space and proportion. A sportsman trained to woodcock will bring down the flushed bird though he has nothing to gauge its flight but the whirring of wings; but put him in an open duck marsh and he may shoot rods wide of the mark. The native gardener reckons shrewdly with the fallible eye. Down there a gray, steep-sloping ledge rises forcibly out of the soil; but, as seen from the terrace, it was diminished, rendered unimportant, by distance. A few cedars were transplanted to the base of it and their slender spires now give the ledge a pleasing accent; we perceive its massive value.

Where green fingers of meadow reach into the woods the underbrush has been cleared away, so that the glance is carried onward, and with it the imagination, into the depths of the forest. One such portal is further emphasized by the tall, bare trunks of a group of oaks. They are all dark—almost black—except one in the foreground, which is light gray. For a year now the fate of this gray tree has hung in the balance. No living thing is condemned without thought, deliberation; but by another spring no trace of it will remain. It strikes too high a note.

On each side of a wicker gate, built by some former owner, stand two ancient American elms—"fountains of green spray," as one of our poets has phrased it. They mark the entrance to the Connecticut garden. The path beyond is sheltered on the north by a broad hedge of giant huckleberry. To the millions who have stained their lips and fingers among such bushes it will be news, perhaps, that they are beautiful; but look at them with a fresh eye, as if at an exotic! No dwarf tree in a Japanese garden was ever more picturesquely angled and twisted. In winter their stems make a maze of vigorous lines against the snow. In early spring, before the general mass of woodland has stirred from its slumber, their twigs flush to a beautiful red. Then come the delicate leaves and a mist of bell-like, pearl-white blossoms. In autumn the fibrous leaves burn to yellow-bronze and dull red.

In the angle behind this alley of huckleberries is a mass of other plants and bushes less striking in shape than the huckleberry, but each contributing some note of interest in flower or leaf. All the most beautiful deciduous shrubs of the surrounding countryside are there; and they are so mingled and massed as to form a symphony of color that changes endlessly as flowers fade and leaves fall, giving way to bare twigs, which in turn flush in a variety of soft tints that prelude the swelling of the buds of new flowers and foliage. Only the evergreen shrubs are excluded. The mountain laurel belongs in rocky underwoods, and the green mass of the great bayberry shows best when it accentuates the charm of its natural neighbors.

Nature's Flower Bowl

On the other side of the long, green entrance path the familiar autumn weeds which give color to field and swamp and roadside have been densely massed in a great bed shaped like a shallow bowl. In their full maturity they rise variously from three and four to six and seven feet high. They are so vigorous and rugged that the wind is powerless to break them down, the frost to uproot them. The yellow of the goldenrod mingles in a richly beautiful contrast with the dusty crimson of the joe-pye weed. The purple of the New England aster and the crimson pink of the marsh-mallow lend a touch of variety. In late autumn, when the flowers have gone to seed, tassels of smoke-gray and dull mauve put life into the sere and sober landscape. In winter, against the snow, the woolly dry tops are full of character.

The only care which such a bed requires is an annual clearing. Growing wild in marsh and neglected field, the dead stalks gather knee-deep and mar the effect of the living plants; so every spring the whole is cut and raked. As the season advances the open bowl takes on a curious tint of green, so distinct as to challenge the eye; it is like a lake in the foreground. Gradually the taller outstrip the lesser sorts and thus enliven the surface.

The site of this bed was originally a rock lot interspersed with bogs and dry places. Trees, bushes and plants of many kinds were scattered over it. It was thoroughly cleared and drained before planting. To enliven the turf while the autumn flowers were shooting up, tender spring flowers were interspersed; but it was found that the autumn flowers brook no intruders. In full maturity they vie in color with the richest rugs of the Orient, and like them they reach perfection only when the fabrics of the woof are woven close and tight.

Here within a short radius was evolved, in the course of years, the entire technic of the native garden; for the place affords the utmost variety of favorable conditions. This bowl of autumn weeds is framed by a great, outcropping ledge, with a wavelike crest, by isolated rocks and boulders, by banks overgrown with all the wild weeds and grasses. The neighboring spaces are set with cedars and wild apples; and beyond lies a region of swamp and woodland. Through it all runs a brook which, entirely masked through the midgarden spaces, comes into evidence at the foot of the flower-bed. In its course, full of falls and pools and grassy runlets, it does everything a brook can find to do, passing finally into the bottom land beyond, a great grassy meadow. Infinite pains have been spent in clearing, transplanting and grouping, though to the untrained eye, or the eye trained only by the products of florist and nurseryman, the fact is nowhere evident.

Judge a Gentleman by his Neckwear
DISRAELI—

DISRAELI, or Lord Beaconsfield, was one of the greatest statesmen England ever has known. He had a masterly understanding of human nature. So his words are worth thought.

The quotation above is even more true today than in Disraeli's time. By a man's collar you may know him.

Ide Silver Collars

Have Ample Scarf Space

¼ Sizes—2 for 25c In Canada 3 for 50c

are smart collars—for men who would look well.

Do not disregard *your* collar. It is—by contrast—the most important item of your dress.

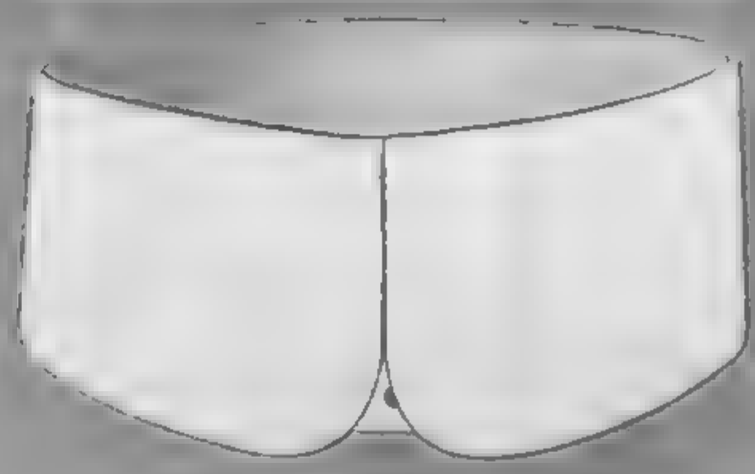
The Newest Collar
The Newest Buttonhole

The newest collar is the **Pembroke.** It has the improved close-front collar—the LINOCORD "SNAP-ON" buttonhole. This is so worked into the band that it will not stretch, break in laundering, pull apart nor slip off the button. Simple to adjust, it holds the collar together firmly in front.

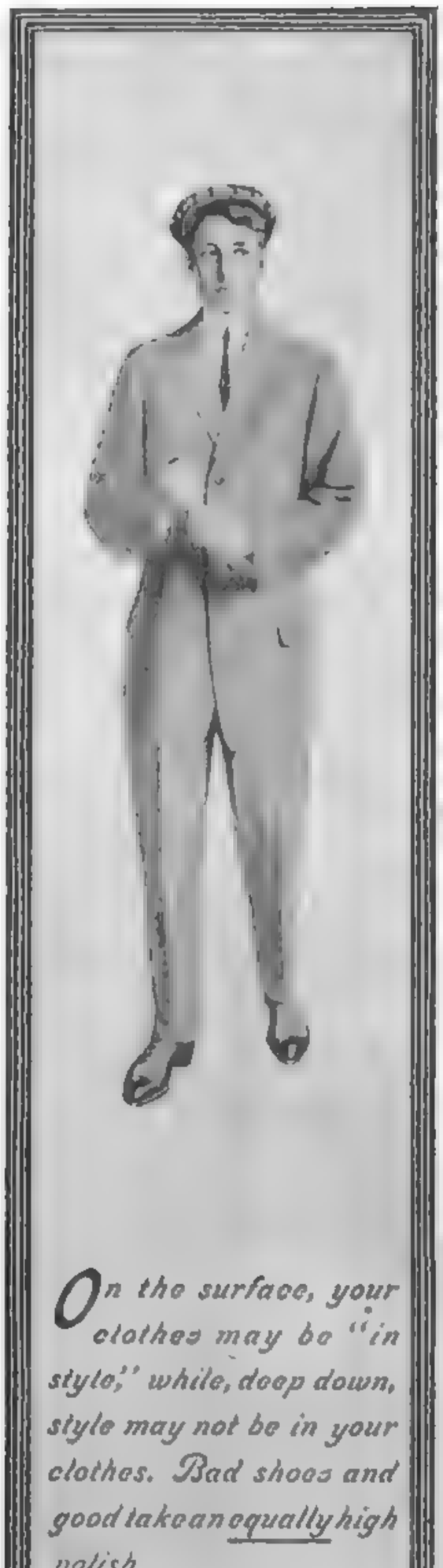
IDE SILVER COLLARS are not only correct in *fashion* and *fit*, but hundreds of impartial tests have proved that Ide Silver Collars last longest in the laundry and always hold their shape. **Send for our STYLE BOOK** and the name of the nearest Ide Silver Collar dealer. A postal will do.

GEO. P. IDE & CO.
491 River Street, TROY, N. Y.

Disraeli
who wore a Stock Collar—the Key to Disraeli, the Key to Victory, and made Him Queen of Britannia



The Pembroke
The Pembroke collar has high and Chatham front, is oval in shape in height of the wearer's neck and full cut shape. A well cut high collar—with the new long practical Snappo button hole at your dealers.



On the surface, your clothes may be "in style," while, deep down, style may not be in your clothes. Bad shoes and good taste can equally high polish.

Sincerity Clothes

start their style with good fabrics, continue it with good tailoring and perpetuate it with good taste.

Tailored by

Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co.

Chicago

For sale by clothiers responsive to the best taste and responsible for what they sell. A postcard fetches "The Looking-Glass of Fashion"

Narrow natural footpaths lead now by some open green spot, now through great masses of blue vervain and ironweed and swamp roses, with taller helenium overtopping all. Crossing the brook on great stepping-stones, we come to a group of marshmallows. Here a boulder rises sheer out of close-kept turf. There a ledge lies softly in a bed of low, white phlox. In bowl-like gaps in the rock grow savin bushes. Against some steep ledge cedars rise in a picturesque group.

Cedars are used, though sparingly, to gain effects for which the landscape architect employs poplars. Otherwise they are eliminated. In some places they rise from the ground in slender pyramids, densely massed or artistically aligned. In others their vigorous columnar trunks are partly bared, as often happens in Nature, because of the shedding of the lower branches. This formation is valuable in that it gives unimpeded use of a steep knoll or rocky hillside. It is not true, as so often said, that the cedar resists transplanting, or can be transplanted only at some special season. The work can be done whenever time and need best serve. It is not necessary to cut the tree back. If care is used, and enough root and soil are taken, there is no danger of failure. Enough, to be sure, is sometimes a matter of tons; and when the work is done in winter—which is, on the whole, the preferable time—heavy stones are placed on the transplanted ball to keep the tree upright while the mass is becoming welded into its new place.

Taming Wild Weeds

Here, on a sunny knoll, the spring and summer flowers come first—bloodroot and columbine. Larger open hillocks are kept constantly in bloom by occasional mowings, just as in cultivated gardens plants are pinched back for a succession of blossoms. Most of the wild flowers will bloom and get to seed in the aftermath even though they find time to grow only a few inches high. Here flourish the tiny asters, with flowers like snowflakes; the chicory, bluest of all blue in the sunlight; the erigerons; the hawkweed; the pearly and sweet everlasting. Most beautiful of all, perhaps, is the flower of humblest name—butter-and-eggs. Once properly seen, its gray-green leaves and dense cone of pure yellow touched with orange must always be held in loving memory.

By the brook grow mosses, violets of all sorts, marigolds, lilies, meadow sweet and little thickets of rose. Here also flames the rare and splendid cardinal flower. Upon rich, rocky soil in the shade of tall trees the wake-robin grows in wonderful profusion. On a shady, rocky ridge a terrace has been covered with trillium.

A rock garden as generally conceived is a triumph of scientific and artistic sophistication. Interesting books are devoted to it and the flower catalogue has its quota of plants at command. It is an essential part of any complete modern scheme of landscape gardening—particularly in miniature, with many minute and often exotic plants. With the keenest sympathy for these fascinating creations, the native gardener prefers the opportunities afforded by natural boulders and rocks, ledges and cliffs, and all their wonderful native flora. Green-gray lichens, the growth of years, spread over the time-softened surfaces; in northern recesses mosses grow in thick, velvety patches of varied green, and ferns cling in the crannies; in more southern exposures broad seams, filled with century-old deposits of leafmold, are crowded with low-bush huckleberry. The Virginia creeper loves to limn its delicate, intricate tracery above the weathered gray surface. In autumn, both huckleberry and creeper light up this native rock garden with leaves of rich bronze and wine color. One ledge in the Connecticut garden is given over to the native cactus—the prickly pear—so unfamiliar to most of us and so fascinating with its strange angular growth and its yellow flowers.

There is no telling where the native gardener will find beauty. The most despised weed is a flower to him in its proper place. He values the mullein, sparingly used, for the sharp accent of its erect stalk and yellow flower; the skunk cabbage for the honest verdure with which it welcomes the spring, and its patronymic virtue of not offending when not molested. He loves the buttercup and the wild mustard flower for the cheerful yellow with which they laugh up from field and meadow; even the generally obnoxious broom grass he tolerates on rocky hill and hummock for its hue of reddish brown that brightens into mauve.

The Connecticut gardener has not escaped the misunderstanding which has ever beset the ways of men in advance of their times. To the natives of the countryside, I suggested, this devotion to things they despise must appear March madness. He had expected that, he said; but the comments of friends had sometimes surprised him. "There he is," a bluff yachtsman had once exclaimed, who enjoyed a gift in expletive—"There he is, up on a barren ridge, planting weeds like a drunken sailor!" One lady who had studied the garden returned and commented: "I don't see why folks make such a fuss about it. Almost everything he has is here on our own place, growing wild!" It may be a result of this sort of thing that the gardener has sometimes made visitors believe some common native plant a rare exotic. In a spring ramble through a marsh one of our party spied a flame of purest vermilion rising from a margin of water. In answer to a delighted question he replied that it was an orchid, and bade us admire it as an orchid deserved. In a state where cacti flourish and nutmegs come from the wood, why not orchids? Nearer inspection proved, however, that the beautiful thing was a seedling swamp maple.

It is now eight years since work began in the Connecticut garden; and long ago it spread beyond its original confines. The great meadow in which the brook loses itself is a natural paradise of wild flowers. In several acres of rich bottom land there is scarcely a stone or pebble. Level to the eye, it yet presents inequalities of surface and soil which give scope to many precious varieties. In spring, shallow pools and runlets bloom with marigold. The culver's weed, rare in New England though not uncommon in the West, shows its blossoms of white or pale lavender. The nodding native meadow lily, the curious turtlehead, goldenrod and joe-pye weed, white and lavender aster, and clumps of the rarer New England aster gradually collected, several varieties of buttercup and the wild geranium are broadly and profusely distributed. In some of the dryer rises the wild strawberry breathes its fragrance. Little open spaces are kept cut; they give a charming accent and enable one to see the whole habit and character of plants that otherwise would disclose only their blossoming tops.

The Charm of Shadow Pond

As the meadow makes a slight descent, unperceived by the eye, the several streams that fall into it merge in a great bog. Here the blue flag—the native iris—attains its most luxuriant and characteristic beauty, standing in pools of water amid tussocks of dark green. In late summer, great, rich blossoms of marshmallow give life and color. On the borders of the bog are masses of blue vervain and eupatorium. Helenium, wild sunflower and artichoke stand out against copses of willow. The native garden has amply proved that beds of wild flowers in natural masses have a charm, an artistic value, that can be imitated only with great difficulty and certainly cannot be surpassed in the formal or the cultivated garden.

Beyond the amphitheater of the meadow rises a great ridge, once overgrown, but now brought into the general scheme. Natural masses of picturesquely growing shrubs have been brought into evidence simply by the scythe and the sickle. A broad growth of huckleberry surrounds a great natural boulder; a mass of bayberry grows high in the center and pushes out on all sides in groups of charming contour; an irregular circle of sweet fern flows over the hillside in lines as beautiful as the lines made by an advancing wave on the beach. At the crown of the ridge are masses of sumac and wild thorn, and a few great cedars surrounded by a brood of little ones. All these make an upland such as is often seen in New England, close cropped by pasturing cattle. And it is kept true to its character by very infrequent mowings.

The latest extension of the original scheme is Shadow Pond, a water garden which has been partly hollowed out of a natural bog, partly diked above its surface. It lies between a thicket of swamp willows at the foot of the meadow and a great maple swamp beyond. The margin is overhung with every growth of flower and fern, weed and shrub that loves the waterside. No footstep is permitted there—or, indeed, is possible; but back from the margin is a narrow footway, the green of which gives a welcome touch of man's dominion and indicates that the place is accessible and meant to be frequented.

Surprising varieties of plants grow in the cold, clear depths of the pond and along the shallower margins, prominent among them the prosaically named pickerel weed, with its strikingly arrow-shaped leaves of dark green and its graceful spike of light violet-blue flowers. Cat-tails and many curious rushes disguise the bank and add the final note of naturalness. On the far side of the path, toward the maple swamp, the original bog has been filled in against the dike that supports the pond, and set with wild roses, shadbush, azaleas and tall native lilies. In other places the surrounding marsh land is almost untouched; so that one gets close, perhaps for the first time, to the graceful grasses that grow there, topped with curious tufts—as beautiful as any flower to the eye that really sees them. Near by are marshmallows and iris and many other flowers of great beauty. Shut in by dense growths of willow and maple, and luxuriant with reed and shrub, this bog and water garden seem as remote and wild as any swamp pool hidden deep in impenetrable forests.

When Nature is Head Gardener

And yet it is the work of a single year. In the early spring of 1910 there was, on one side, only a great mass of earth and clod and clay. On the other side, bordered by the woodland and a little open park, were broad, bare patches of ground where the work of excavating and planting was in process. Great loads of all the wild shrubs were brought in by pung and stone boat, slid over the frozen surface clump by clump and literally planted in the ice and snow. The earth as it thawed was pulled back with grub hoes and used to fill up spaces in the bog wherever it was desired to plant, or to form the sloping bank. Long strips of sod were brought in, some bearing fern, wild grass or blossoming buttercups, others with springy moss, skunk cabbage or marigold. The ends of the strips were placed in the water so that moisture might be sucked up through the whole. For lilies and other like plants a very simple method of planting is most effective. They are tied to a brick and thrown in! In the summer of 1911 no trace of all this work was visible. In the native garden Nature is the head gardener; and, as a certain philosopher said of himself, she takes her own wherever she finds it.

If it is desired to train the eye to quick and varied perceptions of beauty no means is more effective than the creation of such a garden. A basket and trowel become a part of the equipment of trap or automobile. The most familiar drive takes on an added interest, for the season of many wild flowers is so short that one may discover a new kind almost beside his own carriage block. The native gardener confesses that he has several times retrieved some rare specimen and taken it to the likeliest spot in his preserves only to find it already growing there. As the little girl in the rhyme apprehended, "The flowers, they are wild"; and like other wild things they are fleeting, evanescent. They yield their secrets only to the obsequious mind, the trained eye. Even a week's absence from the garden will frequently cause one to miss the flowering of some rarely beautiful species.

Throughout the native garden there are vistas no less noteworthy perhaps than the axes elaborately composed by the formal gardener. They have been carefully studied in relation to the footpaths, and many of them have been accentuated by simple white gates in the distance, which mark the many entrances to the garden and give an attractive note of man's use and occupancy. They bring into evidence all the natural variety of ledge and meadow, woodland and glade; yet to the casual eye they seem unpremeditated, inevitable.

For all who may wish to make a native garden, big or little, our gardener has a clear and stimulating message. "Every wild thing," he says—"the flower that can be lifted with a trowel; the shrub that requires a hand litter, a pung or a stone boat; the tree that requres a derrick and many horses—all may be successfully transplanted, whether in midsummer bloom or with frozen roots in winter. You may place them whenever you wish and almost

wherever you wish. The gardener's instinct and the gardener's hand are of value, just as in handling the more delicate flowers of the cultivated plot; but they are somewhat less important, since wild things have a hardiness which in Nature enables them to grow unaided not only in favorable soils and exposures but in strange and sometimes hostile places."

Not the least notable feature of the native garden is that it attracts the familiar wild things, elsewhere gradually disappearing. The woodcock breeds by Shadow Pond. He may often be seen in green paths under the thickets. The black duck sometimes breeds here; and in spring and autumn wild ducks stop on their way—and the wild goose too. As one goes quietly along some of the paths he hears the whir of the startled partridge or sees the mother with her little covey for a brief instant before they vanish. In the deep, swampy edges of the pond, where the snow lies thick, one may thrust one's stick deep into the spongy earth, which curiously resists the hardest frost. Here one may see where the partridge has been at work in the fresh-splashed black earth and rootlets along little trickling waterways, seeking some succulent green as a welcome variety from the buds and sumach berries upon which he is so often forced to subsist. If one is still he may come upon the feeding heron or see him rise. In the autumn, by the way, the muskrat has to be trapped, for to make his hut he pulls up roots and bulbs and cuts off many stems at the water's level.

Bees hum and butterflies hover everywhere—each busy with his unconscious mission of perpetuating the flowers and rendering them healthy by cross-fertilization. Redwing blackbird, oriole and the rare scarlet tanager flash brilliantly by; thrush, bobolink and sparrow fill the air with song. Squirrels frisk and chatter overhead, and the white scut of the rabbit is seen in the underbrush.

The Time for Transplanting

Whether the native garden is more beautiful than that in which seeds are sown and the soil tilled—where the gorgeous products of florist and nurseryman are made to yield the maximum of summer splendor—will remain, perhaps, always a matter of opinion.

One thing, however, is certain. To the man or woman who loves Nature with the heart as well as the eye, and whose love knows no close season, the native garden offers opportunities undreamed of. It can be loved and labored in all the year round. Indeed, for the highest development it must be so loved and labored in. For every conceivable reason winter is the ideal time for transplanting. Plants that are injured by the gentlest stirring of their roots can be handled with an almost absolute certainty of success when the ground is frozen. And such work gives occupation for the laborers during a season when the usual garden leaves them unemployed.

One is tempted to say that the most interesting seasons of the year are those in which formal garden and cultivated garden are out of commission. In earliest spring the pale tints of winter freshen into distinct and very varied colors, spreading upward from the lowlands, each shrub and tree, each separate field, having its own peculiar character. Presently, throughout the underwoods, the tender green of the shadbush is overcast with a lacelike bridal veil: the dogwood bears aloft its constellations of white stars, while in pasture and on the roadside wild apples flush pink in the strengthening sun.

When the World is Snowbound

Even winter has a beauty of its own, more exquisite, perhaps, than the flush radiance of midsummer. Each leafless shrub and tree reveals as it were its inward, spiritual self. In the low-ranging sun the myriad twigs show a thousand soft and subtle shades—clear gray, dull copper, a purple like the bloom of a plum, or dusty crimson. All the more intimate outlines of the earth gain salience and significance; boulder and crag emerge from the depth of the forest in rugged, massive power. It is only to the unseeing eye that the landscape is bleak and dreary. The vivid greens and browns of moss and the varied gray-green of lichens give a positive effect of color. In rocky underwoods the formal sprays of laurel leaf stand out against the snow. The Christmas fern still gives its honest, unmistakable note of green.

And the cedars! No two are precisely alike in color. The dark, rich, receptive verdure ranges from blue-green to yellow-green, and is not less interesting when, in the rigors of midwinter, it is overspun with a haze of russet. The snow itself lends life to the landscape. Lying on shelves and in crevices it traces long lines of white across the gray-green rock surfaces. On still days it clothes the bare limbs in ermine, and in it the creative touch of the wind sculptures fantastic forms by wall and boulder. A brook is never more beautiful than when its waters, black and mysterious, surge over the rocks between snow-white, icebound borders; the woodland floor is never more interesting than when a score of wild creatures have written across it the story of their alarums and excursions. More and more city folk are lengthening their stay in the country; and as they do so they will realize more and more the deep satisfaction of the native garden.

In the corner of the dining room in the old house on the ridge is a brazen urn of dead flowers—of flowers gone to seed. All winter it stands there and far into the spring. No woof from the looms of Bokhara was ever more duskily splendid. It is a touchstone—this bouquet of dead flowers. When any one pauses before it and takes account of its strange and subtle beauty he is known to be not unworthy of admittance to the native garden.

Shadow Pond—the Rock Maple and Swamp Maple are Original Growth—the Varied Greenery Beneath Them Has Been in Place But a Single Year

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"Just examine the garment all the way through, madam. Note that the shaping, the tailoring, is not confined to any one part, but that it reaches everywhere. Observe the shaped shoulders—the proper fullness of bust—the perfect conformation of legs.

"This Patented Seat is the most remarkable advancement ever made in underwear designing. By a patented device the seat in the Athena has been shaped to fit the figure snugly in any posture. There can be no gaping—no bulging.

"And the Elastic Cuff that holds the sleeve in place and keeps it from slipping up on the arm. Then there is the shoulder Stay that prevents the garment from stretching over the shoulders. And please note, madam, the trimming—how dainty it is—how sensibly attached—sewed on even with the edges—not sewed to them. It will always look well—as well as it does now—no matter how many times washed.

"Whatever shape or weight you desire, there is an Athena garment to meet your wishes. The Athena system of *sizing* provides right-fitting garments for all types of figures, from very slender to very full." And the prices are no higher than you would have to pay for ordinary underwear.

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EVIL TO HIM WHO EVIL THINKS

(Continued from Page 10)

Ten minutes later Griswold was talking to Aline over the telephone. He intended to force matters. He would show Aline she could neither trick him nor deceive Chester Griswold; but the thought that he had been deceived was not what most hurt him. What hurt him was to think that Aline had preferred a man who looked like the Greek gods and who worked in his shirtsleeves.

That any woman would be glad to marry him Griswold took for granted. So many had been willing to do so. He was convinced that when one of them was not it was not because there was anything wrong with him, but because the girl herself lacked taste and perception.

That the others had been in any degree moved by his many millions had never suggested itself. He was convinced each had loved him for himself alone; and if Aline, after meeting him, would still consider any one else it was evident something was very wrong with Aline. He was determined that she must be chastened—must be brought to a proper appreciation of her good fortune and of his wonderful condescension.

On being called to the telephone at ten in the morning Aline demanded to know what could excuse Griswold for rousing her in the middle of the night!

Griswold replied that, though the day was young, it also was charming; that on Sunday there might be rain; and that if she desired to see the house he and Post thought would most suit her, he and his car would be delighted to convey her to it. They could make the run in an hour, lunch with friends at Westbury and return in plenty of time for the theater. Aline was delighted at the sudden interest Griswold was showing in the new house. Without a moment's hesitation she walked into the trap. She would go, she declared, with pleasure. In an hour he should call for her.

* * * * * * * * *

Exactly an hour later Post arrived at his office. He went directly to Cochran.

"Charles," he said, "I'm afraid I got you into trouble yesterday. I took a client to see your house. You have often let us do it before; but since I was there last you've made some changes. In your bedroom ——" Post stopped.

Cochran's naive habit of blushing told him it was not necessary to proceed. In tones of rage and mortification Cochran swore explosively. Post was relieved to find he was swearing at himself.

"I ought to be horsewhipped!" roared Cochran. "I'll never forgive myself! Who," he demanded, "saw the pictures? Was it a man or a woman?"

Post laughed unhappily.

"It was Chester Griswold."

A remarkable change came over Cochran. Instead of sobering him, as Post supposed it would, the information made him even more angry—only now his anger was transferred from himself to Griswold.

"The blankety-blank bounder!" yelled Cochran. "That was what he wanted! That's why he came here!"

"Here!" demanded Post.

"Not an hour ago," cried Cochran. "He asked me about Bar Harbor. He saw that those pictures were taken at Bar Harbor!"

"I think," said Post soothingly, "he'd a right to ask questions. There were so many pictures, and they were very—well—very!"

"I'd have answered his questions," roared Cochran, "if he'd asked them like a man; but he came snooping down here to spy on me. He tried to trick me. He insulted me! He insulted her!" He emitted a howl of dismay. "And I told him I'd never been to Bar Harbor—that I'd never met Aline Proctor!"

Cochran seized his coat and hat. He shouted to one of the office boys to telephone the garage for his car.

"What are you—where are you going?" demanded Post.

"I'm going home first," cried Cochran, "to put those pictures in a safe, as I should have done three months ago. And then I'm going to find Chester Griswold and tell him he's an ass and a puppy!"

"If you do that," protested Post, "you're likely to lose us a very valuable client."

"And your client," roared Charles, "is likely to lose some very valuable teeth!"

As Charles whirled into the country road in which stood his house he saw drawn up in front of it the long gray car in which that morning Chester Griswold had called at the office. Cochran emitted a howl of anger. Was his home again to be invaded! And again while he was absent? To what extreme would Griswold's jealousy next lead him? He fell out of his own car while it still moved and leaped up the garden walk. The front rooms of the house were empty, but from his bedroom he heard, raised in excited tones, the voice of Griswold. The audacity of the man was so surprising and his own delight at catching him red handed so satisfying, that no longer was Cochran angry. The Lord had delivered his enemy into his hands! And, as he advanced toward his bedroom, not only was he calm but at the thought of his revenge distinctly jubilant. In the passageway a frightened maid-servant who, at his unexpected arrival, was now even more frightened, endeavored to give him an explanation; but he waved her into silence, and striding before her entered his bedroom.

He found confronting him a tall and beautiful young woman. It was not the Aline Proctor he knew. It was not the well-poised, gracious and distinguished beauty he had seen gliding among the tables at Sherry's or throwing smiles over the footlights. This Aline Proctor was a very indignant young person, with flashing eyes, tossing head and a stamping foot. Extended from her at arm's length she held a photograph of herself in a heavy silver frame; and, as though it were a weapon, she was brandishing it in the face of Chester Griswold. As Cochran in amazement halted in the doorway she was exclaiming:

"I told you I didn't know Charles Cochran! I tell you so now! If you can't believe me—"

Out of the corner of her flashing eyes the angry lady caught sight of Cochran in the doorway. She turned upon the intruder as though she meant forcibly to eject him.

"Who are you?" she demanded. Her manner and tone seemed to add: "And what the deuce are you doing here?"

Charles answered her tone.

"I am Charles Cochran," he said. "I live here. This is my house!"

These words had no other effect upon Miss Proctor than to switch her indignation down another track. She now turned upon Charles.

"Then if this is your house," cried that angry young person, "why have you filled it with photographs of me that belong to some one else?"

Charles saw that his hour had come. His sin had found him out. He felt that to prevaricate would be only stupid.

Griswold had tried devious methods—and look where his devious methods had dumped him! Griswold certainly was in wrong. Charles quickly determined to adopt a course directly opposite. Griswold had shown an utter lack of confidence in Aline. Charles decided that he would give her his entire confidence, would throw himself upon the mercy of the court. He smiled sadly. It was as though he said. "Further concealment is useless."

"I have those photographs in my house, Miss Proctor," he said, "because I have admired you a long time. They were more like you than those I could buy. Having them here has helped me a lot and it hasn't done you any harm. You know very well you have anonymous admirers all over this country. I'm only one of them. If I have offended I have offended with many, many thousands."

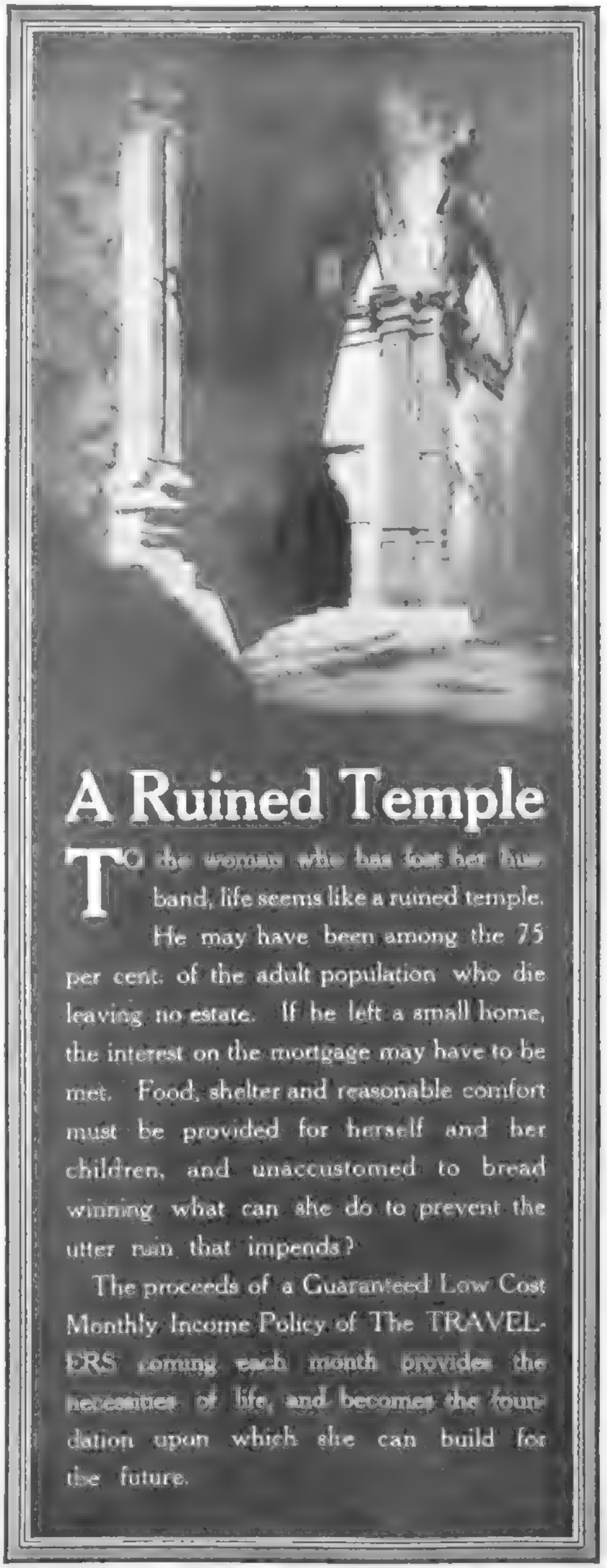
Already it has been related that Cochran was very good to look upon. At the present moment, as he spoke in respectful, even soulful accents, meekly and penitently proclaiming his long-concealed admiration, Miss Proctor found her indignation melting like an icicle in the sun.

Still, she did not hold herself cheaply. She was accustomed to such open flattery. She would not at once capitulate.

"But these pictures," she protested, "I gave to a man I knew. You have no right to them. They are not at all the sort of picture I would give to an utter stranger!" With anxiety the lovely lady paused for a reply. She hoped that the reply the tall young man with appealing eyes would make would be such as to make it possible for her to forgive him.

He was not given time to reply. With a mocking snort Griswold interrupted. Aline and Charles had entirely forgotten him.

"An utter stranger!" mimicked Griswold. "Oh, yes; he's an utter stranger!



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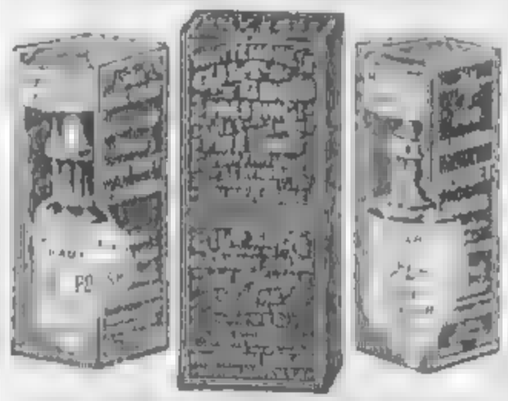

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You're pretty good actors, both of you; but you can't keep that up long and you'd better stop it now."

"Stop what?" asked Miss Proctor. Her tone was cold and calm; but in her eyes was a strange light. It should have warned Griswold that he would have been much safer under the bed.

"Stop pretending!" cried Griswold. "I won't have it!"

"I don't understand," said Miss Proctor. She spoke in the same cold voice, only now it had dropped several degrees nearer freezing. "I don't think you understand yourself. You won't have what?"

Griswold now was frightened and that made him reckless. Instead of withdrawing he plunged deeper.

"I won't have you two pretending you don't know each other," he blustered. "I won't stand being fooled! If you're going to deceive me before we're married, what will you do after we're married?"

Charles emitted a howl. It was made up of disgust, amazement and rage. Fiercely he turned upon Miss Proctor.

"Let me have him!" he begged.

"No!" almost shouted Miss Proctor. Her tone was no longer cold—it was volcanic. Her eyes, flashing beautifully, were fixed upon Griswold. She made a gesture as though to sweep Charles out of the room. "Please go!" she demanded. "This does not concern you."

Her tone was one not lightly to be disregarded. Charles disregarded it.

"It does concern me," he said briskly. "Nobody can insult a woman in my house you, least of all!" He turned upon the greatest catch in America. "Griswold," he said, "I never met this lady until I came into this room; but I know her, understand her, value her better than you'd understand her if you knew her a thousand years!"

Griswold allowed him to go no farther.

"I know this much," he roared; "she was in love with the man who took those photographs and that man was in love with her! And you're that man!"

"What if I am!" roared back Charles. "Men always have loved her; men always will—because she's a fine, big, wonderful woman! You can't see that and you never will. You insulted her! Now I'll give you time to apologize for that, and then I'll order you out of this house! And if Miss Proctor is the sort of girl I think she is she'll order you out of it too!"

Both men swung toward Miss Proctor. Her eyes were now smiling excitedly. She first turned them upon Charles, blushing most becomingly.

"Miss Proctor," she said, "hopes she is the sort of girl Mr. Cochran thinks she is." She then turned upon the greatest catch in America. "You needn't wait, Chester," she said, "not even to apologize."

Chester Griswold, alone in his car, was driven back to New York. On the way he invented a story to explain why, at the eleventh hour, he had jilted Aline Proctor; but when his thoughts reverted to the young man he had seen working with his sleeves rolled up he decided it would be safer to let Miss Proctor tell of the broken engagement in her own way.

Charles would not consent to drive his fair guest back to New York until she had first honored him with her presence at luncheon. It was served for two on his veranda, under the climbing honeysuckles. During the luncheon he told her all.

Miss Proctor, in the light of his five years of devotion, magnanimously forgave him.

"Such a pretty house!" she exclaimed as they drove away from it. "When Griswold selected it for our honeymoon he showed his first appreciation of what I really like."

"It is still at your service!" said Charles.

Miss Proctor's eyes smiled with a strange light, but she did not speak. It was a happy ride; but when Charles left her at the door of her apartment house he regarded sadly and with regret the bundle of retrieved photographs that she carried away.

"What is it?" she asked kindly.

"I'm thinking of going back to those empty frames!" said Charles, and blushed deeply. Miss Proctor blushed also. With delighted and guilty eyes she hastily scanned the photographs. Snatching one from the collection she gave it to him and then ran up the steps.

In the light of the spring sunset the eyes of Charles devoured the photograph of which at last he was the rightful owner. On it was written: "As long as this rock lasts!"

As Charles walked to his car his expression was distinctly thoughtful.

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"SIX"

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The success of the Garford "Six" is on a par with the fame of its distinguished owners. In this car, every six cylinder fundamental has reached the point of perfection. It has the most perfect fuel distribution. The most perfect lubrication and carburetion. It is the most economical Six built—giving better than eleven miles per gallon of gasoline on tour. It is a most perfectly balanced car, due to correct distribution of weight and exact spring suspension. It rides with the greatest ease and the most luxurious comfort.

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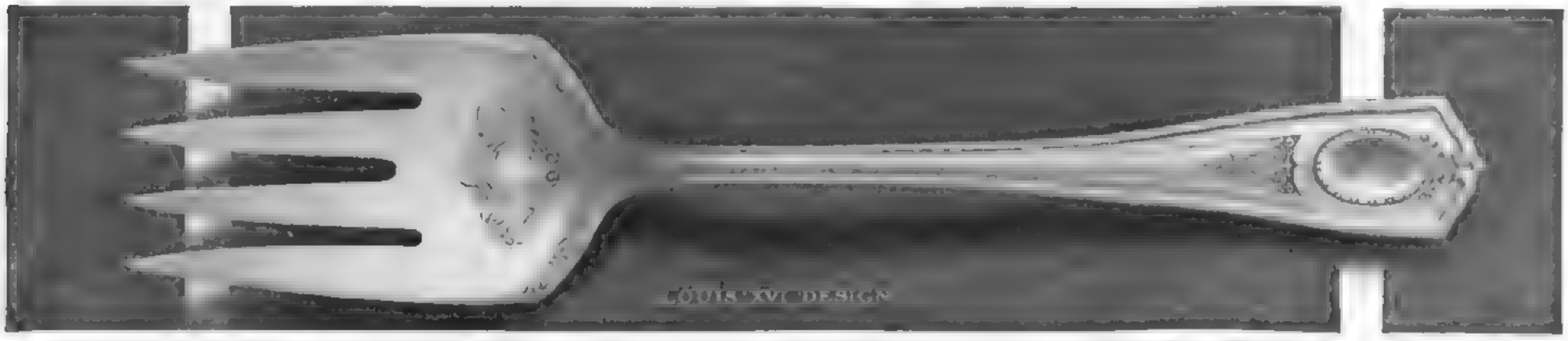

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Now, there is a tiny tube leading to the pen point of a fountain pen, called the feed tube. In an ordinary fountain pen some ink is always held in the feed tube, like water in the sponge, even though the pen is placed point up in your pocket.

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Parker Pen Company
90 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.
New York Retail Store
31 Park Row, opposite Post Office

RISING WATER

(Continued from Page 15)

"Oh, I'd try it with him as a last chance," Belle answered sturdily. She held a lamp so that its light fell across the water. "That's right. Keep headed that way!" she said.

"I'm all right!" Miss Carter's small head was bravely cleaving the smooth dark water. "I'll run all the way and bring back help in no time," she called back.

When the lamp no longer illumined her, Belle went into the house. The door would not shut, but the water was not visibly higher. She went in to Timmy's crib, knelt down beside him and put her arms about his warm little body.

. . . . . .

Meanwhile Timmy's father and mother, at the hotel, were far from happy. They stopped for a paper on their way to the opera on Thursday night; and on their return, finding no later edition procurable, telephoned one of the newspapers to ask whether there was anything in the reports that the rivers were rising up round Emville. On Friday morning Jerry, awakening, perceived his wife half-hidden in the great, rose-colored window draperies, barefoot, still in her nightgown and reading a paper.

"Jerry," said she very quietly, "can we go home today? I'm worried. Some of the Napa track has been washed away and they say the water's being pushed back. Can we get the nine o'clock train?"

"But, darling, it must be eight now."

"I know it."

"Why not telephone to Belle, dear, and have them all come into Emville if you like."

"Oh, Jerry of course! I never thought of it." She flew to the telephone on the wall. "The operator says she can't get them—they're so stupid!" she presently announced.

Jerry took the instrument away from her and the little lady contentedly began her dressing. When she came out of the dressing room a few moments later her husband was flinging things into his suitcase.

"Get Belle, Jerry?"

"Nope." He spoke cheerfully, but did not meet her eyes. "Nope. They can't get 'em. Lines seem to be down. I guess we'll take the nine."

"Jerry"—Molly Tressady came over to him quietly—"what did they tell you?"

"Now nothing at all ——" Jerry began. At his tone terror sprang to Molly's heart and sank its cruel claws there. There was no special news from Rising Water, he explained soothingly; but, seeing that she was nervous, and the nine was a through train, and so on—and on ——

"Timmy Timmy—Timmy!" screamed Molly's heart. She could not see; she could not think or hear, or taste her breakfast. Her little boy her little, helpless, sturdy, confident baby, who had never been frightened, never alone never anything but warm and safe and doubly, trebly guarded —

They were crossing a sickening confusion that was the hotel lobby. They were moving in a taxicab through bright, hideous streets. The next thing she knew Jerry was seating her in a parlor car.

"Yes, I know, dear. . . . Of course. . . . Surely!" she said pleasantly and mechanically when he seemed to expect an answer. . . . She thought of how he would have come to meet her; of how the little voice always rang out: "Dere's my muddy!"

"Raining again!" said Jerry. "It stopped this morning at two. Oh, yes, really it did. We're almost there now. Hello! Here's the boy with the morning papers. See, dear, here's the headline: Rain Stops at One-fifty ——"

But Molly had seen another headline—a big headline that read: "Loss of Life at Rising Water! Governess of Jerome Tressady's Family Swims One Mile to Safety!"—and she had fainted away.

She was very brave, very reasonable when consciousness came back, but there could be no more pretense. She sat in the demoralized little parlor of the Emville Hotel—waiting for news—very white, very composed, a terrible look in her eyes. Jerry came and went constantly; other people constantly came and went. The flood was falling fast now and barges were being towed down the treacherous waters of Beaver Creek; and refugees—women and children whom the mere sight of safety and dry land made hysterical again—were being gathered up. Emville matrons, just over their own hours of terror, were murmuring about gowns, about beds, about food: "Lots of room—well, thank God for that—you're all safe, anyway!" "Yes, indeed; that's the only thing that counts!" "Well, bless his heart, we'll tell him some day that when he was a baby ——" Molly caught scraps of their talk, their shaken laughter, their tears; but there was no news of Belle—of Timmy ——

"Belle is a splendid, strong country girl, you know, dear," Jerry said; "Belle would be equal to any emergency!"

"Of course," Molly heard herself say.

Jerry presently came in from one of his trips to draw a chair close to his wife's and tell her that he had seen Miss Carter.

"Or, at least, I've seen her mother," said Jerry, laying a restraining hand upon Molly, who sat bolt upright, her breast heaving painfully—"for she herself is feverish and hysterical, dear. It seems that she left —— Now, my darling, you must be quiet."

"I'm all right, Jerry. Go on! Go on!"

"She says that Hong and Little Hong managed to get away early in the evening for help. She didn't leave until about midnight, and Belle and the boy were all right then ——"

"Oh, my God!" cried poor Molly.

"Molly, dear, you make it harder."

"Yes, I know." Her penitent hot hand touched his own. "I know, dear—I'm sorry."

"That's all, dear. The water wasn't very high then. Belle wouldn't leave Timmy ——" Jerry Tressady jumped suddenly to his feet and went to stare out the window with unseeing eyes. "Miss Carter didn't get into town here until after daylight," he resumed, "and the mother, poor soul, is wild with fright over her; but she's all right. Now, Molly, there's a barge going up as far as Rising Water at four. They say the bungalow is still cut off probably, but they'll take us as near as they can. I'm going, and this Rogers Belle's friend—will go too."

"What do you think, Jerry!" she besought him, agonized.

"My darling, I don't know what to think."

"Were—were many lives lost, Jerry?"

"A few, dear."

"Jerry" Molly's burning eyes searched his "I'm sane now. I'm not going to faint again; but—but—after little Jerry—I couldn't bear it and live!"

"God sent us strength for that, Molly."

"Yes, I know!" she said, and burst into bitter tears.

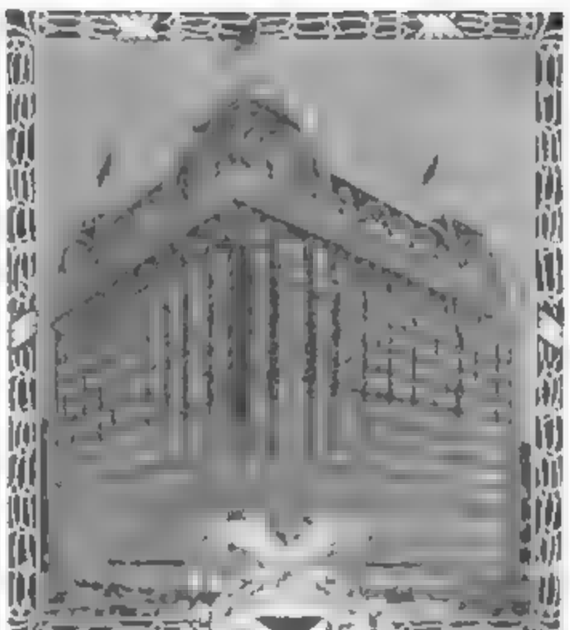
It had been arranged that Molly should wait at the hotel for the return of the barge; but Jerry was not very much surprised, upon going on board, to find her sitting, a shadowy ghost of herself, in the shelter of the boxed supplies that might be needed. He did not protest, but sat beside her; and Belle's friend, a serious, muscular young man, took his place at her other side.

The puffing little George Dickey started on her merciful journey only after some agonizing delays; but Molly did not comment upon them once, nor did any one of the trio speak throughout the terrible journey. The storm was gone now, and pale, uncertain sunlight was falling over the altered landscape—over the yellow, sullen current of the river; over the drowned hills and partly submerged farms. A broom drifted by; a child's perambulator; a porch chair. Now and then there was frantic signaling from some little sober group of refugees, huddled together on a water-stained porch or traveling slowly down the heavy roads in a spattered surrey.

"This is as near as we can go," Jerry said presently. The three were rowed across shallow water and found themselves slowly following on foot the partly obliterated road they knew so well. A turn of the road brought the bungalow into view.

There the little house stood, again high above the flood, though the garden was a drenched waste and a shallow sheet of water still lay across the pathway. The sinking sun struck dazzling lights from all the windows; no living thing was in sight. A terrible stillness held the place!

To the gate they went and across the pool. Then Jerry laid a restraining hand on his wife's arm.



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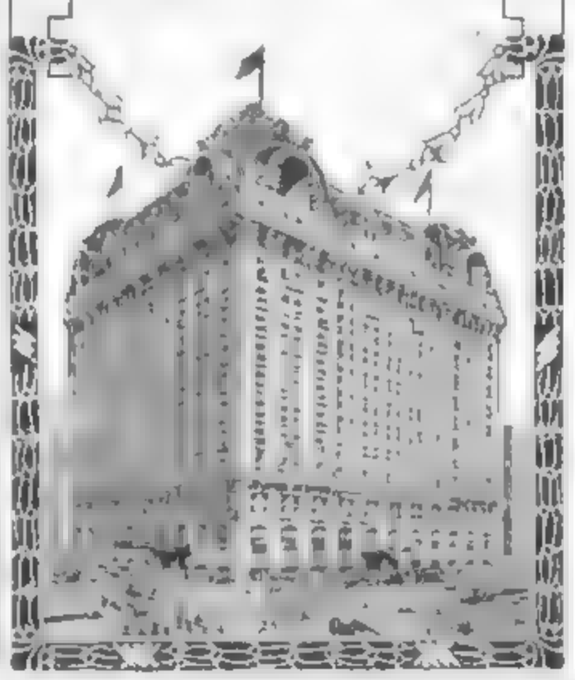

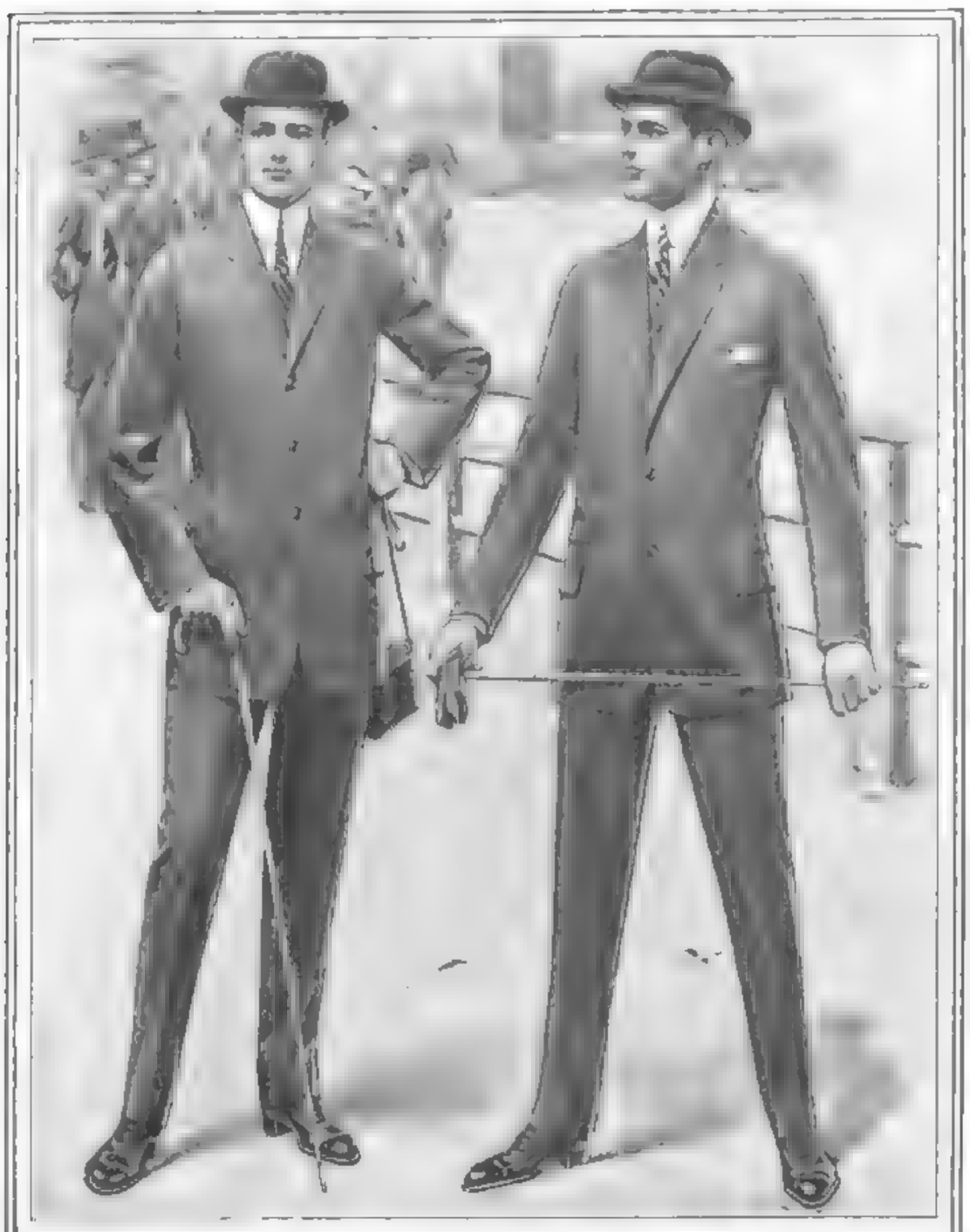

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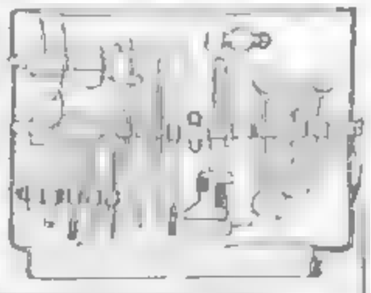

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"Yes'm. You'd 'a' better wait here," said young Rogers, speaking for the first time. "Belle wouldn't 'a' stayed, you may be sure. We'll just take a look."

They were not ten feet from the house, now—hesitating, sick with dread. Suddenly on the still air there was borne a sound that stopped them where they stood. It was a voice—Belle's voice—tired and somewhat low, but unmistakably Belle's:

"*Then I'll go home, my crown to wear;*
For there's a crown for me"

"Belle!" screamed Molly. Somehow she had mounted the steps, crossed the porch and was at the kitchen door.

Belle and Timothy were in the kitchen—Timothy's little bib tied about his neck, Timothy's little person securely strapped in his high chair, and Timothy's blue bowl, full of some miraculously preserved cereal, before him. Belle was seated—her arms resting heavily and wearily upon his tray, her dress stained to the armpits, her face colorless and marked by dark lines. She turned and sprang up at the sound of voices and feet, and had only time for a weak smile before she fell quite senseless to the floor. Timmy waved a welcoming spoon, and shouted lustily: "Dere's my muddy!"

. . . . . .

Presently Belle was resting her head upon Joe's big shoulder, and laughing and crying over the horrors of the night. Timothy was in his mother's arms, but Molly had a hand free for Belle's hand and did not let it go through all the hour that followed. Her arms might tighten about the delicious little form, her lips brush the tumbled little head but her eyes were all for Belle.

"It wasn't so fierce," said Belle. "The water went highest at one; and we went to the porch and thought we'd have to swim for it—didn't we, Timmy? But it stayed still a long time, and it wasn't raining, and I came in and set Timmy on the mantel—my arms were so tired It's real lucky we have a mantel, isn't it?"

"You stood, and held Tim on the mantel: that was it?" asked Jerry.

"Sure—while we was waiting," said Belle. "I wouldn't have minded anything, but the waiting was fierce. Timmy was an angel! He set there and I held him—I don't know—a long time. Then I seen that the water was going down again; I could tell by the bookcase, and I begun to cry. Timmy kept kissing me—didn't you, lover?" She laughed, with trembling lips and tearful eyes. "We'll have a fine time cleaning this house," she broke off, trying to steady her voice; "it's simply awful—everything's ruined!"

"We'll clean it up for your marriage, Belle," said Jerry cheerfully, clearing his throat. "Mrs. Tressady and I are going to start Mr. Rogers here in business ——"

"If you'd loan it to me at interest, sir ——" Belle's young man began hoarsely. Belle laid her hand over Molly's, her voice tender and comforting for Molly was weeping again.

"Don't cry, Mis' Tress'dy! It's all over now, and here we are safe and sound. We've nothing to cry over. Instead," said Belle solemnly, "we'd ought to be thanking God that there was a member of the family here to look out for Timmy, instead of just that hired governess and the Chinee boys!"

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THE big circus of Barnum & Bailey was not always under one management. For many years Mr. Bailey ran a small show of his own, doing his best in the small towns while Mr. Barnum stopped only at the large cities.

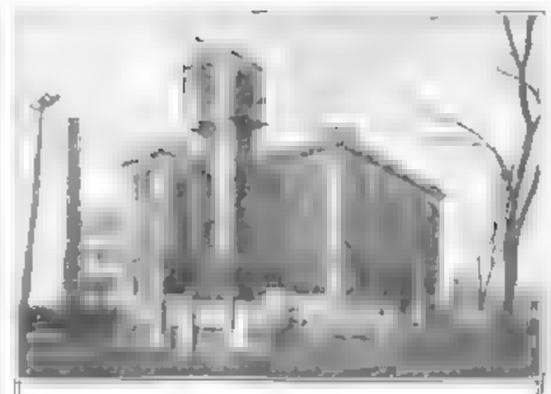
At this time Bailey owned the big elephant, Jumbo—the largest in captivity. Barnum had sent his agents to purchase it, but without avail. Mr. Bailey refused to set a price. Then Mr. Barnum telegraphed to his competitor:

I will give you ten thousand dollars for Jumbo. P. T. BARNUM.

No answer came. On the third day he passed through a small town where Bailey was to show on the following day. Every billboard in town was plastered with monster reproductions of his identical message and signature, mixed in with the usual advertising of the Bailey show. With a grin Barnum turned to his assistants

"It isn't Jumbo we want," he told them; "it's Bailey."

The next year it was Barnum & Bailey.



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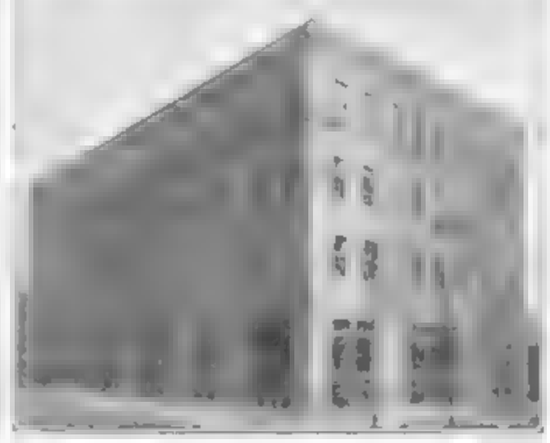

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4 Cylinders	4 Cylinders	6 Cylinders
$2250	**$3250**	**$4250**

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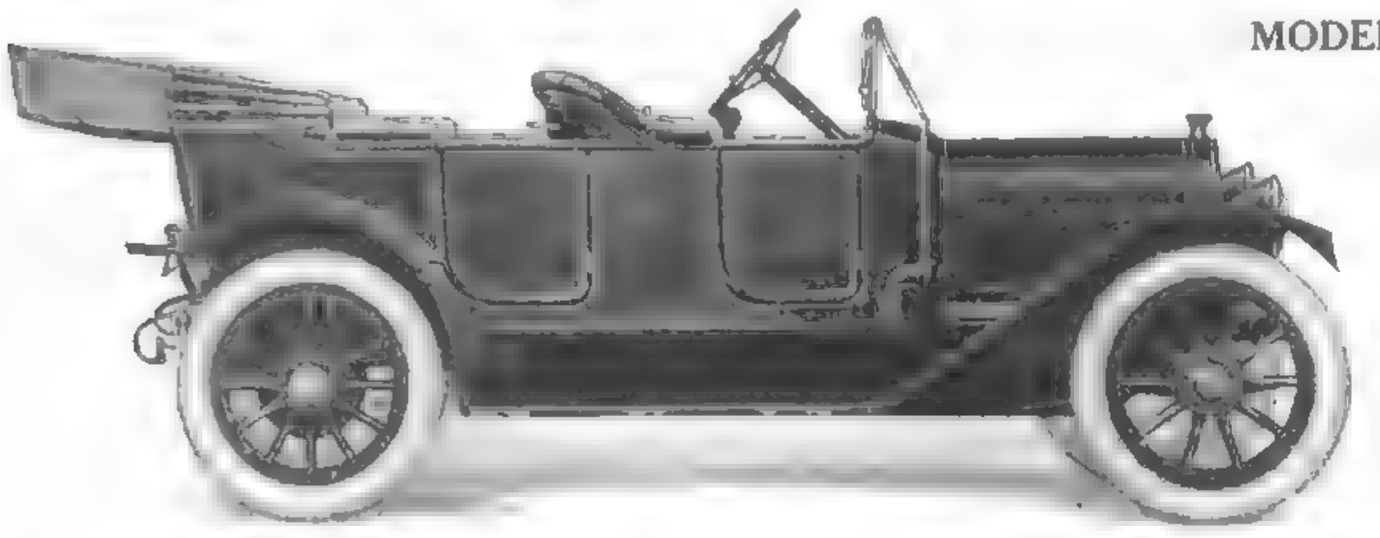

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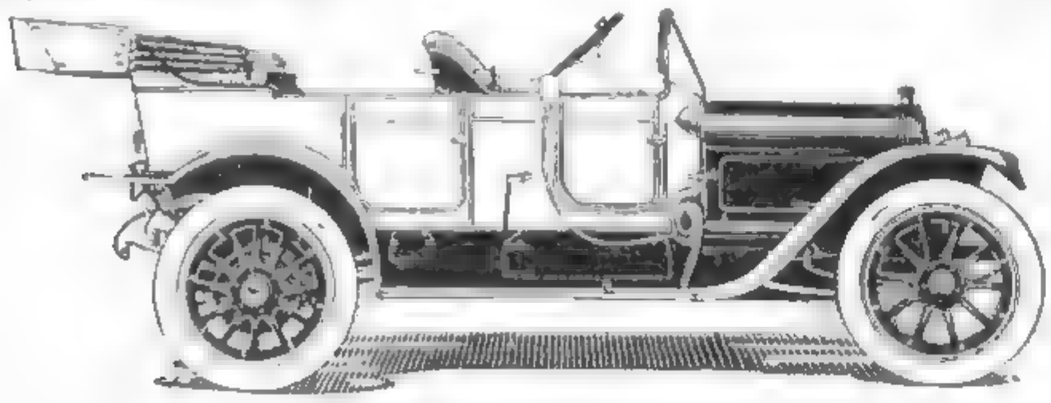
SEE **this truly wonderful car**—compare it piece by piece with cars selling at higher prices. Pick out the car you think comes nearest to meeting your requirements and make a comparison with this car. **Compare** the transmission in any car with the transmission in this new car. Go to the best mechanic you know—ask his advice, invite him to visit our factory or the nearest **Pope-Hartford** dealer with you and look over the pieces that go into this car and get his honest opinion of the material and workmanship as compared to that in any other car at any price which you think you would like to own.

COMPARE **the Equipment** with that on any car selling at any price. The Electric Motor Starter (Gray & Davis) and the independent Electric Dynamo lighting system are the best to be had **Regardless of Price.** No car selling at any price can have a better equipment in this respect. Bullet type electric headlights, side and rear lamps, each set on separate switch. Cape top with curtains and envelope. Union rain vision folding windshield, horn, foot rest, robe rail, folding trunk rack, tool box, full set of tools and jack, tire kit, irons and pump. Cocoa tonneau mat. Metal body, roomy, straight line effect; hooded dash, front compartment paneled. Bright parts heavily nickeled. 36 x 4½ Goodyear Quick Detachable Tires, demountable rims, spare rim.

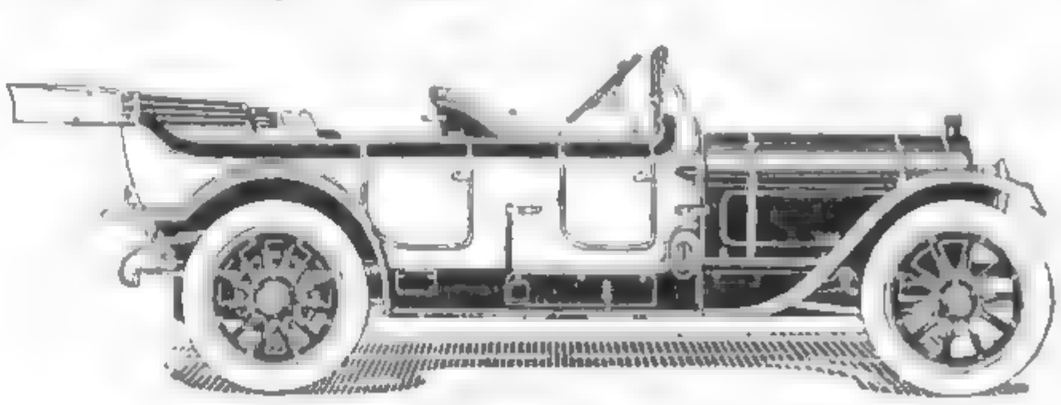
Think of it. A new **Pope-Hartford,** 40 h.p., built in our own shops, for **$2250!**



Model 33—4 Cylinder, 50 Horsepower Touring Car, *124 inch wheelbase*

The 50 Horsepower, 4 Cylinder **Pope-Hartford** is known as Model 33. **$3250**
Every worthy and distinctive feature contributing to the popularity and success of last season's "50" is retained, and **numerous improvements** have been incorporated, including **full equipment, four speed transmission, new body designs, electric motor self-starter** and **electric dynamo lighting;** and throughout will be found **refinements, structural and mechanical,** which place this model in the front rank with cars selling at even a higher price.

5-passenger Touring, 5-passenger Phaeton, 2-passenger Roadster, $3250. 7-passenger Touring, $3500. 7-passenger Limousine or Landaulet, $4300. 7-passenger Berline, $4550.



Model 29—6 Cylinder, 60 Horsepower Touring Car, *133 inch wheelbase*

The 60 Horsepower, 6 Cylinder **Pope-Hartford** is a magnificent car—wonderfully powerful and efficient in service. It is the acme of Pope **$4250**
Quality and the highest expression of six cylinder motor car building. Prominent among the new features are—**double drop frame, roller bearing four speed and reverse transmission, roller bearing rear axle, electric motor self-starter, electric dynamo and battery lighting and full equipment.** Model 29 bodies are of new design with convex line effect, low hung—roomy—and upholstered in a manner that insures the maximum of luxurious comfort to the occupants.

7-passenger Touring, 5-passenger Phaeton, 2-passenger Roadster, $4250. 3-passenger Coupé, $4800. 7-passenger Limousine or Landaulet, $5300. 7-passenger Berline, $5550.

DEALERS! Do you realize that the POPE-HARTFORD line of Pleasure Cars, Trucks and Public Service Wagons offers you by far the greatest inducements and opportunity? We solicit correspondence from responsible dealers in unoccupied territory. Send for catalogs NOW! Please mention *The Saturday Evening Post.*

The Pope Manufacturing Company Hartford, Connecticut, U. S. A.

"That's the Cloth"

AN unfinished worsted, made right, is one of the finest fabrics ever put in a man's suit. Always appropriate for business or semi-dress, it is dignified, rich, tailors splendidly and wears well.

Your guide to the best unfinished worsted is this name stamped on the back of the cloth

A.W.Co
WASHINGTON 1789
UNFINISHED WORSTED
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WASHINGTON 1789 is a highest grade [illegible] for men who appreciate thoroughbred clothes. It is pure wool, has a beautiful surface and does not wear shiny. London shrunk, 56 to 58 inches wide.

OSWEGO SERGE for Fall and Winter wear is a distinctive blue serge of superb quality. Tailors splendidly and retains its smart appearance through long wear.

[illegible] 1789, and $5.00 [illegible] that you are supplied [illegible] do not sell at retail.

American Woolen Company
Wm.M.Wood, President.

Selling Agents: American Woolen Company of New York
American Woolen Building
18th to 19th streets and Madison Avenue, New York

Williams'

PATENTED
Holder Top Shaving Stick

Williams' Famous Shaving Stick, with all its rich, creamy, refreshing lather, in a new form that adds ease and comfort to the daily shave.

The Holder Top enables you to grasp the stick firmly by the nickeled cap and to use it down to the last fraction of an inch without touching the soap with your fingers. And the stick will stand steady and upright wherever you set it down.

SPECIAL OFFER

Men's Combination Package
consisting of a liberal trial sample of Williams' Shaving Stick, Shaving Powder, Shaving Cream, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Violet Talc Powder and Dental Cream
Postpaid for 24 cents in stamps

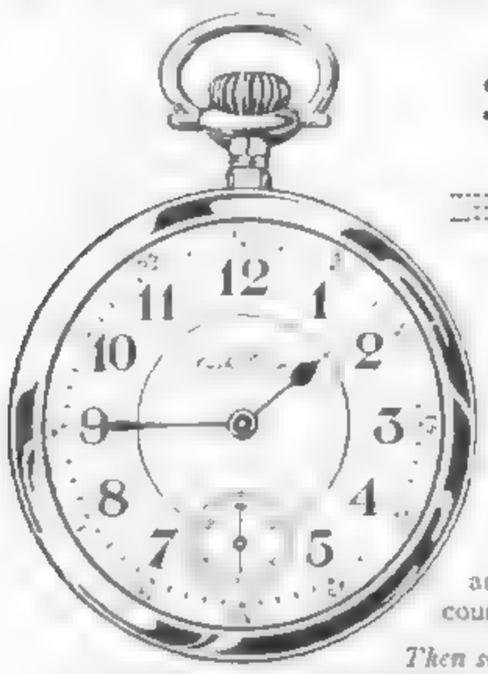
Women's Combination Package
consisting of a liberal trial sample of Violet Talc Powder, Karsi Talc Powder, Cold Cream, Dental Cream, Tooth Powder and Jersey Cream Toilet Soap
Postpaid for 24 cents in stamps

A single sample of either of above articles sent for 4 cents in stamps.

Four forms of the same good quality:

Williams' Shaving Stick Hinged-cover nickeled box
Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick
Williams' Shaving Powder Hinged-cover nickeled box
Williams' Shaving Cream (in tubes)

Address The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.



"The South Bend" Watch

How We Make It *Accurate*

We spend *six months* in cutting out the parts, finishing and assembling them. We make every detail perfect. Every one of over 1,500 parts fits its neighbor exactly. There are more than 400 inspections in the course of construction.

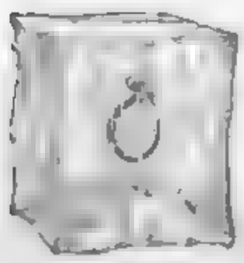
Then six months more are often required to regulate the watch to the point where it passes the South Bend standard-tests. Some South Bends are a year in the factory. But they have run 700 hours continuously and accurately. And they have passed the Master Inspector. They have achieved all that watches can until they are *timed to the wearer*.

That timing is immensely important. And it can be done only by expert jewelers. These are scientific watches. Regulate one to your [illegible] and it will keep time for you as long as you carry it.

Learn more about this. There's a lot more to know. Send for our book, "How Good Watches Are Made." It tells all and is free.

South Bend Watches can be had at the lower prices up to $75 (in a solid gold case).

Frozen in solid ice—keeps perfect time



THE SOUTH BEND WATCH COMPANY
9 State Street, South Bend, Indiana

347

Here is the Totalizer of the Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter.
These Totalizers are furnished in **347** different styles and sizes.

347! *Think what that means!*

It Means that the Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter will add or subtract straight numerals, [illegible] dollars and cents; hours, minutes and seconds; feet and inches; pounds and ounces, gallons, quarts and pints, pounds, shillings and pence; fractions of many sorts; it will do all of these things and many others with Totalizers of any required capacity and any desired spacing.

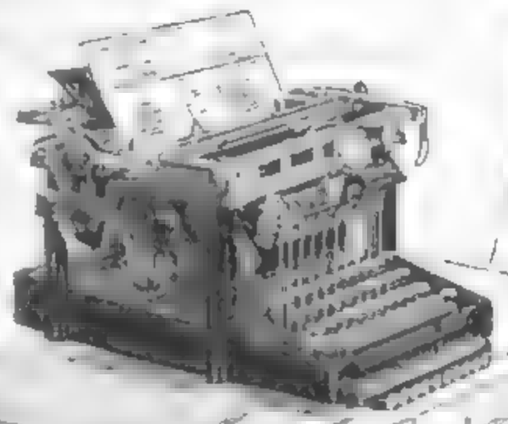
It Means that the time and labor saving merits of the

Remington

Adding and Subtracting Typewriter

(Wahl Adding Mechanism)

apply to every conceivable kind of work where writing and adding are done on the same page.



Remington Typewriter Company
(Incorporated)
New York and Everywhere

THE MIX IN THE MIDDLE WEST

(Concluded from Page 7

becomes alarming. The Topeka Capital, which is owned by Arthur Capper, the Republican candidate for governor, describes this league as follows: "An organization has been formed in this state with the avowed object of defeating, if possible, every Progressive candidate for office on the Republican state ticket as well as the Progressive electors who have signified their intention, if elected, of casting their votes in the electoral college for Theodore Roosevelt." It is a rather virile organization, too, and as Taft's plurality over Bryan in 1908 was less than 37,000, out of a total vote of 375,946, it is easy to reckon that if there are forty or fifty thousand Taft Republicans in the state and 20,000 of them vote for Wilson, the trick will be turned, provided the Democrats, who cast 161,20 votes for Bryan, stand firm for Wilson, as they are likely to. Kansas politicians think 60,000 of the 200,000 Republicans in the state will stand by Taft, or that a good proportion of these will stand by Taft by voting for Wilson. Either way Wilson's chances in Kansas are good, as this is written, for the Republican party is hopelessly embroiled. Roosevelt will get many votes.

Nebraska has a situation practically similar to that of Kansas, so far as the Republicans are concerned, and Mr. Bryan is again dominating that commonwealth in Democratic affairs. Mayor Dahlman, of Omaha, who ran for governor on the Democratic ticket in 1910 and was beaten it is claimed by Bryan's desertion, got the organization away from Bryan and held it until recently. There was some talk of not allowing Bryan to go to Baltimore at all, but he was finally sent as a delegate-at-large instructed for Champ Clark.

Bryan broke his instructions and nominated Wilson. This precipitated a fight on Bryan in the Nebraska state convention held recently. A resolution was offered by Bryan's friends indorsing his action at Baltimore, holding that he had an undoubted right to repudiate the state's instructions for Clark and declaring him the grand panjandrum of the Nebraska Democrats and of the Democrats of the nation. Mayor Dahlman and Senator Hitchcock opposed this resolution, but Bryan was indorsed and cheered and eulogized by a vote of more than two to one in a convention of some eight hundred delegates. Every act of Bryan's at Baltimore was indorsed. Moreover, a friend of Bryan's was selected as state chairman.

How Cummins Stands

This, of course, leaves a Democratic division in the state. The friends of Dahlman and Hitchcock, both of whom live in Omaha, are not saying how far they will go, but if they go anywhere it is probable they will vote for Taft, inasmuch as Dahlman was originally in favor of the conservative Harmon for the Democratic nomination. Still this will not be so serious as the split in the Republican party, where the Roosevelt men and the Taft men are fighting one another fiercely. In Nebraska, as in the other states, the question of a third state ticket obtrudes. Many an ardent Roosevelt supporter, wanting a state office himself, hesitates over this third-ticket proposition so far as state offices go. There is a great mix as this is written. What seems apparent is that Bryan will hold enough of the Democrats steady to get out a fairly complete vote for Wilson. Bryan carried the state over Taft in 1908 by a few more than 4000 votes, but Roosevelt carried it in 1904 by more than 86,000 when Parker ran.

The question of how far the Progressives shall go in the making of a third ticket and whom they shall support has been vexing in Iowa also. That is, though the Progressives of Iowa are largely for Roosevelt, they are wondering—or were wondering when this was written—whether it would be a good scheme to go so far as to name legislative candidates, for example, and thus make it possible to defeat Kenyon for reelection to the Senate this year and Cummins two years later. It is held that the progressive Republicanism of Iowa has already given that state most of the legislative reforms Mr. Roosevelt demands for the nation, and that there is no need for the defeat of the Progressive movement in the state, inasmuch as the division of the Progressive forces on state tickets and on legislative tickets will simply mean Democratic success. That is, Iowa Republicans have about what they need in the way of Progressiveness, and if for other offices they divide on lines other than presidential lines, they will eliminate the real Iowa Progressive leaders, Cummins and Kenyon, and put Democrats in their places.

This is substantially the view of Senator Cummins. He does not recognize the nomination of Taft as being secured rightfully, but he is of the belief that the reforms needed in the Republican party can be secured better from within the party than from without. As between Taft and Roosevelt for president Cummins probably is for Roosevelt, and likely as not will so declare himself before this is printed, although this in no way purports to be a statement of his position.

Iowa's Attitude

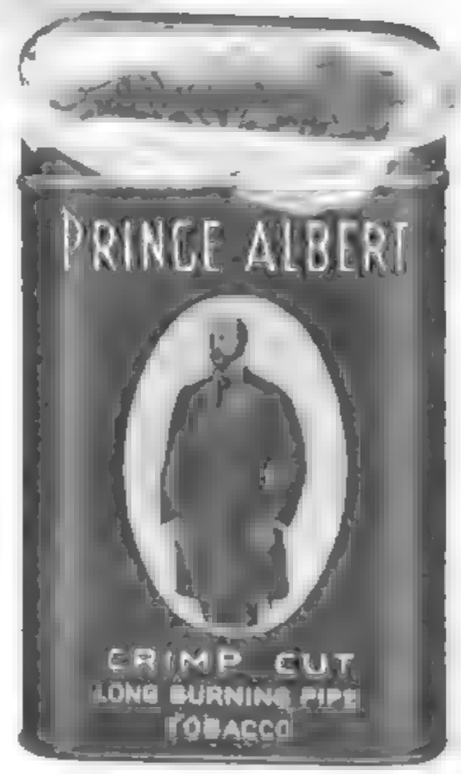
There are men in Iowa who want a third ticket all down the line and who may get one, and there is a considerable element of the old-line standpat Republicans that will vote for Taft and the G. O. P. and take whatever is coming. Taft's plurality in 1908 over Bryan in Iowa was nearly 75,000. In that election the Democrats cast, in round numbers, 200,000 votes and the Republicans, 275,000 votes. The best-informed politicians in the state think that if conditions remain as at present Taft will have about forty per cent of the usual Republican vote and Roosevelt sixty per cent. In that case, of course, all Wilson will need to do will be to hold his normal 200,000 Democratic votes and the natural increase.

But there is one thing about Iowa that must be considered. That state has been progressively Republican for a long time. From being a railroad-controlled, machine-dominated state it came to be one of the first to adopt progressive ideas. The recent primary contest between former Senator "Lafe" Young and Senator Kenyon for the primary nomination is a case in point. Young is popular in Iowa. He devoted a year and a half to campaigning the state. He had great prospects. When Kenyon went out to make his last three weeks' campaign he thought he had a very hard fight. Still Kenyon defeated Young in the primaries by seventy thousand. Kenyon did not expect such a victory. Nobody expected it. But it came. And that is why people who say Wilson will carry Iowa should be conservative in their remarks. Of course he will carry Iowa if Roosevelt gets sixty per cent of the Republican vote and Taft forty per cent and Wilson holds the Democratic; but Roosevelt may get more than sixty per cent, and it is just possible that Wilson may not get his hundred per cent. Some of those Democrats might vote for Roosevelt. You never can tell about that state of Iowa. They are progressive out there. It is a good fight between Roosevelt and Wilson. The one certainty is that Taft won't carry Iowa unless both Roosevelt and Wilson retire.

The conditions described here are as they exist on September first. They may change materially before election day, but the chances are that they will not. Wilson has the advantage of the situation. Roosevelt has the potential strength. One or the other of these men will carry the bulk of these states. In fact one or the other of them may carry them all, although Mr. Taft has a faint chance here and there. If the Roosevelt movement holds its present momentum and continues to gain strength as it has been doing since the Taft convention some astounding things are likely to happen. What they want out here is a change, and they intend to have a change, either one way or another.

Pipeology

The Colonel smokes a "Bent Unger" (not a Hungarian) the bowl French briar—as generously large and the hard rubber bit quite long. Nickel or silver mounted. Altogether, the "Bent Unger" is a pipe you can confide in



Old friends

—*true friends*—the colonel, the jimmy pipe and tidy red tin of Prince Albert. An enduring affection that delicious P. A. makes possible to any man who smokes. Because Prince Albert *can't bite your* tongue. The sting is taken out by a patented process that has simply revolutionized pipe tobacco. Forget old days of broiled tongues and parched throats, you men *who have tried* the *fire*-brands! Our word for it, Prince Albert is a revelation!

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Just the sort of tobacco a man feels like talking about, because it *is* so good. You make no apologies to your tongue no matter how many times you fire up, because it won't even tingle. P. A. isn't built that way!

If you are not a pipe smoker, take a friendly hint. You buy a jimmy pipe and some Prince Albert. Fill the bowl (if it's wood) with water and let it remain so over night.

Next morning you pack in a light load of P. A. and smoke slowly while the old jimmy tunes up. Gradually increase loads and—why, before the day's over you'll be going to P. A. full blast *without a scorch on that tongue!*

Doesn't that put the "call of the jimmy pipe" right into your system? Say, it's great for what ails you!

Buy Prince Albert everywhere in 5c toppy red bags, 10c tidy red tins and handsome pound and half-pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Overland 1913

$985

Model "69 T" **Completely Equipped**

Self Starter
30 Horsepower
5-Passenger Touring Car
110-inch Wheel Base
Timken Bearings
Center Control
Remy Magneto
Prestolite Tank
Warner Speedometer
Mohair Top and Boot
Clear Vision Wind Shield

EVERY one seems willing to concede the fact that our 1913 values have broken all existing price records—most of which were held by this company. This car, at this price, with its remarkably complete equipment of modern accessories, gave the automobile world an unexpected thrill. We have again reduced the scale of market prices and nothing but our huge annual production of 40,000 cars has made this industrial feat possible.

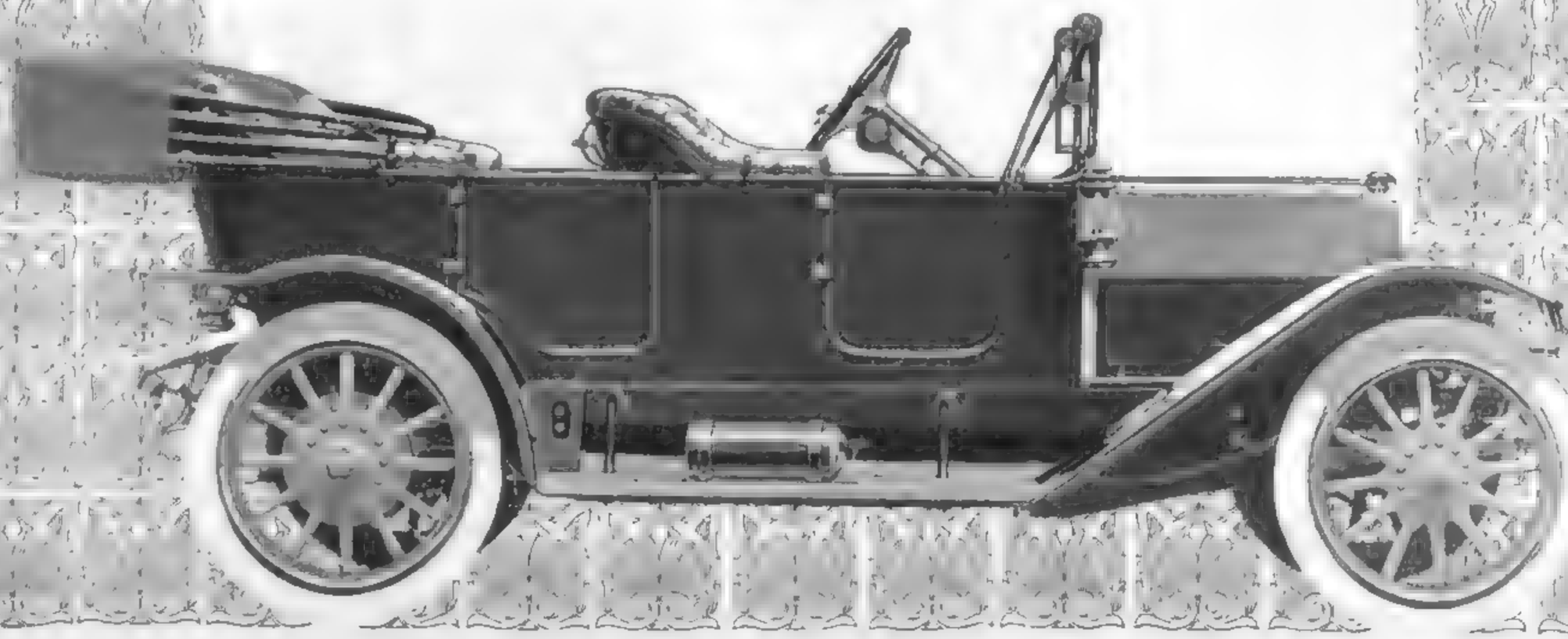
We have but one problem before us—supplying the demand. And in this connection we wish to make a suggestion. *Get your order in early.* There are many months of perfect motoring weather ahead of you before the cold weather closes in on your automobile pleasures, and those who book their "69" order early—*that is, right now*—will get their car in sufficient time to get a whole lot of fun out of the late summer and early autumn.

There are over 2000 Overland dealers. Each one is given so many cars, consequently he has just so many to dispose of, and the sooner you get in touch with him the quicker you will have your car.

The exceptional value of this model has made such a profound impression on the public (not only in America, but all over the world) that our immediate shipping orders are treble that of our present production. We are shipping 150 cars a day. 500 a day would not fill our immediate orders.

If you do not know who the Overland dealer is in your vicinity write us for his name and address. Also we will be glad to send you a 1913 catalogue. Please ask for book A 29.

The Willys-Overland Company
Toledo, Ohio



Overland 1913

$1475

Model "71 T" Completely Equipped

Complete Electric Lighting Outfit, Generator and Storage Battery
Self Starter
45 Horsepower
Timken Bearings
Center Control
Wheel Base 114 inches
Brewster green body, ivory striped, nickel plated and dead black trimming
Warner Speedometer
Mohair Top and Boot
Clear Vision Wind Shield
Prestolite Tank

THIS car is another Overland value which astonished the public in general and astounded the trade in particular. This, too, knocks to atoms all previous records. Fourteen hundred and seventy-five dollars now buys you an automobile, large enough, big enough, powerful enough, sound enough and complete enough to compare in service, endurance and comfort with any car made *regardless of price.*

The above detailed specifications explain the value in a concise way. Here are the facts which represent this most remarkable motor car value.

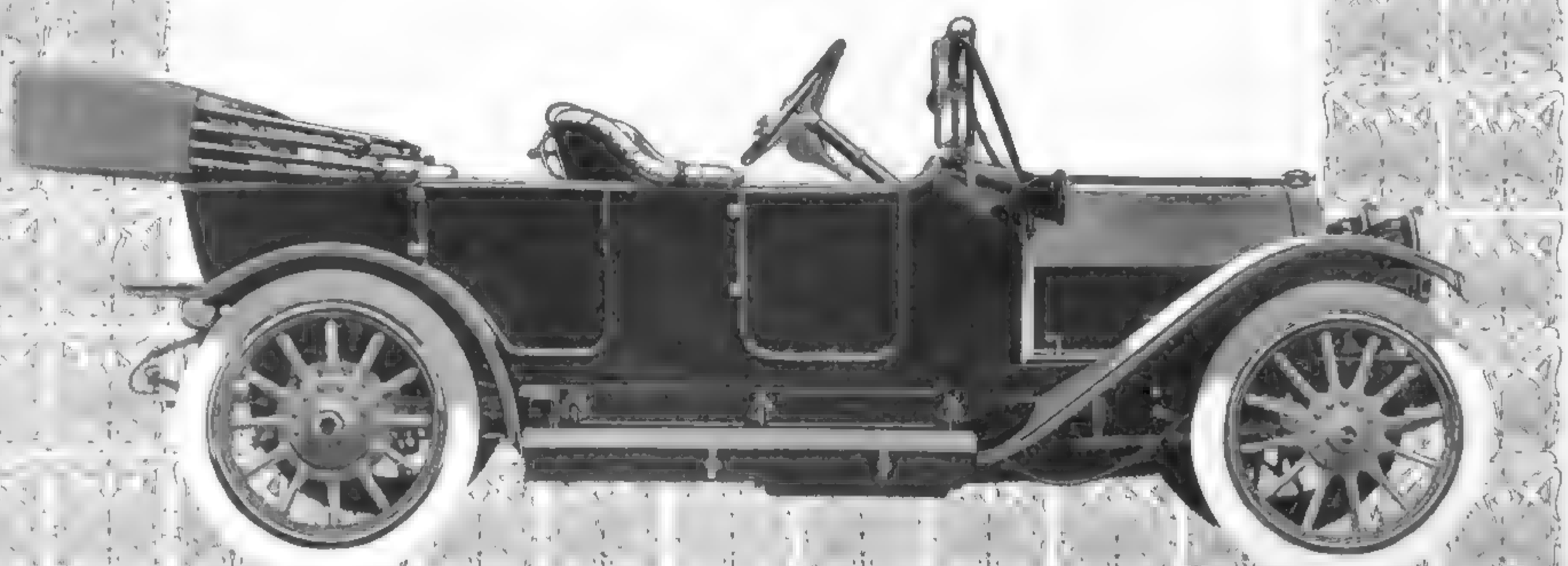
For precisely the same reason that we can take what is the average $1200 market value and give it to you for $985, so can we take the average $1800 market value and give it to you for $1475.

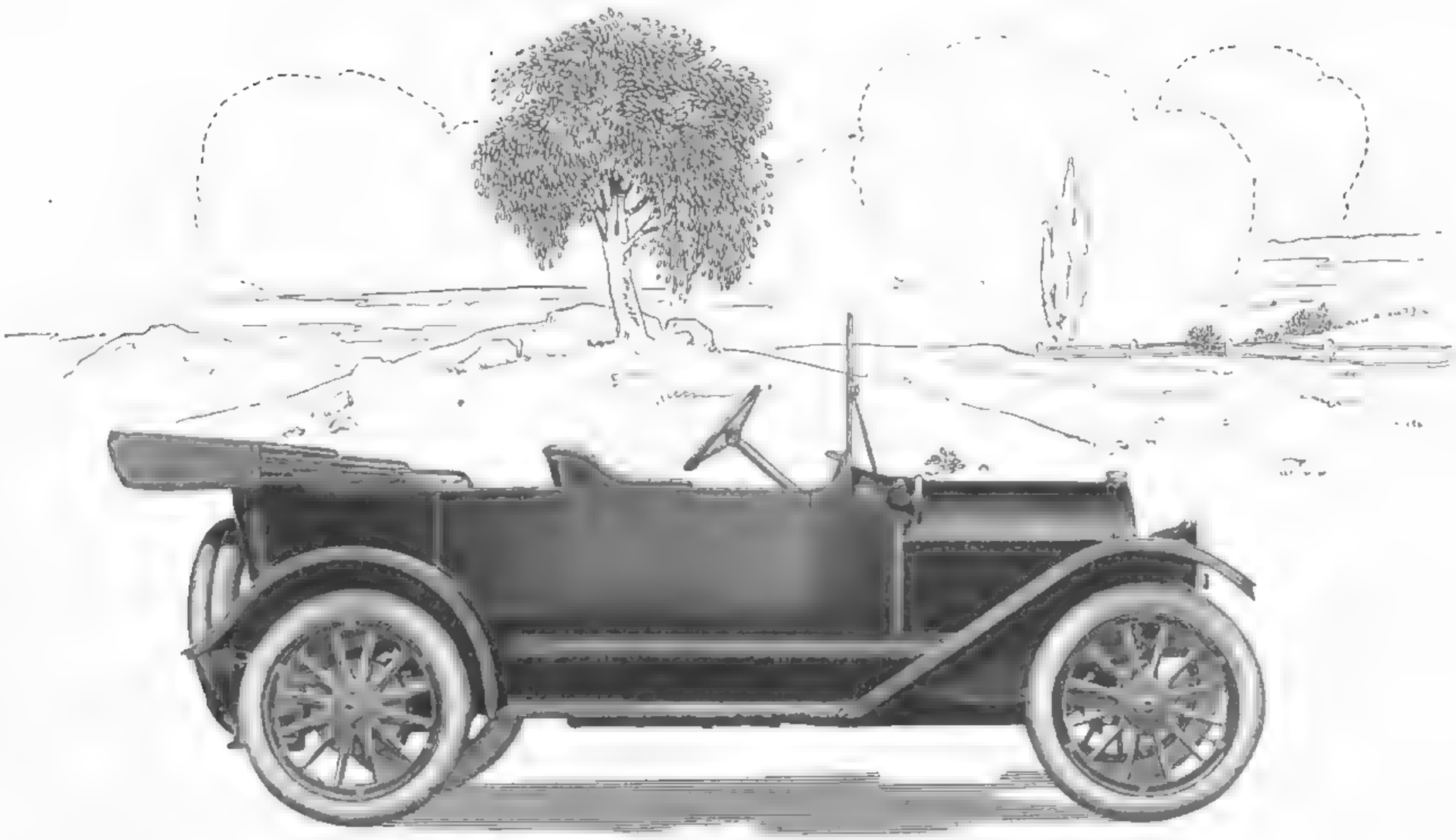
This model was designed to meet the requirements of those wanting a much larger family touring car. We have incorporated into it every modern, practical and advanced convenience and comfort. It is fully equipped with the very best of everything. This means top — windshield — starter — gas tank — speedometer — in fact, every practical accessory made for automobiles. Nothing is lacking. It is electrically lighted throughout. This means all lights—head, side and tail. It has a very long wheel base — a remarkably powerful forty-five horsepower motor—and big tires.

The body of this car is finished in rich dark Brewster green. All metal parts are heavily nickel plated and trimmed in dead black. In appearance this is probably one of the most magnificent cars ever built.

Deliveries prompt, providing you take immediate action. Catalogue on request. Please ask for book A 29.

The Willys-Overland Company
Toledo, Ohio





Model 37-A, Completely Equipped, $1475

1913 — Marion — 1913 Announcement

The Marion 37-A is built expressly for those who value absolute Reliability, Comfort and Style, and demand full value for their money. Its position in the 1913 line-up is most Unique.

It is THE ONE moderate priced car which combines the Size, Quality and Luxury of higher priced cars. This is not an idle or extravagant statement. Look at its specifications, its graceful lines, its dignity and refinement, and its **high-grade** and **complete equipment.**

The Marion 37-A is a big, roomy, five-passenger touring car of exceptional value. It is so good **throughout** that we really wouldn't know where else to direct you for a motor car even nearly so good — unless you want to pay several hundred dollars more.

It has pleasing lines, flush-side body, rich brewster green or deep wine color, upholstering as deep and comfortable as a big arm chair, metal trimmings nickel-plated, lamps black enameled, long wheelbase and easy-riding springs.

Ten Years of Marion Success Builded in 1913 Models

Through the ten years in which Marion cars have been traversing city streets and country highways and byways they have established a record for reliability and dependability. Marion owners are always touring.

For a decade they have been manufactured with unusual quality in style, material and workmanship. In the selection of a Marion car the buyer absolutely assures himself of the pleasure and genuine satisfaction experienced by all Marion owners. He has a car which is recognized and admired wherever seen—on the streets, at the clubs, and in company with other automobiles of class.

In point of equipment the Marion has no superior It is complete when delivered to its purchaser—and at one price. Strictly for the convenience of passengers—anticipating their comfort en tour—there are many appointments.

There has never been a question in regard to the standardization and success of Marion mechanical construction. The motor is quiet, efficient, and economical, long-stroke type; the clutch is the simple cone which engages smoothly and positively; the selective transmission gives three speeds forward and one reverse. Its steering gear is enormously strong and its four brakes are large and effective — insuring safety for car and occupants.

Accessibility is a feature. Lubrication is nearly automatic—you add oil to the motor every 500 or 600 miles; you turn convenient grease cups. Marion owners take pleasure in handling their own cars

Equipment Complete

Dynamo Electric Lighting System
Disco Self-Starter
Warner Speedometer
Q. D. Demountable Rims
Ventilating Plate Glass Windshield
10-inch Upholstering, Finest Leather
Mohair Top, Boot, Storm Curtains
Tire Irons, Pump, Jack, Tools
Concealed Tool Boxes
Metal Trimmings Nickel-Plated
Center Control

INTERESTING DETAILS—MARION 37-A

Motor—Four cylinders, cast in pairs, bore and stroke 4x5 inches, 30-40 horsepower. Dual ignition, magneto. Water cooling. Constant level oiling system with pump, giving proper lubrication always.

Driving Mechanism—Cone clutch, lined with Raybestos, spring inserts to give gradual engagement. Drive by shaft enclosed in torsion tube. Selective sliding gear transmission located on rear axle, directly connected with bevel gear differential and axle shafts.

Chassis—Pressed steel frame, wide channel section, strongly reinforced. Springs, genuine imported steel, front semi elliptic, rear ¾ elliptic, all extra long, wide and flexible. Artillery wheels with large hub flanges. Four double acting brakes. Axles, front I beam drop forging, rear double trussed semi floating

Building a Bigger Company Behind the Marion Car

To produce and market the Marion 37-A we have increased our capitalization $1,000,000 and have recruited experts from the oldest and biggest factories in the automobile industry. We have extended our sales and service policies so [illegible] to take care of and co-operate with Marion users and dealers in a manner impossible with less experienced men and organizations

Every Marion owner is [illegible] and we know that Marion purchasers in the season of 1913 will share the same enjoyment and satisfaction. Send to us *today* for illustrated folder on the Marion line — later we'll mail you our regular catalogue. Just drop a postal

To Automobile Dealers

To bona fide automobile dealers we offer the fairest sales agreement ever written. Write or telegraph us at once for full particulars and see if there is open territory near you. Don't waste a minute.

1913 Marion Line

MARION 37-A — Five-passenger touring car, 30-40 horsepower, 112-inch wheelbase, 34 x 4-inch tires, completely equipped, $1475.

MARION 48-A—Five-passenger touring car, the Marion de luxe, 48 horsepower, 120-inch wheelbase, 36 x 4 tires with Q. D. demountable rims, and full equipment, electric lights, electric horn, self-starter, $1850.

MARION 36-A—Two-passenger "Bobcat," mile-a-minute roadster, the snappiest speed car of the year, 30-40 horsepower, 112-inch wheelbase, 34 x 4-inch tires, etc., completely equipped, $14[illegible]5.

All prices f. o. b. Indianapolis.

THE MARION MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 910 Oliver Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana

COURTS AND THEIR CRITICS

(Concluded from Page 18)

the machinery for the administration of justice; that it is merely a secular arm of the Government, and that the people have the right to revise it and to change it, as they have the right to revise or change any other department when the need arises.

The people ought to keep all departments of the Government under their eye; they ought to watch carefully how these departments operate, and they ought fearlessly to hold them to account. A representative government requires this and without it must cease to exist. Nothing could be worse in a republic than the growth of the idea that any department of government is immune from inquiry.

It is proper that the people should accord to the courts the highest tributes of respect, and the reason is not because they are sacred, nor yet because they are infallible in their decisions, but because to them the authority of the whole people is delegated for the purpose of administering justice, and the people will not permit their authority to be insulted in the person of the judges.

This is the true base under the respect and esteem in which the courts are held. It is sound. By virtue of this delegated power the courts are clothed with a dignity which the people will not permit any man to violate.

The People the Pedestal

An insult offered to the courts, then, or a contempt of their authority, passes through the judge and flicks the faces of those who have elevated him to the bench. Ingenious persons endeavor to put the respect which the courts command upon other grounds, but they are all subsidiary to this. We are told that the judiciary is entitled to more respect than any other department of government because it has neither a treasury nor an army at its back, and therefore it must come to the people for the support of its decrees. But it must come to the people, in the first instance, for its power to act at all!

We are told, also, that criticism of a judicial decision necessarily implies either that the judge was incompetent or else that he was venal. But immunity from criticism upon this theory can apply to the courts only when they are administering the law as they received it from the lawmakers, and not when they undertake to say what laws the people shall be permitted to enact.

"The error of the judge, when it is caused not by any perversion of the facts of the case, but upon a wrong evaluation, finds complete justification on the score of human imperfections, which, moreover, is shared by him who judges the work of the judge" (Rosada).

It is clear to everybody that when courts are engaged in the difficult labor of administering justice according to the laws which they have received they should be treated with respect and sympathy rather than criticism. They do make mistakes, and these mistakes may result in oppression; but no human device is perfect, and all machinery for the administration of justice, however carefully operated, will at times work some hardship.

It is idle to suggest that the people in a republic have not the right to inquire into and discuss the acts of every department of their government, and it is fatuous to insist that any part of the machinery of a profane government is sacredly immune from this inquiry.

"The people are not obliged to speak of the conduct of their officials in whispers or with bated breath in a free government, but only in a despotism. On the contrary, they have a right to speak out in open discussion and criticism thereof; the only test being that they make no false statement; and this is the great safeguard of free government and of pure government."

The courts are not so fragile, nor does their dignity rest upon a base so false, that inquiry will be likely to overthrow them. The pedestal under them is the authority of the people, and such a base the light will not corrode.

The people have the right to the fullest inquiry into the conduct of their courts. And when the people undertake to meet great economic needs by formulating laws, and the courts annul those laws and embarrass the people in their efforts to meet these new and grave situations in their civilization, then the people not only have the right to criticise the acts of the courts and publicly discuss them, but they have the right to take such measures as they may think necessary to carry their will into effect. When this situation arises the people will not be awed into silence by any exaggeration of the "dignity, respect, sacredness" of the courts. Nor can they be persuaded to suffer the inconvenience of some vexatious economic situation because the measures which they have taken for their relief having been annulled by the judiciary they are told these decisions are final and inviolate.

The infallibility of the courts is a working fiction in which the people are willing to acquiesce in order that controversies between man and man may be settled, and they will reject it when it is brought forward as a barrier between them and measures which they take for their relief.

The criticism of Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln and Roosevelt is directed to this point. These executives held that the people alone have the right to say by what laws they shall be governed, and that no law shall be made except by the authority of the whole people, and that no law shall be annulled except by the authority of the whole people as expressed in the national Congress. In other words, that this Government shall remain a Republic. It is only when the courts have undertaken to assume this sovereignty that these executives have resisted it.

Civilization advances and becomes more complex; new situations arise; broader obligations are recognized and broader opportunities are insisted upon. A greater distribution of the perils which fall upon certain classes, a wider enjoyment of the natural resources of the whole country, a larger equilibrium in the benefits and disadvantages of life are coming more and more to be demanded. Laws must be enacted to carry forward and accomplish these things, and the courts must not stand hostile in the way. This is the race at its great work. This is man on his tremendous journey; and if he can find an iron wheel or a canvas wing to carry him faster the courts must not compel him to travel in his ox-cart.

A Good Sell

A RANCHER in Montana wanted to sell his ranch. A neighboring rancher, who had an eye for real-estate speculation, came to him and said:

"Want to sell your ranch?"

"Sure!"

"How much?"

"Seven thousand dollars."

"Will you give me an option for that?"

"Yep!"

"What terms if I sell it?"

"I'll take a mortgage on it for half what you get for it."

Whereupon the foxy neighbor went out and sold the ranch for sixteen thousand dollars, and whereupon, also, the rancher who gave the option for seven thousand dollars had to borrow a thousand dollars for the privilege of taking a mortgage for eight thousand dollars on his own ranch.

His Way of Saving

THE old-time cattlemen in the West, observing the curtailment of their ranges by the farmers and settlers, look with gloom on dry farming and can see little in the newer agricultural demonstrations.

A cattleman who had been running some steers on a range in Montana had held out a hundred and sixty acres to protect a water-hole for his animals. Much to his disgust the settlers came in and took up the land all round his hundred and sixty acres, thus making it of no value to him.

One of these settlers came to the cattleman and offered to put a crop on the hundred and sixty acres.

"What's your proposition?" asked the cattleman.

"Why," said the settler, "I'll break the ground and plant it and we'll go halves on the crop."

"You furnish the seed?" asked the cattleman.

"Sure," replied the settler.

"Well," said the cattleman, "you gimme half the seed now and go ahead."

Washington's INSTANT Coffee

Just pure coffee *refined* like sugar—use it as you do sugar—½ to ¾ teaspoonful in a cup—pour on boiling water—sugar and cream to taste—the flavor is *always* perfect—*you* control the strength. Sold by grocers at 30c and 85c per tin except in extreme West and South. If your grocer hasn't it, send us his name and 30c and receive a full size tin.

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Rich — soft — restful, the "Emeralite" makes work a pleasure. Its Glass Shade is emerald green on the outside sending out a refreshing welcome to tired eyes; the inside is opal which reflects the lamp rays in an even white light directly on your work — no glare, no sheen on paper, no eye fatigue, no shadows. The

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Desk and Table LAMPS

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H. G. McFADDIN & CO.
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500 Shaves

(2 Mills per Shave)

Guaranteed

This wooden man is used in AutoStrop window displays. He shows you how to strop AutoStrop blades to Head Barber edges. *If a wooden man can do it, you can*

EACH package of AutoStrop Blades is guaranteed to give 500 "head barber" shaves. If you fail to get 500, send us your 12 used blades, say how many shaves you got, and we will supply enough new blades to make good your shortage. The era of Guarantee Stropping is here.

BUT IT'S IN THE BLADE SELLING BUSINESS

THE AutoStrop Razor is not a perpetual blade razor. It is a blade saver and "head barber" saver.

Why we can make the above guarantee is very simple:

Heart beats are the life of a human being. Expert tests on the strop are the life of a razor edge.

By expert stroke on the strop, the head barber and the AutoStrop Razor make their respective edges live sharp through many shaves. Often one blade will live through 500 shaves. Therefore 12 blades are certain to live through our guarantee.

AutoStropping is the twin brother of "head barber" stropping; makes the novice able to strop the "head barber's" edge, and makes him able to strop expertly the hard way, because he does it without detaching blade.

The AutoStrop Razor consists of silver plated, self-stropping razor, 12 blades and strop in handsome case. Price $5. Including 6 extra blades, $6.50. Price in Canada and United States the same. Exclusive of duty, customs. Send for catalogue.

Do not be over-modest about asking the dealer to sell you an AutoStrop Razor on thirty days' free trial. For if you take it back we protect him from loss.

Get a blade-saving, head-barber-shaving AutoStrop Razor today. Do not forget it tomorrow.

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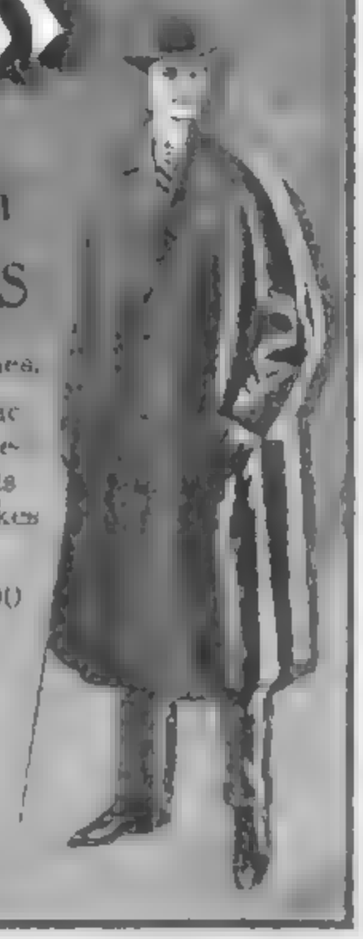


GRANDMOTHER'S BOY

(Concluded from Page 17)

to sleep in I started for Chicago again, where I felt that people understood me better. Grandmother gave me some money and wanted to buy me a railroad ticket; but I considered that a useless expense and went by freight. My cousin Walt was now a fireman on a railroad running out of our town. He told me to board his train in the yard about dusk on a certain night and he would fix matters so I could ride in an empty car to the end of his division, where he would turn me over to the relieving crew. As there were only two divisions on the road I could be in Chicago next morning, but while I was waiting for his train in the yard I fell in with some hoboes and a couple of railroad officers got after us. We hid in a cattlepen until a freight train came along.

There were several different railroads running out of that yard, and we boarded a train that took us far off the route to Chicago. I was nearly a week making the trip, for I had to make connections with several roads and walk ten-mile stretches between junctions; but one morning, dusty and grimy, I dropped off in the maze of railroads round Chicago and rode uptown on the pilot of a locomotive that was going from the roundhouse to take out a passenger train. The very look of the place seemed good to me; the people moving about their houses getting breakfast, the mechanics on their way to work, the street-car motormen and conductors at the crossings we passed—all seemed like old friends. The Chicago policemen looked bigger than policemen elsewhere and seemed to turn their heads the other way as we sped by, as though that way of coming to the town were a recognized mode of travel—and they might have arrived as hoboes originally themselves! The printers I had worked with the last winter were glad to see me and interested in my experiences. I soon found work and earned money, and paid back grandmother's loan.

That winter I read some articles in a magazine written by a college professor who had gone tramping to find out how it really felt to be a laboring man. His narrative struck me as odd, for he never knew where to turn his hand for a bite to eat when he was hungry; and he made a sort of world-problem of the simple question of where to lie down and sleep, with empty freight cars and warm roundhouses and convenient toolboxes all round him! In the light of my own practical experience it seemed to me as though he was an academic kid who should not have been permitted to go out into the world alone. One other writer I read with a different interest. He was a man who called himself Josiah Flynt; and in his description of hobo life I found no room for criticism, for he knew far more about it than I did. He was the real article—a tramp who turned writer rather than a writer who experimented in being a tramp.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of five articles. The third will appear in an early issue.

An Old Acquaintance

WHEN W. D. Haywood, of the Western Federation of Miners, was acquitted of murder in Idaho he went to New York for his first visit. He knew a city editor of one of the papers and Haywood called on him and asked for expert advice in seeing the town.

"I'll do better than that," said the city editor. "I'll furnish you with a guide."

He called one of his reporters up and introduced him to Haywood, and assigned the reporter to the job of showing the big Westerner a few of the sights.

The reporter didn't catch Haywood's name. They started off together. Haywood had just passed through a murder trial, after spending several months in jail.

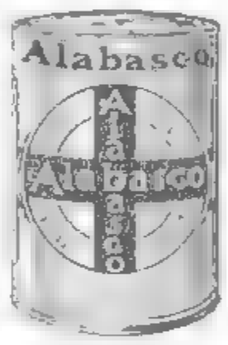
So the reporter took him first to the Tombs, to see what the inside of a jail looked like, and then to the Criminal Courts Building, to give him an idea of a trial scene!

Owners of *Business Buildings* Find Highest Grade Materials Are *Cheapest* for all *Interior Decorating.*

The highest grade wall coatings produced in this country are the Alabastine Company products. Since 1909 the demand for these goods has increased 40 per cent. Owners of business buildings have discovered that our superior products, not only for decorating and renting purposes but as the cheapest materials for permanent wall finish, have a good reputation behind them, while cheap kalsomine and ordinary paints as they do not chip, peel or rub off.

Alabasco

The Flat Wall Paint



Alabasco is a flat oil paint of interior quality that when properly applied, positively will not chip, peel or rub off. For homes we recommend the use of Alabasco in connection with Alabastine. At a little extra cost Alabasco can be put on walls exposed to finger marks, along stairs, bathroom, nursery and lower part of hallways, boards. These exposed places are painted with Alabasco and the rest of the walls with Alabastine. Alabasco is now used in

Hotels, Clubs Churches, Schools Hospitals, Offices

and high class apartment houses. It flows on in liquid form ready for use, in an extensive variety of exceptionally fine flat-toned water color tints. Expert decorators will tell you that there is no more thoroughly satisfactory interior, washable paint on the market today.

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The Beautiful Wall Tint

Is the highest grade water color wall coating on the market. It has been used for 25 years in artistic homes in preference to wall paper or any other decorating material. **Alabastine is not kalsomine.** It is too superior in color and quality to compare with it. Alabastine is far cheaper than wall paper and more artistic as it enables the home owner to carry out original and exclusive color schemes in each room with entire

Alabastine comes in dry powder form to be mixed with cold water and is ready to apply with a brush. One 5 pound package, $1.00; 10 pound package, $1.75; 25 pound package, $3.75. Tints, 25c. In lots of large size packages, 20c.

Free Color Plans

Our expert designers will furnish without charge original Color Plans for any rooms you propose to decorate. This enables owner and decorator to select and secure the most desirable, correct and most economical effects. Write for full particulars of this service. There are 60,000 Alabastine dealers, painters and decorators. If you can't get Alabasco or Alabastine, write us.

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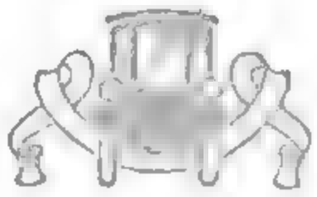

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With the Westinghouse Motor and all its up-to-date features; protection against dust and mud; ability to take hills, without undue drain upon batteries; strength and power combined with comparatively light weight; you can absolutely depend upon the electric in all kinds of weather and upon all kinds of roads.

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TRY these fine new hose and you'll make up your mind never again to pay a fancy price for guaranteed hose!

Getmor Hose wear so long, feel so comfortable, fit so snug, look so neat and *cost so little* that just one trial will give you the Getmor Habit.

We have *built* Getmor Hose to stand up under the hardest wear you can give them. And we have *guaranteed* Getmor Hose at a price which brings guaranteed hose within easy reach of everyone

That's why we call these hose Getmor—you get more comfort, more style, and *more hose* than we have ever known anyone to get for a dollar before.

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The Getmor idea is the $1 Idea in three grades of guaranteed hose:

$1 for six pairs Getmor Lisle Hose, guaranteed six months.
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Getmor Hose are made in black, tan, navy, slate, wine, and helio.

If your dealer cannot supply you, mail us $1 today, stating the grade of Getmor, the color, and the size you desire.

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$5

Brings The Oliver Typewriter

Send $5 for The Oliver Typewriter—the machine will come a-flying. The newest Model—No. 5—the regular $100 machine—with no extra charge for Printype.

For the price of a good *fountain pen* you secure the World's Greatest Typewriter. You can pay for it at the rate of 17 cents a day

This $5 offer is sweeping everything before it. The era of *universal typewriting* is coming. The triumph of the typewriter over primitive *pen-and-ink* has been brought about by the same machine that introduced *visible writing*.

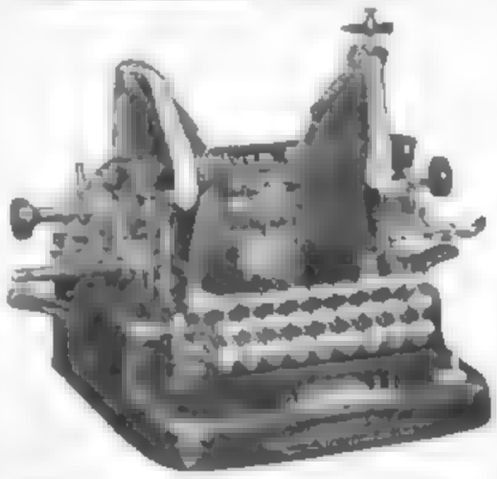
The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

This is the typewriter whose high efficiency has made it the choice of the greatest firms and corporations. It is the simplest of all standard typewriters, yet there is none swifter nor more durable. The moving parts work freely in a solid metal framework, making the machine so strong that the hardest usage has no effect upon it

No Extra Charge for "Printype"

Most people prefer to have the machine equipped to write in Printype. This beautiful type is found only on The Oliver Typewriter. It is the greatest *style* improvement ever evolved for typewriters. It is the type which [illegible] the world's printing presses!



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The Oliver Typewriter aids success-seekers in a multitude of ways. The real life stories of achievement that center around it would fill *volumes*

No matter what your work may be—in office [illegible]—The Oliver Typewriter will prove itself a great convenience and an actual *money maker*.

[illegible] *progressiveness* of its owner [illegible] brains, ambition and Oliver Typewriting *everywhere*. Can you afford to let $5 stand between you and *success!*

Send for Special Circular and Art Catalog

Full details regarding the Oliver Easy-Purchase Plan, beautiful catalog and a specimen letter written in Printype will be sent you on request.

Let this $5 offer awaken you to your need of The Oliver Typewriter and the ease with which you may own it

Remember—$5 only as per special proposition and *on comes The Oliver Typewriter!* (206)

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Thomas Jefferson said:
Every American is entitled to

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One dollar brings LIFE for three months to any address in the United States. If you don't want to subscribe, send a two cent stamp for a copy of the Miniature LIFE full of jokes and pictures free.

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian $1.13, Foreign $1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate. This offer should come to us direct; not through an agent or dealer.

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Now on sale
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The Greatest Men in America Endorse Tuxedo Tobacco

THE live, virile men who make this country what it is, recognize the relaxation from nervous and mental strain, the *restfulness*—that comes from smoking Tuxedo Tobacco.

John Philip Sousa, William J. Flynn, Dr. Madison C. Peters, Rex Beach, Lew Fields, Eddie Foy, Roy McCardell and a host of other famous Americans, say frankly and emphatically that Tuxedo is the one tobacco containing every desirable element and not *one* that is undesirable.

Tuxedo strengthens your will to do. The soothing quality of a pipeful of this mild, delicious, aromatic tobacco restores your poise and revives your going power by enabling you to *rest*.

You can smoke Tuxedo! No matter how often you have tried to smoke a pipe and failed, there is comfort and satisfaction in pipe smoking for you if you fill your pipe with

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Tuxedo has made pipe smoking possible to thousands of men. The "Tuxedo process" of treating the finest, mildest leaves of the highest grade Burley tobacco, causes Tuxedo to burn slowly with delicious flavor and the most enjoyable aroma. Tuxedo cannot bite, sting or irritate the mouth, nose or throat.

Hundreds of well-known doctors, orators, actors, lawyers, singers, lecturers, ministers and other public speakers testify that smoking Tuxedo gives them the keenest pleasure and exercises a good influence on the throat.

Tuxedo has many imitators. None of them has yet discovered the "Tuxedo" process. Tuxedo remains unique and unrivaled.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient pouch, inner-lined with *moisture-proof* paper 5c

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Famous Author, Playwright, Sportsman

"I have smoked TUXEDO in sub-Arctic Alaska, at Panama and everywhere—would not smoke another kind"

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Famous Detective, Chief of the Bureau of Investigation, United States Department of Justice

"I've smoked various brands. Finally I bought TUXEDO. It has been with me since—my chief assistant

W. J. Flynn.

ROY McCARDELL
originator of the "Chorus Girl Stories," the "Jarr Family," and other newspaper features, known from one end of the country to the other, says

"TUXEDO is a special favorite with newspaper men, artists and actors. TUXEDO is the best tobacco I have ever smoked."

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JOHN PHILIP SOUSA
The March King, World Famous Band Master

"TUXEDO gives an absolutely satisfying smoke, fragrant, mild and pleasant"

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REV. DR. MADISON C. PETERS
Author, Preacher, Orator and Lecturer, who does not himself smoke tobacco in any form

TUXEDO pipe smoking is harmless, economical and satisfying"

Madison C. Peters

LEW FIELDS
Comedian, Manager and Producer of many of the great musical comedy successes, says:

"It is a hard job to be a professional comedian, but TUXEDO keeps me in a happy frame of mind. Try a pipe and be sure you smoke TUXEDO."

Lew Fields

SILVERSIDE

(Concluded from Page 23

course you cannot help but love her, so you will marry and be radiantly happy. God bless you both and send you every joy?"

I tried to thank her in a fitting manner, but must have made rather a mess of it, for she laughed and kissed me again. Then I jumped up and ran below where Delphine was talking with Connor. I kissed Delphine, whereat Connor, guessing what was afoot, promptly followed my example, then I sped to the mess boy for a bottle of champagne.

In the course of our talk Therese told me Silverside's early history. He was, as I had thought, a Pole of noble birth, who had graduated as a physician and surgeon and had practiced in his own country for three years. Then, having become involved in a revolutionary plot, he with others had been sentenced to Siberia. Through his resource and ingenuity Silverside had contrived the escape of a party of political exiles, but was recaptured and underwent severe punishment, including the knout. In spite of this he escaped a second time, this effort being successful, for he had managed, after untold hardship, to get across Siberia to the sea, where he shipped as cook aboard a schooner bound for a sealing voyage to the Smoky Seas. The man appears to have been a Jonah, for the schooner was captured by a Russian gunboat while poaching on Russian preserves and the crew sentenced to the mercury mines. Silverside spent four years in this awful servitude, when he managed to escape and made his way to Japan, and there secured a billet as cook on the yacht of the Marquis de Moulincourt. Therese had come out from France as the companion of Madame la Marquise, who was a distant relative; and Silverside, on board the yacht, became imbued with the powerful devotion that had been the sole incentive of all his subsequent life. Therese told me that this unasked attachment had been from the first unselfish and impersonal. It had been the result of her befriending him on one or two occasions and showing him a kindliness such as the poor fellow had not received for many years at the hands of any person. The rest of the story I had already heard and it was vouched for by Therese.

After hearing the tale I must say that I felt as did Connor, that Silverside had suffered quite enough, and that as Christian folk we were bound to do all in our power to shield him, without regard to the letter of the law. Where Therese was concerned the man was possessed of a single fixed idea and scarcely to be considered as a responsible agent.

I asked Therese—she had told me to call her by this name and I could guess why—about the peculiar aversion with which Silverside appeared to affect everybody with whom he came in contact.

"Yes," she admitted, "that is quite true. I have never heard a single person say a good word for the poor man. He has often spoken to me about it. Perhaps it is the haunting horror in his face which inspires antipathy, or perhaps it is because he is a man of single ideas, with no place for outside affections. In the beginning this one idea was Polish liberty, and he was willing to sacrifice anything or anybody to it without a qualm. Afterward it became myself, and I have not the slightest doubt that he would always have been quite ready to contrive the slaughter of a multitude if he thought that it would profit me. But this same spirit, which one might admire in a faithful dog, is not attractive in a human being, and his fellow humans resent it. At first, though I felt sorry for Yan, he affected me in the same way, but I came later to understand and admire him, especially when I discovered that his devotion was so utterly detached. I knew that he loved me, but it has always been the love of the soul." And she grew silent and thoughtful.

Connor, Therese and four of the crew, all armed with rifles, went ashore at daybreak to look for the women. Delphine and I were left with two men to guard the vessels, though there was slight danger of attack. We passed the morning quietly, and great was our joy when the party returned about noon with the women, who, as Silverside suggested, had heard the blacks coming and had fled to one of the many subterranean passages of their hiding-place. They had also had the sense to take with them what was left of the food and the two rifles, so that the blacks had no firearms. The latter were not seen and Connor was for remaining to hunt them out, but we all vetoed this plan. It was then decided to divide our force and proceed to Auckland with the two vessels, there to report to the authorities the affair of Cullom and to declare the discovery of the pearl fisheries. But what was of even greater interest to Delphine and myself was Therese's consent to our immediate marriage.

Therese, four of Connor's Kanakas and two of the women were to take the Annie Laurie directly to Auckland. Connor, Delphine, her old nurse and I with three sailors were to go on the Favorite, calling at Suva for a few words with Von Bulow, then proceeding to Auckland. As the Favorite was a schooner of over a hundred tons and a smart sailer we expected to arrive before the others, taking aboard Keowa Harry and certain other members of Therese's crew at Suva.

So at dawn of the next day, with what was left of the soft, perfume-laden night breeze, we slipped gently out of the lagoon, the Annie Laurie leading the way, and ran between the long, double line of reefs over which the great surf incessantly thundered. As I stood with my arm about my bride soon to be and we looked back together at the still lagoon now glowing with the promise of the sunrise and the grim crater already painted with mauve and saffron and edged with a rim of purest gold, I drew her to me, kissed her lips and quoted softly: "'God's in his Heaven; all's right with the world.'"

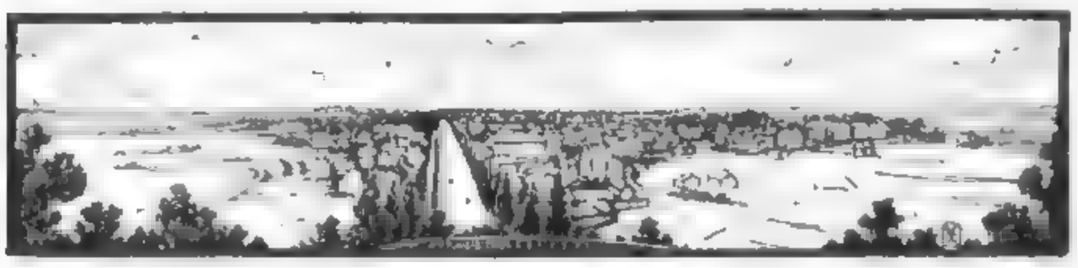
. . . . . .

The rest of my story dwells with me mostly as a series of pictures: The happy, smiling face of Von Bulow as Connor talked to him in no honeyed words, and his bland assurance that so great was his joy at the pleasant ending of the whole unfortunate affair that he held no slightest desire to act spitefully toward any living person, though his business policy made it necessary for him to press his claim on the Rossignol, which had been bought at a bargain but with his money. This he was permitted to do. The old scoundrel sent Delphine as a wedding present a superb silver tea service, which the humor of the situation compelled us to accept.

Another picture is the courteously conducted inquiry at Auckland and the unofficial compliments I received from the clean-cut old Englishman who conducted the case, and who expressed his views on the service I had rendered in ridding Oceanica of a very great scoundrel. He became a family friend when all was over, if not before, and gave Delphine away at the wedding ceremony, which was performed by that dear old soul, her schoolmaster, the Rev. Silas Dinwiddie.

Still another picture is the wry face of Therese when she finally yielded to the arguments of Sir Charles, strenuously supported by Captain William Connor, and agreed to shed peace on the shade of Daniel Fairfax and claim his fortune. Silverside, greatly broken, was likewise reconciled to this. Therese had no wish to leave the islands; the life was in her blood, and Silverside was happy in the thought that he might now serve her faithfully until death claimed him. But the crowning masterpiece of the collection is the picture of Delphine's radiant face as she raised it at the church door and offered her lips to her husband.

(THE END)



¶ All hats look pretty much alike when they are new. You don't know what's in them. Only time can tell their wearing qualities. But when you buy a hat with a label in it—the label of a maker of standing—which says that it is a good hat, and you know that the name means what it says, you will pass up seven stores to get a hat with that manufacturer's name in it.

EAGLE A WRITING PAPERS

¶ Now, all Bond Papers look pretty much alike. Cheap paper stock can be given a fine snap, just as cheap felt can be given a nice shiny finish.

¶ But when you see the Water-Mark of the "Eagle and the A" in a sheet of Bond Paper, you know, or you should know, that we who made it say that that Bond Paper is not only a Good Paper, and will serve you well, but that it is the actual equivalent in Paper Quality at its price. There are Thirty-Four of these Papers.

¶ Business Men thought so well of "Eagle A" Papers that they bought over 15,000,000 pounds last year.

Ask your Printer or Lithographer to show you samples of "EAGLE A" WRITING PAPERS

Or write us and we will send you a Portfolio containing Printed Business Forms on six of our products

Write today

To make your letters most impressive and convincing use

COUPON BOND

The De Luxe Bond Paper
The Peer of the "Eagle A" Water Marked Line

May we send you samples of this Paper?

In writing please mention which of these Sample Sets you prefer.

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27 Main Street, Holyoke, Massachusetts
Twenty Nine Mills

Refrigerating and Ice Making Machinery
Refrigerators and Store Fixtures
"UNITED LINE"
for Hotels, Creameries, Florists, Markets, Groceries, Apartments, Ice cream, Candy factories, etc.
Wherever refrigeration is required
we furnish the plants, refrigerators, cold storage rooms and equipment complete.
United Refrigerator & Ice Machine Co.
Kenosha, Wisconsin

Columbia Cuffturn Shirt
$1.50 & $2.00 Plain or Pleated

A SIMPLE TURN
and you have
A CLEAN CUFF FOR A SOILED CUFF
The most practical attached cuff shirt made.
Ask for COLUMBIA "CUFFTURN" SHIRTS
If your dealer cannot supply you write to
NEW COLUMBIA SHIRT CO., 729-731 B'way, New York

If you want perfectly shaped cakes
GET THE IMPROVED
Perfection Tins
with the loose bottom. The patented groove into which the bottom springs prevents the leaking of batter. No greasing needed. A gentle pressure on the under side releases the bottom so that it comes out with the cake, keeping the latter smooth and shapely.
All styles and sizes for layer, loaf and roll cakes. Sold by all dealers, but sold only by name "Perfection" stamped on every tin—get the genuine.
THE REPUBLIC METALWARE CO., 104 Republic St., Buffalo, N. Y.

"Faultless" SINCE 1881 REGD

Faultless Shirts with patent NEK-GARD

All these years you've been compelled to wear incomplete, uncomfortable shirts, just because nobody was bright enough to invent the Nek Gard. Now this little wonderful pocket for the *front* collar button [illegible] and to be had *only* on Faultless Shirts [illegible] hedged the whole shirt buying of Amer[illegible] who are keen for comfort [illegible] It makes your neck [illegible] with No button pinch when [illegible] No spot to mar your [illegible] *It's the best thing that ever happened to a shirt* Don't buy another shirt until you see this revolutionary comfort [illegible]

Faultless [illegible] have the [illegible] and how it, too! [illegible] can buy [illegible] cut and perfectly made in [illegible] You can't buy better shirts Regardless of price, every Faultless shirt has the patent Nek Gard. If not sold by your dealer, write us

"Faultless" Pajamas and Night Shirts
"The Cozydozy Kind"

[illegible]

E ROSENFELD & CO
DEPT B
BALTIMORE, MD
U. S. A.

PREVENT THAT SPOT

Ladies Wanted

To secure orders for finest New York Ladies' custom tailoring. We sell from factory to wearer at factory prices, and allow liberal, quickly earned profits. Big Style Book, 50 sample fabrics, and [illegible] No expense or experience necessary. Write today for particulars.
New York Garment Co., Inc., 1160 Broadway, N.Y.

FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, ITALIAN
Can be learned quickly, easily and pleasantly at [illegible]

LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD
Rosenthal's Practical Linguistry
THE LANGUAGE PHONE METHOD
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SAUNDERS
GASOLINE SAVER

Automobile owners will welcome it.
SAVES 20 to 40 per cent in GASOLINE. Increases power up to 20 per cent—adds 20 per cent to speed, if desired—acts as an brake on hills—keeps spark plugs clean—saves wear on brakes—makes motor start easier. *Adds to efficiency of self-starters.* Positive [illegible] on steering column. Small, compact—you can [illegible] Won't rust or wear out. Can be [illegible] Will pay for itself in gasoline saved several times a year. Simple, effective, always works. Money back if not satisfied.

Delivered anywhere on receipt of $5.

AGENTS WANTED First applicants sending cash with order given agency preference

Leslie R. Saunders Co., Inc.
A 314 West First St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Reference: Any bank in Los Angeles

ON MAIN STREET

(Concluded from Page 21)

vaudeville, as in drama, old friends wear the best and wear the longest too. Vaudeville clings to its ideals until they are bent with years and buffed with age, and have grown-up grandchildren—especially Broadway vaudeville does.

The other afternoon, at a vaudeville show, I saw a singing-and-dancing comedian take an encore; and then, as he walked off the stage, he pretended to bump into the wall and mash his nose. Laugh? The house fairly rocked. I thought the stout man in the seat next to me would go into convulsions and fall out into the aisle. It was every bit as funny as it was in the early part of century before last, when singing-and-dancing comedians first began doing it. And the next loudest outburst came at the finish of a knockabout act, when a bulldog run out on the stage and seized a comedian by the seat of his checked pants and hung on as the low comedian fled into the wings. The guffaws rattled the rafters then. Some day, probably in eighteen or nineteen years from now, when the finish of this act is beginning to be regarded as just a trifle motheaten, it will occur to that low comedian to send the bulldog trotting back on again with a jagged fragment of the checked pants' material dangling from its jaws, and then the favored discoverer of this idea will become a headliner and be able to demand a hundred dollars more a week.

Those great chances come slowly however. I have taken the trouble to count up; and I figure that, since vaudeville became popular, there have been nine thousand different sketches, playlets and skits written as vehicles for women vaudevillians, and in all of these except one the principal character is that of an actress out of work or out of luck, or stranded, or jollying stagedoor Johnnies, or something but, in any event, an actress! That one exception failed it would naturally. It was too daring and glaring an innovation.

Spring Song on the Sleigh Bells

The vaudeville performance I have been speaking of took place at one of the biggest of the New York vaudeville houses. It is a house where smoking is permitted. Viewed from a little distance back, the main floor looked like one vast pit of slaking lime. There were no ventilation facilities; and for breathing purposes the air was perhaps slightly better than the brand enjoyed in the Black Hole of Calcutta.

The real hit of the show was a musical act. The curtain rises on a stage loaded with blowable, pickable, beatable, ringable and squeezable musical instruments. The first half of the sketch is discovered down stage in a black velvet suit—sometimes it's a full-dress suit, but on this occasion it is black velvet. He speaks:

"I putter advertisement in the paper today for a boy to help round the studio. I wonder why somebody don't come!"—Knock on the door.—"That must be him now. Come in! Come in!!"

When he says "Come in" the second time it is the cue for the second half of the sketch to open the door and poke his head in. He is in black face and that gets the first outburst of laughter—not so much laughter as when he takes off eleven different waistcoats, all of different colors, one after another, or when he pulls a whisk-broom out of his pocket and brushes the ashes off his cigar, yet nevertheless quite some laughter. You must know the rest of it by heart: "Oh-listen-to-the-mocking-bird-Sweet-Hallie-for-the-mocking-bird is singing-in-the-wildwood-Sweet-Hallie"—as rendered on the xylophone; and for an encore they both dip their fingers in rosin and then rub them over the tops of several drinking glasses, thus producing a pleasing sound suggestive of rubbing the tops of several drinking tumblers with fingers that have been dipped in rosin; this, in turn, being followed by Mendelssohn's Spring Song on the sleighbells; and that by a slide-trombone duet, the whole culminating in a magnificent imitation of a full brass band marching up Main Street, playing the Turkish Patrol.

The use of the telephone has been recognized in the drama; but it will probably be some time yet before it spreads to vaudeville. We are an amusement-loving people, we Americans; but we certainly do cherish our old traditions.

Every Out-of-Doors Boy

takes an interest in something, whether it be football, skating, camping, hunting or one of the hundreds of other things boys love to do. Every boy has his hobby—and whatever it is, his heart's in it.

He wants football "togs," or a pair of hockey skates, or a canvas tent and all that goes with it, or an air rifle or a shot gun. In fact, there is no end to the things he may want. Among them may be many which seem out of reach of his pocketbook—unless he has seen our Book of Rebates.

Here are offered, free of charge, over 500 splendid prizes every youngster longs for—cameras, sweaters, jack-knives, flying machines, wireless outfits. We award them to our boys, in addition to the cash profits they earn by delivering

The Saturday Evening Post
The Ladies' Home Journal
The Country Gentleman

to their relatives, friends and acquaintances.

In your own town there are doubtless hundreds of persons who will gladly buy the publication from you if you give them a chance. If, in your spare time, you want to earn a dollar or two a week—all your own—and are anxious to get a bicycle or some other article, free of charge, let us send you a copy of our Book of Rebates and tell you how thousands of other boys just like you are "making good." Address your letter to

Sales Division
The Curtis Publishing Co.
Philadelphia, Penna.

Styleplus Clothes $17

"The same price the world over"

The Styleplus Declaration of Independence

One year ago, when we decided to utilize the facilities of this, the first and largest men's clothing manufactory in this country, for the purpose of producing a finer line of men's clothing than the world had ever seen sold for a medium price, WE DETERMINED—

That ***We would neither consider nor be bound by any previous standard of clothing value.***

That No matter what quality of fabric had been deemed "good enough" for suits and overcoats of medium price, ***only fabrics of pure wool, or of wool and silk, should ever be made up into Styleplus suits and overcoats.***

That Even though medium-priced clothing may be made entirely by labor-saving machinery, ***every Styleplus coat should be hand-tailored.***

That No matter what the precedent, ***all Styleplus fabrics, including the canvas, haircloth and tape that are used to make Styleplus garments retain their fitting qualities and shape, should be thoroughly shrunk.***

That No matter what the custom among those who have, in the past, manufactured medium-priced garments, ***each Styleplus garment should be designed and cut by master workmen*** worthy to work on the finest garments that ***any*** amount of money can produce.

That No matter how much profit the average manufacturer has demanded in the past, ***we would so adjust our profits that each Styleplus garment could be retailed for $17.*** That same price the world over.

That Without regard to custom, as regards the responsibility of the maker, we would unconditionally guarantee each Styleplus suit and each Styleplus overcoat, ***so that the dealer from whom you buy a Styleplus garment will freely and immediately exchange it for a new one,*** should it fail to give absolutely satisfactory wear.

That No matter what price men had been forced to pay for durable, stylish clothing, ***we would enable each purchaser of a Styleplus suit or overcoat to be suitably clothed for any time or place, and we would enable him to save from $3 to $8 on each purchase.***

This was our DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. We have adhered to it, and by so doing have upset all known value-standards of men's clothing.

Look for this Label in the Coat.

Look for the Styleplus Guarantee in the Pocket.

If you are conscientious, you have no right to buy a suit or overcoat until you have examined Styleplus clothes.

Henry Sonneborn & Co Baltimore, Md.

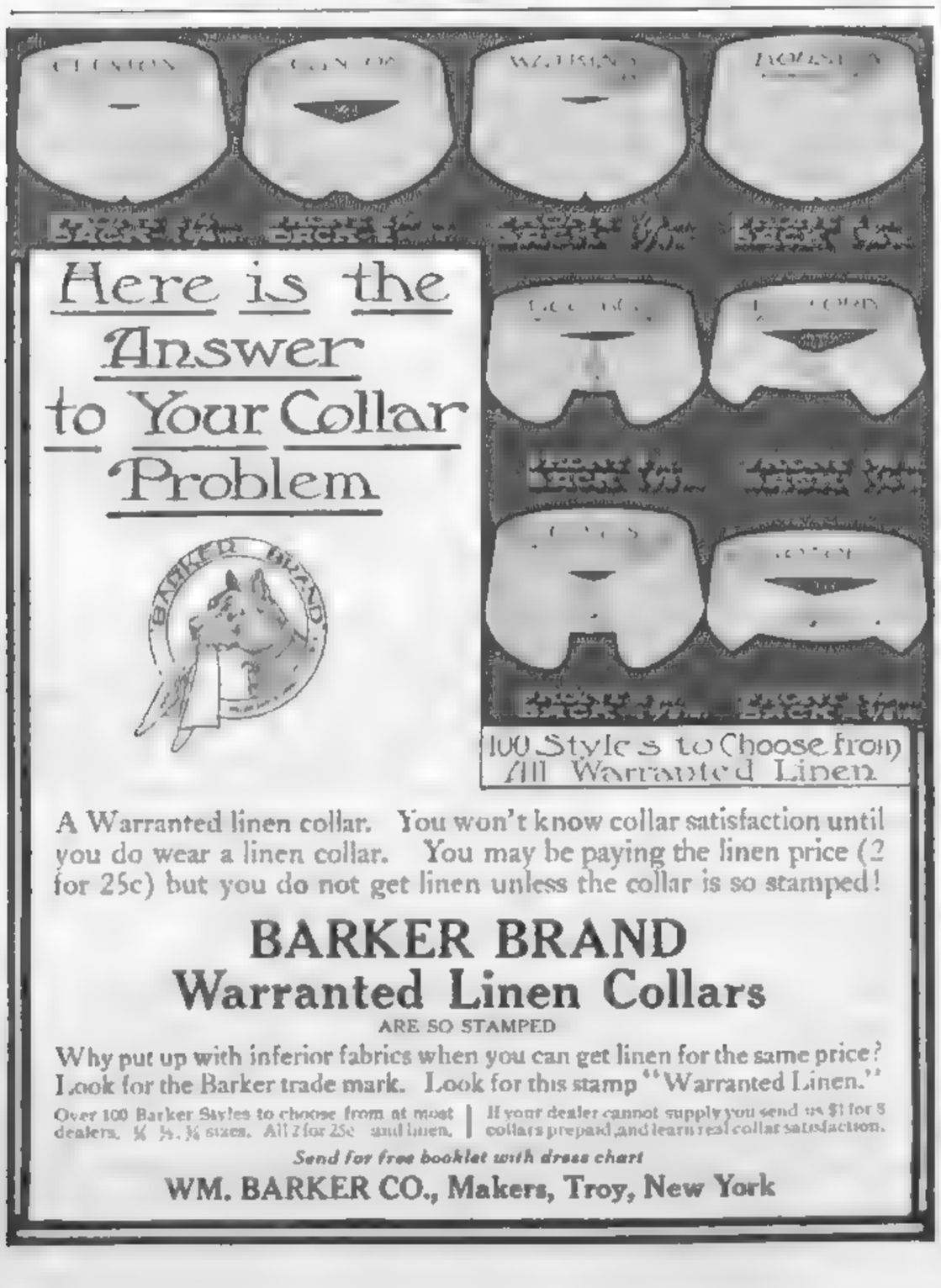
D&P GLOVES
for Gentlefolk

TO put them on is *distinction*—to wear them is *delight*. Loose-fitting, with lots of "wiggle-your-fingers" room, but with no room for improvement in fit and finish. For every pair that fails anywhere, *a new pair free of charge.*

Instead of asking for "Gloves" at the Glove Counter ask for D. & P Gloves and make sure that "D. & P." is *stamped inside the wrist.* $1.50, $2, $2.50 and upward. If your regular dealer can't supply you, write to us for the name of a dealer near you and for our Glove Book "B" from which you can order by mail. Address

The Dempster & Place Co.

Gloversville, N. Y.



A Warranted linen collar. You won't know collar satisfaction until you do wear a linen collar. You may be paying the linen price (2 for 25c) but you do not get linen unless the collar is so stamped!

BARKER BRAND
Warranted Linen Collars
ARE SO STAMPED

Why put up with inferior fabrics when you can get linen for the same price? Look for the Barker trade mark. Look for this stamp "Warranted Linen."

Over 100 Barker Styles to choose from at most dealers. ½, ⅝, ¾ sizes. All 2 for 25c and linen. | If your dealer cannot supply you send us $1 for 5 collars prepaid, and learn real collar satisfaction.

Send for free booklet with dress chart

WM. BARKER CO., Makers, Troy, New York

THE SURAKARTA

(Continued from Page 5)

respect—a respect which in some ways I have never received from those who had a greater right to call themselves gentlemen in Europe and—America."

"You mean that I have not respected you?"

"You—among others."

"That is, however, a very different matter from allowing you to degrade your womanhood by a marriage such as this."

"But my marriage is something with which you have no concern," she shot back caustically. "You insisted upon direct answers to your questions, and I have given them. Now, Mr. Hereford, if you feel inclined to return to your office it will leave me at liberty to finish the letter I was writing."

He stared as she turned away from him, for he was not used to such treatment from women. He had noted while she was speaking the willful and triumphant lifting of her chin, but now every line of her body and her half-averted face seemed wholly and softly, deliciously—womanly. He was obliged to control himself in a way to which he was not used.

"You have always made it very plain to me," he said at last, "that you would brook no interference from me outside of financial matters. On my part, I have attempted more than once to limit or modify certain of your extraordinary activities by the assertion of authority I did not possess. I thought I owed it to your father. I do not know exactly how much you know of my start with your father. I do not know what gave him so great confidence in me when I first met him. I know only that he had it and expressed it. His putting his affairs into my hands gave me my real start six years ago. It called attention to me—attracted to me other business which has since made me."

"And it would undoubtedly do very much to unmake you now if by marriage my affairs were taken out of your hands," she said.

"Fortunately I am already so placed that the removal of the administration of your estate would scarcely cripple me. However, as I said, your father's friendship for me in the past made me. On account of him I made those attempts to check you after he was dead—to check you from things he himself, if he were alive, might have encouraged you in, but the certain results of which I could see. However, as you have more than once astutely observed, I made those attempts without power to control you. The present matter is different."

"Will you tell me how it is different?" She had turned back to him uneasily.

"There is definitely provided, Miss Regan, in a clause of some three or four lines in the papers that gave me charge of your father's estate, the power for me to prevent you from doing any irreparable act. None of your many adventures of foolishness and vanity from which I have previously tried to check you have been such that, in court, I could expect to hold them as coming under the provisions of that clause. So far, then, my hands were tied; but this adventure you threaten would be quite irreparable. There is no court in the country that would not sustain my right to hold you from it under my powers."

"You think you—or the courts—could prevent my doing something to which I have made up my mind? The courts could not prevent my father." Her uneasiness, however, seemed increased.

He rose, picking up his hat, now that he was about to crush her.

"I am obliged, as you have found out, to furnish you funds in addition to your regular allowance up to the total of your income for the year, for you to spend in any manner you choose," he said dryly, "except in case you undertake something in which you risk irreparable injury. I am left to decide for myself what would be irreparable; if you appeal it must be left to two other friends whom your father appointed. There is no question that they will agree with me in recognizing that this intended marriage of yours is no real marriage at all, but only a more reckless and defiant adventure in which you will be done irreparable injury. I have, therefore, the power and I shall exercise it."

"To do what?" she questioned swiftly.

"To cut you off immediately, without a cent of your ordinary or extraordinary income," he said roughly as he turned away—"or any other funds until you give up this marriage!"

She laughed long and merrily, throwing back her head, and he turned back to her in amazement.

"Your powers are tremendous, Mr. Hereford."

"They will suffice to keep you from funds not only now, but, if you are mad enough to go farther with this, I will keep your money from you indefinitely."

She stood up suddenly.

"You seem to think you have disguised your real nature so that I could not foresee you would do this—and therefore keep by me rather more than enough for all personal expenses before my marriage," she said.

"I amuse you?" he demanded angrily.

"It is rather amusing to find you counting upon a million or so as an added inducement to the Soesoehoenan to marry me, when he is ready to pay for me the Sun Lotus. So that is all you can do, Mr. Hereford?"

"That is all I can do legally," he blurted out.

"Ah, legally!" she teased. "I really had done you the honor to forget for a moment that, besides being a banker, you were a lawyer."

Suddenly he lost his self-control. He was allured and repulsed at the same time by this girl who for thirty months had irritated, vexed, thwarted, baffled him. She was charming and exasperating. The Soesoehoenan of Surakarta, who had been to him until this moment merely a name, became suddenly a personality, a threat.

"You shall not debase yourself like this!" he cried. "This emerald shall not reach you tomorrow!"

"You are without doubt a very clever man, Mr. Hereford; but you are not so clever that I shall not receive the emerald."

"Legally, illegally, however it is done, you shall not receive it!"

"No!" she mocked.

"No!" he shouted furiously.

IV

WHEN at sixty it had occurred to Max Schimmel that, in spite of an excellent constitution, unimpaired even in eyesight, he was not likely to live more than sixty years longer, and consequently he ought to leave the wilderness and see something of people, he had brought with him many of his former companions.

Complaint now had been lodged against him so many times that, his persuasiveness with the police having lost its efficacy, his household had been greatly reduced. Still, an ocelot, a couple of muskrats, an ibis and a heron—not to mention the other lizards in the glass case with the Gila specimen—the least vociferous members of Max' household, remained to occupy his morning attention; and it was seldom, as Max became better known, that there was not also some ailing dog or cat, or a parrot under the weather, confided to his temporary care by its owner.

A Chinese boy picked up at Canton, and therefore illegally smuggled into Chicago, served him as animal-keeper as well as cook and houseboy. Even with this aid Max, who in the jungle had been accustomed to breakfast at four o'clock, in the city often did not breakfast until ten. Gradually, with only occasional lapses, he had taught himself to read the newspapers each morning instead of saving them up for weeks and getting all the news at once, as it had always come to him before; and he had even attained such commonplaceness of civilization as to read at breakfast.

Slowly and dispassionately, yet with interest and absorption increasing with every line, he read the leading columns on the morning after Hereford had consulted him about the emerald:

"Robbery under the most inexplicable circumstances; romance of a most extraordinary sort; these—and possible international complications—combined yesterday in the most dramatic mystery that has puzzled the Chicago police for years. The great emerald known as the Surakarta—a historic stone supposed by jewel experts to be safe in the castle of the Soesoehoenan of Surakarta, Java, where it had been kept for six hundred years—was abstracted from a locked steel box at the Hotel Tonty in a manner so bewilderingly inexplicable

A Young Man was Handicapped

—or so he thought—by having to provide a living for his family. He was earning $22.00 a week, and practically all of it went to the grocer, the butcher and the landlord. Yet he could not resign his position to seek one yielding a higher salary because he needed that salary, small as it was, to buy his family's bread and butter. He argued—and very justly, too—that he had no right to jeopardize their only means of support.

But he solved his problem. He undertook to secure subscriptions to the Curtis publications in his off-hours. In a short time he was earning over $8.00 a week, over and above his $22.00 salary. Later he convinced himself that by giving his whole time to our work he could more than double his income.

This young man's experience is not unique; hundreds of others in similar straitened circumstances have in like manner put their families above want and furnished them with the comforts and luxuries to which they were entitled. If your income is insufficient and yet you are not at liberty to seek a more remunerative position, let us tell you how you can, without risk, solve the problem which confronts you.

Agency Division

The Curtis Publishing Company

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

that the police, until convinced to the contrary, maintained that the robbery could not have taken place.

"Linked with the robbery is a remarkable romance involving the eccentric daughter of a formerly prominent Chicago family. A young Chicago lawyer of national reputation also appears to be implicated.

"From an extraordinary confusion of reports, charges, counter-charges and denials, asseverations, rumors and explanations, these facts stand out:

"The affair certainly started with a visit of Miss Lorine Regan to the Soesoehoenan—one of the two undeposed native sultans of Java—some six or eight months ago.

"To those who have been following the foreign cables, especially during the last two years since Miss Regan came into possession of her father the packer's estate, it will not be hard to believe that, as is stated, she made a bargain with the Soesoehoenan to marry him if he would give her the great state emerald of Java, the Surakarta—the priceless possession of the island and the greatest emerald in the world.

"Whatever the facts may be, it is certain that a party of Javanese gentlemen attached to the Soesoehoenan's court arrived in Chicago yesterday to meet Miss Regan here, bearing with them a famous steel antique combination box—said to be the oldest steel combination fastening in the world—containing the great emerald. The fact that the stone was actually here and safe in its box last night is vouched for not only by the Javanese envoy, in whose charge it was, but also by customs officials at San Francisco and Chicago and agents of the Government secret service. The emerald while in this country has been watched with great interest by the United States Government because of its political importance.

"The greatest secrecy was, however, maintained, not only on account of the nature of the errand, but because of the increased risk if the presence of the great emerald were generally known.

"However, it appears that Mr. Wade Hereford—the trustee of the Regan estate—was yesterday informed of its presence; and, after a call upon Miss Regan in which he did everything in his power to prevent or delay her acceptance of the stone, he called upon the Javanese envoys upon the same errand. That was in the afternoon.

"Later in the evening, returning, he demanded, as trustee of the Regan estate and therefore practically Miss Regan's guardian, to be shown the great emerald, to be sure of the reality of it before the form of its reception by his ward should be gone through with the next day.

"The stone was then, as usual, in the box; but the envoy, who alone was intrusted with the combination, which is operated by a series of buttons and levers that must be manipulated in a certain complicated order, opened the box and satisfied Mr. Hereford of the reality of the emerald.

"The box was then closed and secured as usual, and the envoy, in whose room it was, went to bed. The door of the room was locked and also bolted on the inside. Both windows were securely fastened. There are no other openings into the room.

"The box stood in the middle of the room, near the foot of the bed of the Javanese envoy. It has been the custom of the envoy ever since leaving Java to sleep in the same room with the emerald. The steel box was wrapped in heavy paper as, according to the Javanese, it had been ever since leaving San Francisco, where the Javanese had been embarrassed by crowds which followed them upon the streets, attracted by the strange design of the box.

"This was the situation at eleven o'clock.

"About twelve the envoy was awakened by sounds of tearing paper and realized that some one was tearing the paper from the box. The noise was so loud and the tearing went on so heedlessly of the fact that he had moved that—in the darkness—he assumed that more than one man, enough to overpower him if he attacked, must be at the box.

"He is certain that at that time—and subsequently—neither of the doors was open and that both windows were still closed as he had left them.

"The Javanese fired two quick shots from the revolver he had under his pillow. He did this as an alarm, but he was also confident that in the rather small room he

The BELL Tailors

BELL SPECIAL SUIT or O'COAT made to order $13.50

THE Bell Special at $13.50—made from the best of Woolens and tailored in the smartest New York style to your individual order—is without doubt the biggest clothes value in the Country.

Of course, the garment is worth many dollars more than its selling price and it's due entirely to our method of selling that you are able to buy so much value for $13.50. You cannot buy our tailoring in any store, or from any representative. The only way you can secure this suit or overcoat at $13.50 is to send for our Big Style Book and Samples—they're Free.

We Deal Direct With You—We Have No Agents

Our method enables us to eliminate all sorts of expenses and agent's commission, and allows us to save you at least one-third on every garment you purchase. We prefer to give you this saving instead of charging you for having someone else perform the service of selling you our clothes.

Through this method, we have built up the largest direct mail-order tailoring business in the world. Our values are so visibly superior that nearly forty thousand men send us their clothes orders every season. They are protected by our sweeping guarantee of satisfaction, which says, the garment must please you—it must fit you—it must live up to every claim we make or you are under no obligation to keep it.

When a man sits down with our Catalog before him with the many Clothing Stores, Tailoring Shops and Tailoring Agents on the spot to make a personal bid for his business and in spite of this competition sends us his order, you can rest assured that our claim to save you many dollars is a real, live, proven fact.

Style Book and 64 Samples FREE

It is ready now—send for it today—it contains evidence of our ability to make the smartest New York clothes to your order at a saving of many dollars to you—it shows you photographs of our garments on real, live men, styles that will be worn by the best dressers this season.

We will send you 64 beautiful samples of the smartest fabrics—we will send you a simple measuring outfit with which any member of your family can take your measure as expertly and as perfectly as any tailor can.

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Don't let the fact that you never bought clothes by mail keep you from sending for our Style Book. It contains numerous letters from thousands of our pleased customers. The most enthusiastic ones are from men who never thought it possible to get such masterful style and such perfect fit by mail for so little money.

No matter where you live—no matter what priced clothes you are used to wearing—send for our Style Book and Samples.

Remember they cost you nothing and will show you how to save many dollars of your clothes money.

Send for it today.

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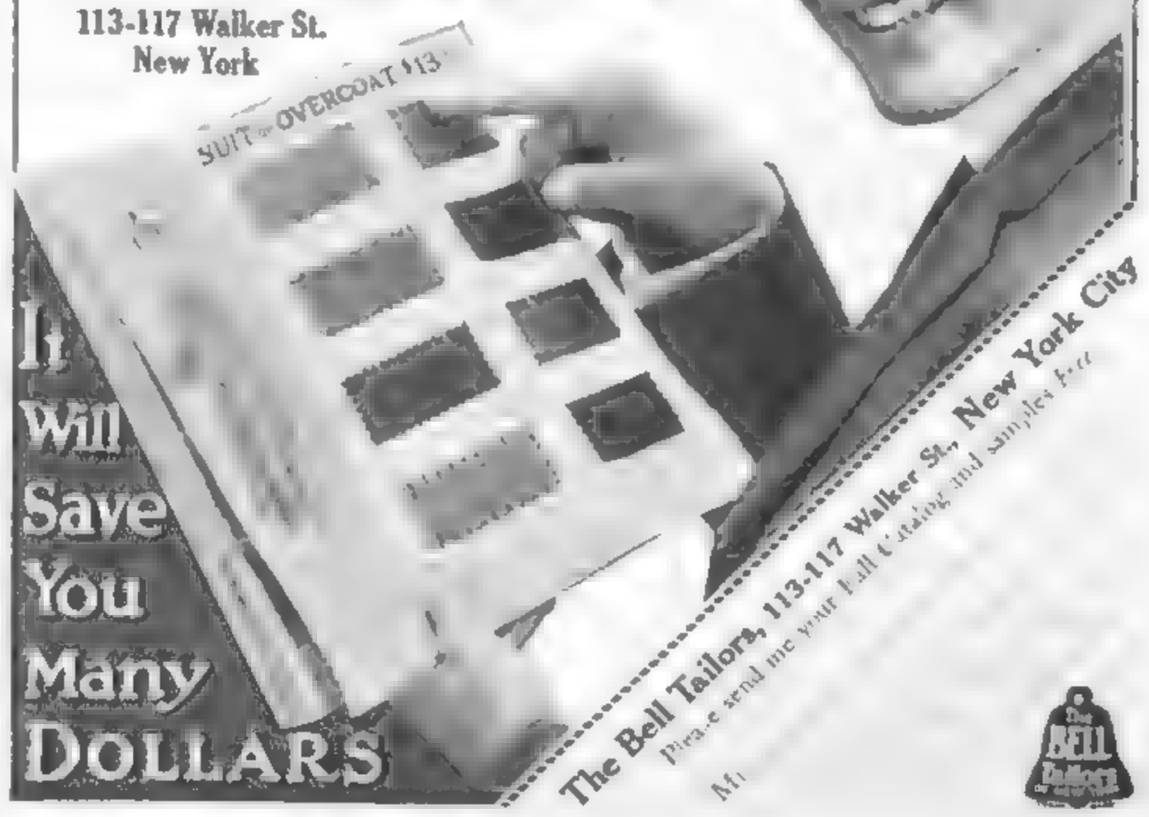
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Please send me your Bell Catalog and samples free
Name

All the Work in Sight

Note the illustration—it shows one of the Burroughs "Class 300" line—visible writing, visible adding and visible printing, all at *the same distance from the eye.*

$275.00 In the United States

Note that *all* the printing—not *part* of it only—is visible all the time, in *easy reading range.* The paper carriage is but *three inches* back of the keyboard.

The adding is visible, in plain view directly *under* the eye. The item to be printed is visible and easily readable *before* it is printed.

The paper carriage on these machines (5½, 12½ or 20 inch, as desired) was designed to *speed up* the work of putting in and taking out the paper.

The extremely low keyboard is another big advantage on these machines, making them very convenient for use on either a high or low desk.

The Burroughs "Class 300" line was designed by our own inventors, and is built in the Burroughs factory, the biggest, most efficient and most complete adding machine factory in the world

All Burroughs machines are backed by *a real guarantee of continuous service*—the kind that *brings service to you*—no matter where you are located. This insures you against inconvenience and loss from accidental disablement of your machine, though the Burroughs is the best built, longest lived Adding Machine in the world.

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European Headquarters, 76 Cannon Street, London, E. C., England

99 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan

Makers of adding and listing machines, listing and non-listing calculating machines, one keyboard visible-printing adding machines—80 different models in 492 combinations of features—$150 to $950.

could not fail to hit one or another of the thieves. He crouched upon the bed, expecting a return fire; but to his surprise no attention whatever was paid; the tearing of the paper continued without the least apparent interruption.

"The envoy then fired three times. His attendants had been roused and were attempting to force the door, and this reassured him that the door was still locked. He heard no longer the sound of tearing paper, but it had been succeeded by the rapid clicking of the buttons and levers of the box. He recognized from the sound that they were being rapidly manipulated in the order which was correct for opening the box. The room was pitch-dark and now choked with powder smoke.

"Having now only one shot left in his revolver, the envoy fired for the last time with greater care. He was confident that this shot took effect, but at the same instant he discharged it he heard the sound of the opening of the box. Doubtful in the darkness of being able to find the electric light, he dashed forward with open arms to seize the thief. His outstretched arms, however, encountered no one; he stumbled over the box and fell full length upon the floor. He got up and ran here and there in the dark, finding no one, but coming suddenly in contact with the electric light, he switched it on.

"To his unspeakable astonishment he found himself alone in the room. Except for the confusion he himself had caused, there was not the least sign of any other presence—except about the box. The paper wrappings of the box had been torn and stripped away, however; the box itself stood open and the great emerald was gone! Both doors were still locked and bolted from the inside; the windows were still closed and fastened down. Moreover, below the windows was a straight drop of ten floors

"At this instant the envoy's attendants succeeded in forcing the door. Two of them remained to guard the opening, while the others entered the room. Their examination developed the most surprising feature of this whole remarkable case. The last shot of the envoy had indeed taken effect, as was witnessed by a spot, incontestably of blood, upon the floor in front of the open, empty box. From this larger spot drops of blood led in the direction the thief had gone; but he had not gone toward either of the doors—he had not gone toward the windows. He had gone toward the third side of the room, which offers only a blank and solid wall. At the foot of this wall the drops of blood stopped. There were no others to be found anywhere in the room'"

When the account in the newspaper reached this point Max stopped and struck his hands together as a summons. It was answered by the Chinese boy.

"Chang!"

"Yes."

"Go out and burchase gopies for me of all this morning's bapers," said Max.

He then unished the few succeeding words which remained of the surprising account:

"Here, therefore, is the apparently insoluble problem which confronts the police: What became of the man who took the emerald? He did not go out through the wall, for a man cannot step through a wall of solid brick; but, aside from the testimony furnished by the drops of blood, there is complete evidence that he did not go out anywhere else. The attendants of the Javanese envoy had arrived in a body outside the only exit door while the robbery was still in progress; and they found this door not only locked but bolted inside, so that they were forced to break it down in order to effect an entrance into the room.

"The other door leads only into the bathroom, from which escape is impossible; and this door was locked and the keys of both doors were under the pillow of the envoy. Aviation has not reached such development that burglars enter and leave through tenth-story windows; and also both windows were securely locked upon the inside, and were found still so fastened after the robbery.

"The very pretty serving maid who answered the door at Miss Regan's hotel apartments declares that her mistress has nothing to say. Mr. Wade Hereford's valet made the same statement for his master. Telephone calls for these two were unanswered. The Javanese envoy, whose American dress and English speech fail to hide his frantic terror and anxiety, has plainly told all that he knows; and his account, which tallies in every particular with the narratives of the members of his suite, has put the police completely at a loss. No member of the Javanese party shows any wound which could account in a manner different from that described by the envoy for the presence of the drops of blood."

Max, when he compared this account with those of the other morning papers which the boy had brought, found that it differed from them in no essential particular, though he reread them all slowly, with interest increasing at every line.

Finally he put the papers thoughtfully away and went out into his garden to meditate.

His pigeons, from their cote upon the roof, fluttered and strutted about him. It was past the time to feed them, but Max had forgot. They fell into great disturbance at sight of him; one lighted on his shoulder and he remembered. He brought some shelled corn and began to scatter it upon the ground.

"He wass there, but he wass not there; he tore the baper off," said Max to himself or to the pigeons. "He woke the Chavanese tearing the baper to strips. The box—it wass covered with baper, which wass not usual. He tore it off loudly und he opened the box. So he wass there—because he tore off the baper and opened the box. But he wass not there, because nobody wass there. He could not go out through doors or windows that were locked, und to walk out through the wall—that is imbossible!"

He began to drop the corn in little piles, a handful at a time, not noticing what he was doing.

"He wass there, because he tore the baper off loudly. Berhaps he did not exbect the box to be covered with baper; und therefore he tore it off so loudly that it wass heard. It follows, therefore, that he wass there. To say he wass not there, that also is imbossible!"

He dumped the remaining corn in a heap and stood still.

"To be there wass not enough," he said gravely. "Also he must know—und in the dark—that the box wass beneath the baper. I would like to know—yes, I would wonder if that box hass a smell!"

Suddenly he threw away the measure that had held the corn.

"Chang!"

"Yes."

"If that box hass a smell ——"

"Yes."

"If that box hass a smell, Chang, then I would say: Here is a jewel stolen in a way that iss not usual. Gif me my hat."

"Yes."

"I am going out. I do not know when I will be back. See to all things. I have chust fed the bigeons."

He took his hat and went out quickly into the street.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CHALLENGE WATERPROOF COLLARS & CUFFS

REAL MONEY SAVERS

The Arlington Co. 179 Broadway N Y

KEITH'S 20 WONDER HOUSES

10c

M. L. KEITH

460 McKnight Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.

Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Wood Rollers *Tin Rollers*

VACU-MIRROR

Adheres to smooth surfaces by vacuum cup. 6 inch Beveled French Plate $3.00. 6 inch Magnifying Plate $4.00. At your dealer's or we will supply you direct; express prepaid. Booklets upon request.

AUSTIN SALES CO., 18 Vesey St., New York, N.Y.

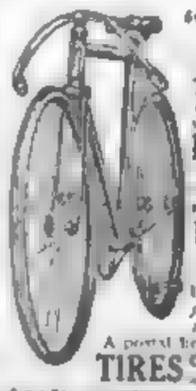
New Typewriter $18

A Remarkable Typewriter. Carried in Grip or in Overcoat Pocket. Standard Keyboard. Does All that Higher Priced Machines Do. Over 20,000 in Daily Use. Bennett Portable Typewriter has less than 250 parts, against 1700 to 2700 in others.

$18

Agts Proposition

C. H. Bennett Typewriter Co., 366 Broadway, New York



"RANGER" BICYCLES

LOWEST PRICES

10 Days' Free Trial

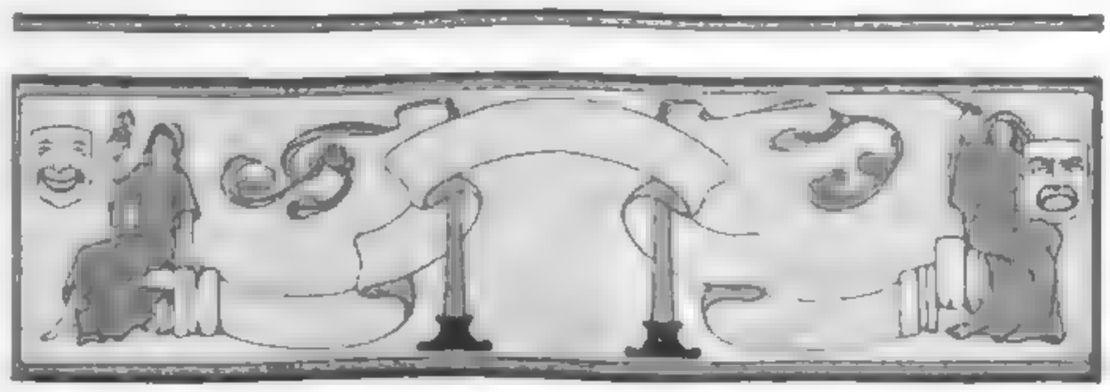
DO NOT BUY

TIRES

Agents

Write today

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. T-55 CHICAGO



$1,585

With Electric Lights—Four Forward Speeds
Tires 35 x 4½—Cushions 14 Inches Deep

To Win This War of "40's"

There are 72 makers building cars this year in the 40-horsepower class.

They have brought to their aid an army of the ablest engineers.

They are offering costly features—giving wonderful equipment—building splendid cars. Some of these cars, in luxury and comfort, break all records in extravagance.

Yet prices are cut to what small "30's", unequipped, cost but a short time back.

All because legions of buyers are now coming to Forties. And 72 makers, in a fight for supremacy, are trying to outdo rivals.

Cameron's Greatest Car

We saw this fight coming, and four years ago we started in to get ready.

By outbidding others, we secured W. H. Cameron for our chief engineer. He has built over 100,000 cars.

We secured John A. Campbell—who has been designer for kings—to create for the Michigan his masterpiece body. And we placed in charge of every part and detail the ablest experts obtainable.

We built in those four years about 5,000 cars, and watched every car's performance. Year after year we worked out improvements, until more than 300 were added.

We watched every rival, to let no one outdo us. And we kept cutting the price, as we increased our facilities, despite all the costly additions.

And now, with the best car Cameron can build with the last word in luxury—with every up-to-date feature—we come to claim leadership among all cars of this class. To gain that place quickly, we have fixed our price for the coming year at $1,585, all equipment included.

4,275 Cars Sold Before the Formal Announcement Was Made

The better dealers have known, for two or three years, that this matchless car was coming. Year after year they have watched it grow better, more luxurious, more complete. Last year they ordered from us twice what we could make.

This year they flocked to our factory. Even before the new car was formally announced they had placed with us orders for 4,275 cars. And orders for hundreds are now coming in daily.

When you make comparisons such as dealers make, you will say with them that the Michigan "40" outbids all rivals in the points which you prize most.

Your Verdict Wanted Now

Now we want your verdict. The Michigan "40" is now on show in nearly every city. Compare it with all other cars in the features that you seek.

Compare its length, its width of seat, its room. Compare its body design, its finish, its trimmings. Compare the depth of upholstering.

Compare the size of vital parts—the margins of safety—the power of the brakes. Compare the spring dimensions. Compare the tire width, for there lies the secret of small tire upkeep. Note our four-forward-speed transmission.

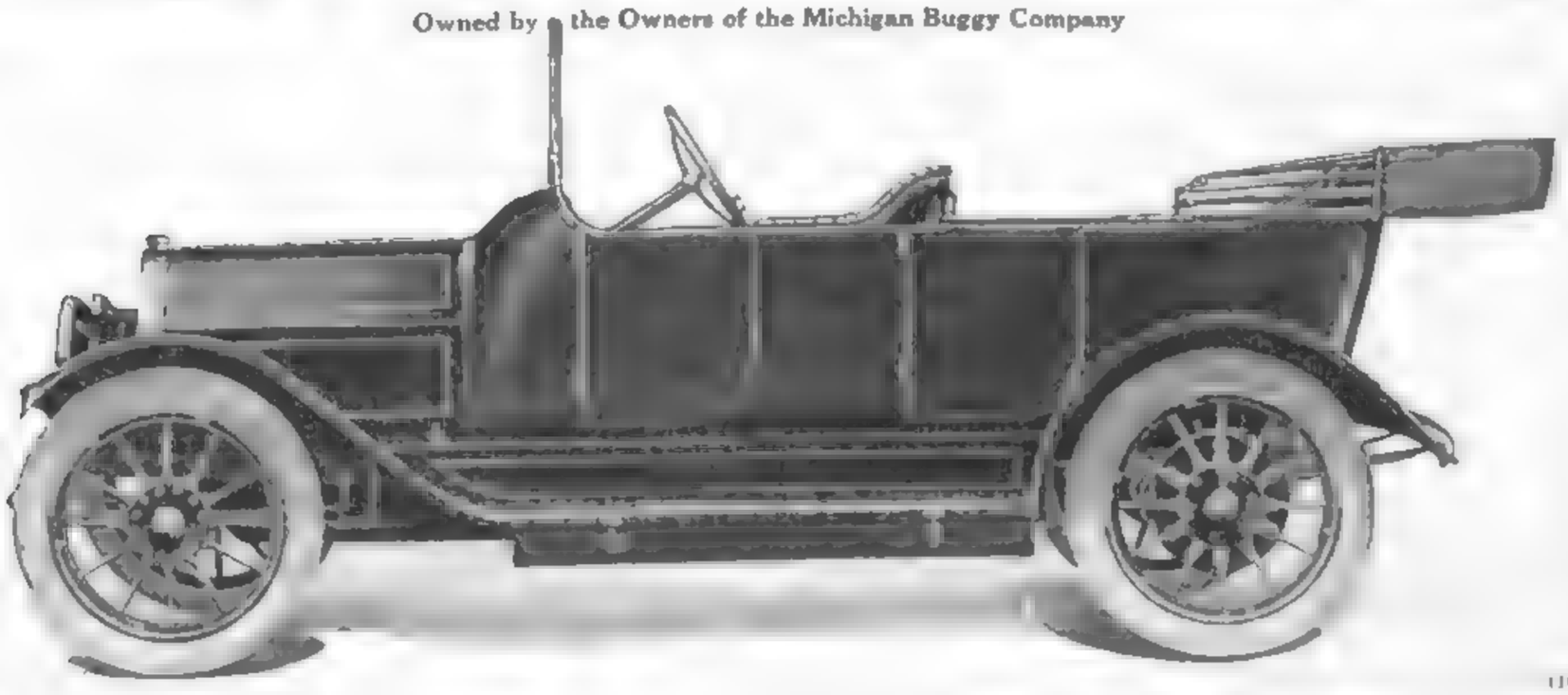
Compare the equipment. The electric lights as an extra, on other cars, would cost $125. Note what our price includes. Then compare the price.

Do this in justice to yourself. If the Michigan "40" stands unapproached in the Forty class, you want to find it out. And this is the way.

Start by sending for our new catalog. It gives every detail, pictures every part, shows the various bodies. Then we'll tell you where to see the car.

MICHIGAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Kalamazoo, Michigan

Owned by the Owners of the Michigan Buggy Company



1102

Michigan "40"

Special Features

Four-forward-speed transmission, as used today in all the best foreign cars.

Oversize tires—35 x 4½ inches—wider, we think, than on any rival.

Electric lights with dynamo.

Center control.

Left side drive, to which all the best [illegible].

40 to 46 horsepower. Cylinders 4¾ x 5⅛ inches.

Drive shaft of [illegible] nickel steel, sufficient to [illegible].

Brakes extra [illegible]—drums 16 x 2½ inches.

Springs [illegible] wide—front 37 inches long, [illegible] 50 inches long.

Steering post adjustable. So [illegible] clutch and brake [illegible] perfect comfort [illegible] to every driver.

Shorteville wheels, with 1¼ inch spokes [illegible] wheel.

Demountable rims—Firestone quick-detachable with extra rim.

Wheel base, 118 inches.

Straight-line body, [illegible] by A. Campbell [illegible] with 22 inches.

14-inch cushions. [illegible] of the best [illegible] with [illegible] cushions.

Rear seat 50 inches wide inside [illegible]. Doors 20 inches wide [illegible] from 50 inches either way.

Nickel mountings.

Headlights [illegible] inches diameter, very powerful.

Sidelights set in dash flush with it.

Windshield built as part of body [illegible] inclined.

Mohair top, side curtains and envelope complete.

Electric horn.

Speedometer—$50. Four-inch instrument.

[illegible] robe rail—rear tire irons [illegible] with all tools under running [illegible].

Over-capacity. Every driving part made sufficient for a 60-horsepower [illegible].

Self-Starter

There is such a difference of opinion [illegible] types of self-starters [illegible] adopted any one [illegible] car equipment.

We prefer to leave this selection to the buyer.

However, we equip with either the gas starter or a positively efficient electric starter, at a very moderate extra price.

MAIL THIS COUPON

Michigan Motor Car Company
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Mail me your 1913 Catalog.

_____

_____

_____

The World's Largest Varnish Industry

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC.

The Home of

Vitralite

The Long-Life

WHITE ENAMEL

YOU can use Vitralite, *The Long-Life White Enamel*, yourself, on old or new work, without trace of brush marks or laps showing—something you probably have not done with another enamel. Vitralite works and spreads so easily—it does not pull. Use it on furniture, any wood, metal or plaster surface—inside or outside.

The result will be a smooth, white, porcelain-like gloss that may be cleaned and washed indefinitely, because it is water-proof. Write for the two

Free Booklets on Vitralite and Decorative Interior Finishing

also sample panel finished with Vitralite. They will interest you. Vitralite *stays white* and will not crack nor chip. It is economical because it covers so much surface. When you build or decorate, speak to your painter and architect about Vitralite. It makes a most sanitary and beautiful finish in residences, hotels, theatres, hospitals, breweries, ice plants, bakeries, public baths, work rooms and factories.

On your floors and linoleum use "61" Floor Varnish. It is heel-proof, mar-proof and water-proof. Will not turn white, show scratches nor heel marks. Prove this. Send for

Free Floor Booklet and Sample Panel

finished with "61" Floor Varnish. Test it yourself. Stamp on it—hit it with a hammer. You may dent the wood, but the varnish won't crack. No matter what your past experience with floor varnish, we urge you to make these tests with "61" and be convinced that "61" is the only finish you want to protect your floors and preserve their beauty.

Pratt & Lambert varnish products are sold by dealers, used by painters and specified by architects everywhere. Address all inquiries to Pratt & Lambert-Inc., 83 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 25 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario.

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

AMERICAN FACTORIES NEW YORK BUFFALO CHICAGO BRIDGEBURG CANADA

ESTABLISHED 63 YEARS

FOREIGN FACTORIES LONDON PARIS HAMBURG

ADVENTURES IN BUSINESS

Continued from Page 11

"So I don't offer Mudd & Company's methods as a cure-all, but merely as an instance of how one business made good. I am sure, however, that our success has some kernels that any unsuccessful advertiser can chew on.

"One day Schemmerhorn sent one of his New York clerks down to Bent Handle to pose on the streets for a day in a Prince Albert. He wore low shoes and had fancy clocks on his hosiery, while his hat was a green crush. Nobody in town knew him, and he posed as a lawyer who'd come from somewhere or other to look up records at the courthouse.

"There were plenty of men in our town who dressed in taste that was equally bad, but Mudd & Company could scarcely tear them to pieces as they did this stranger. Ah! We pounced on that chap in our ad the next day and literally riddled him! We explained that the Prince Albert was under a sartorial ban, that fancy clocks were vulgar in stockings and that his ascot was a crime against good breeding. As to his green hat, the offense positively was unpardonable.

"About an hour after this advertisement appeared a shamefaced young chap sneaked into our store and got me aside. 'Say,' he said; 'lookyhere, Mr. Mudd—I've got a Prince Albert; but I'll be hanged if I ever wear it again! Put me next to the right togs! I've been makin' a fool o' myself long enough.'

"A dozen other fellows came along after him. All of them had Prince Alberts, but they all affirmed that they were through with such duds.

"It was the irresistible personality in Schemmerhorn's publicity that got people coming our way. When you stand and watch a drum-major for a few minutes and hear the band playing, you step high in spite of yourself and tag along behind. Customers simply couldn't help coming to us. In my former days nobody ever stepped high, wide and handsome to get to the Enterprise; but now they hustled along to Mudd & Company—the same Mudd, remember, who had run the Enterprise. Mudd & Company's ads were different. Live flesh and blood walked through them. In every bit of space some real man—or sometimes a woman—showed conspicuously. No mere bustforms could pose for Schemmerhorn.

"During the second year we ran a series of advertisements that led to our taking on a line of clothing in addition to furnishings and later led to the opening of a second store in a neighboring city.

"The first of these ads comprised little descriptions of men in evening dress, taken down carefully at a ball given by a Bent Handle fraternal society. We omitted names, but mildly pointed out blunders. Many men wore garments of antiquated cut; some wore flashy jewelry in place of pearl, agate or moonstone; others had double-breasted waistcoats or brown gloves or calf pumps."

Never Again for Senator Shutts

"From this ad grew others that took up descriptions of actual dress, gathered from day to day here and there about town. Here, for example, was one: 'At the Central Depot today a good-looking young man was waiting for a train, apparently bound for an outing. He wore a Norfolk jacket, a derby hat and patent-leather pumps. Of course it is easy to grow careless in dress, but the fellows with style and distinction about them, if they go into it for a purpose, are the ones who catch the best jobs—not to mention the best girls. If you would like to know what is really correct for such an occasion come to Mudd & Company in perfect confidence.'

"You see we made it a point never to satisfy curiosity thoroughly. To do that the customer must come to see us—or, at least, call us up or write to us.

"We extended the series so that it embraced adjacent towns and included all occasions—formal, informal, day, business and vacation. No advertising was ever read with greater avidity by men and women alike. It became so popular that we tabulated the information in order to show which was the best-dressed town. The newspapers for a hundred miles about took the matter up and gave us a tremendous volume of publicity—all because our advertising subjects really lived and breathed, and were not mere fashion plates in the windows.

"I don't think a single person had ever called up the Enterprise to ask a question regarding correct dress. Now Mudd & Company got such inquiries daily—many of them. It was singular, too, that the women called us up to inquire both about their husbands' and their own apparel. We were forced to keep elaborate charts for both sexes, and eventually we put in a woman's department.

"'There's nothing like establishing yourself as an authority,' said Schemmerhorn. 'Any store that becomes an authority on something worth while, Phil, needn't worry over getting customers.'

"I imagine that it kept Schemmerhorn thinking pretty hard to get up all his ideas and keep his living models moving. Yet he gloried in it. He flitted back and forth between New York and Bent Handle, and every time he came he had something new to work out. There was scarcely an item of stock he neglected. At first thought it might seem difficult to get up a collar-button ad that had life in it, but my partner did it neatly, like this:

"'The Honorable Lorenzo Shutts, our brilliant fellow townsman and United States senator, was in the other day and bought two dozen extra high collar-buttons. Senator Shutts says he knows where to come for such goods—and other goods, as well, that have the Mudd distinction. Did you ever measure the woe one stubby little shrimp of a collar-button can give you? Senator Shutts is wise and distinguished—never again for him!'"

How to be Your Own Press Agent

"If you couple a compliment with a man's name in an ad you are not going to make anybody sore—provided you use common horse sense and violate no confidence. Besides, Senator Shutts was looking for publicity himself, and you can bet he never kicked.

"One day Schemmerhorn got off a stunt in suspenders that immediately sold many dozens of them. 'Judge Jeremiah Jenks came to us yesterday,' the ad read, 'and asked for an extra-long pair of suspenders. He's a tall man, you know, and he had been worried for years over those measly short galluses that so many furnishers thoughtlessly sell to men of all altitudes. Of course Mudd & Company don't wait to be asked for the right kind of goods. There are a lot of customers who don't know about extra-long suspenders. When we see a tall man we tell him mighty quick. And we are going to vote for Judge Jenks!'

"The judge was running for office again; and he never registered any complaint against that advertisement, you may depend.

"Another successful little ad of this class ran like this: 'Our eminent surgeon, Dr. Washington Sawyer, is partial to our piqué waistcoats. The doctor is a discriminating dresser and Mudd & Company are proud to claim him for a customer. And when we have our appendix cut out we shall go to sleep cheerfully under his knife.'

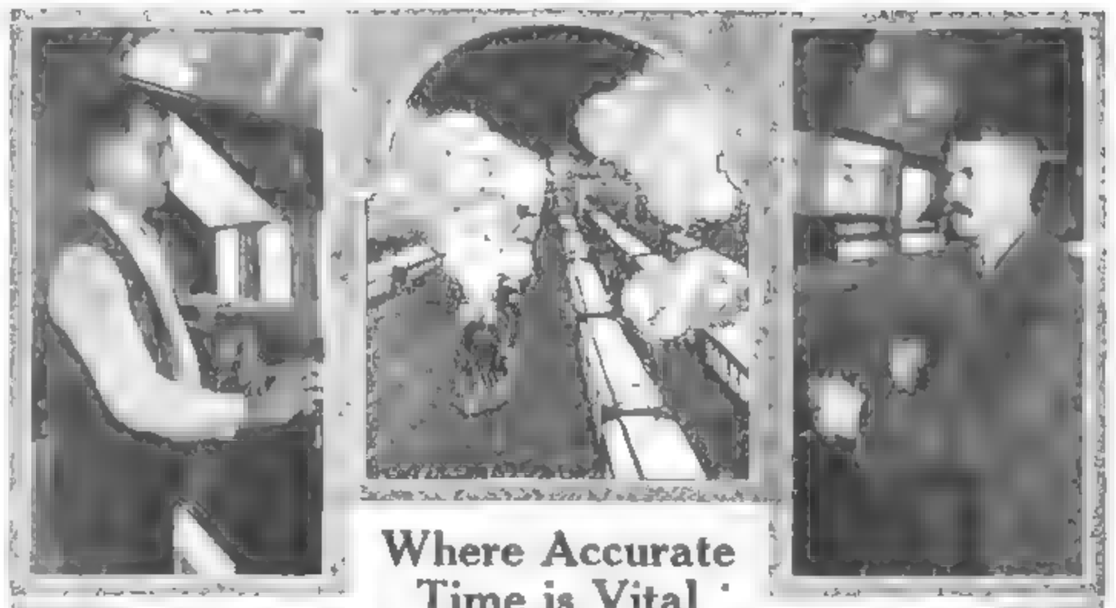
"Doctor Sawyer never came round to say that we mustn't use his name in an advertisement again. No, sir; he never did! It was a boosting game we played—not a knocking game. Nor did the other doctors quit us. They knew that if they traded with us we'd let them bite our apple some day.

"Yes, our advertising was different. There was nothing else in town like it. Whatever we put before the people had the Mudd ring to it. It made no difference whether it happened to be rep or Bohemian longcloth or tussur silk—the garments or accessories we advertised immediately took on a flavor no other store in town could give; but, of course, there could be no bunco about it. I had all I could do to keep qualities up to standard while Schemmerhorn blew the trumpet.

"Schemmerhorn never rested however. He jumped from one idea to another with remarkable prolixity. One day when he was down from the metropolis for a few hours he said to me:

"'Phil, there's one thing we've got in stock that we haven't boomed.'

"'What is it?' I asked. For the life of me I couldn't think of a thing.



Where Accurate Time is Vital

Towerman E. F. Heide of the Rock Island Lines has carried for 10 years a Hamilton Watch that is highly satisfactory.

The selection of a watch is not a case of sentiment or fad with railroad men. Their watches must be the best. Both men shown above carry Hamiltons and that they are just two out of many thousands of Hamilton owners on railroads is proven by this fact: **Over one-half (almost 56%) of the men on American Railroads maintaining Official Time Inspection carry The**

Hamilton Watch

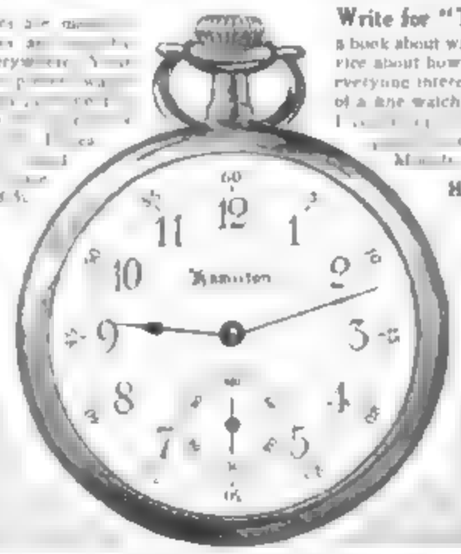
"The Railroad Timekeeper of America"

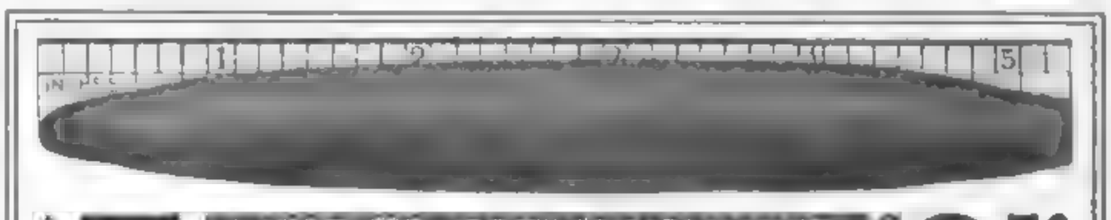
complete only.

Write for "The Timekeeper"

a book about watches containing advice about how to buy a watch that everyone interested in the purchase of a fine watch can profitably read.

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY
Lancaster, Pa.





A $5. BOX OF PORTO RICO SMOKERS FOR $2.50

JUST TO GET ACQUAINTED

No More than a Box of 100 to One Customer

No Orders at this Price Filled After October 31.

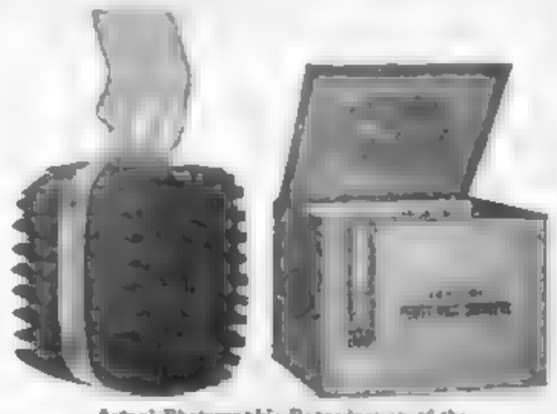
PORTO RICO SMOKERS are made of the same tobacco I use in my 15c. cigars. The leaves that are too short to roll into high-priced cigars I use in Porto Rico Smokers. They are not pretty—but you don't smoke looks. None of them are shorter than 5¼ ins. Our customers call them "DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH."

I reserve the right to return your money if I can't fill your order.

FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED.

MORTON R. EDWIN
66 West 125th Street
New York

Make checks payable to the Edwin Cigar Company



Actual Photographic Reproduction of the 100 Genuine Porto Rico Smokers

REMINGTON UMC

NITRO CLUB
Steel Lined
SHOT SHELLS

The Remington Cubs making their bag

Cut Down the Lead—
Cut Down the Guesswork

Shoot the speed shells and watch your field and trap average climb.

The steel lining gives the speed—grips the powder charge with just that compression needed to put all the drive of the explosion behind your load.

And with Expert Factory Loading, you're sure of the same speed—a uniform spread of pattern in each and every shell.

Shoot Arrow and Nitro Club Steel Lined, Expert Factory Loaded Shells for speed plus pattern in any make of shotgun.

Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.
299 Broadway, New York City

Eastern Factory Loaded Shells now for sale on the coast

"'Pajamas,' said Schemmerhorn. 'I'm going down to Washington next week, you know, and while I'm there I'll find out some of the senators and representatives who've discarded the old-time nighty in favor of the two-legged kind. We'll have some fun with pajamas, Phil—you just wait!'

"A week later we came out with the list, which Schemmerhorn had secured from Washington furnishers. We described pajamas in cambric, madras, linen, poplin and silk, and gave the names of the statesmen who wore them. Then we featured pajamas; and we had more fun than you could shake a stick at telling about pajamas in Bent Handle—but not always giving names. We worked curiosity to the finish and everybody in town read our ads because they simply had to! Schemmerhorn got a strangle-hold with pajamas.

"Confound it! I had been wondering all those earlier years of my life how Hanky Schemmerhorn had struck things so rich in New York, and how he had forged ahead in that mighty jumble of competition until the firm that had hired him took on his very name—Schemmerhorn & Company. I had attributed it chiefly to luck, for Schemmerhorn, as a boy, had never seemed anything wonderful. Aside from his willingness to be kissed by those big girls, and his habit of strutting about with his chest puffed out and his head high in the air, he hadn't made any particular hit; but now I knew well enough what had made him successful as a man. He had learned how to be his own press agent. When he held up a collar or a shirt or a handkerchief—there at Bent Handle—the public instantly looked. When he put a collection of unit displays in our show window there was something about it, from the foundation drape to the top of the highest tree-fixture, that made people stop. Our display cases inside, our cabinets against the walls and our racks over the counters, all made people gaze."

The True Test of Advertising

"Yet, after all, the collars and shirts and handkerchiefs were not greatly different from those I had always handled and always advertised. The window exhibits were not remarkably improved, nor was our store interior so very much better. I tell you it was all Schemmerhorn! It was Schemmerhorn the people looked at, though they didn't know it.

"We started our third store last year—over at Big Valley—and put in the most extensive stock of the three. Then up at Glen Mountain a few weeks ago we opened an exclusive haberdashery, for Glen Mountain is quite a place for swells. Of course at the latter town we have modified our plan of campaign somewhat, for popular advertising doesn't always appeal to the top-notchers; but at heart we follow the same principle, for men are men the world over—and women, women. At Glen Mountain we tell in our ads what the rich wear at Newport or on Fifth Avenue. We catch them just as they are, and we analyze and perhaps criticise them by name. They are breathing entities always—every ad of ours is!

"Today Schemmerhorn has a new ambition. He wants to start an all-round department store at Bent Handle. He likes retailing better than wholesaling, and he says if things pan out he means to devote most of his time hereafter to selling goods direct to the people.

"'Hang me!' he said the other day, 'I always knew I could sell stuff down here at the old town! After all, Phil, it's easy enough once you get into the swing.'

"'What style of publicity do you mean to adopt for the department store?' I inquired.

"'Schemmerhorn publicity!' he exclaimed promptly. 'Let other men have their own brands; I have no quarrel with advertising that differs from mine. There's only one test by which you can measure advertising, Phil—only one: Does it sell goods? If it does, if it gets results and drives the wolf farther and farther away and lays up a neat reserve for your old age then it's good advertising, even if it's made up of dignified sentences and has no trick mule hitched to its traces. But if it doesn't measure up like this—and the chances are that it falls quite a ways short—then it is time, Phil, to get a Schemmerhorn move on it!'"

Editor's Note—This is the fourth in a series of articles by Edward Mott Woolley. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

This Guarantee of Freshness in Every Box

A box of Huyler's must in every way be satisfactory or we want you to return it to us or to our sales agent for free exchange.

Huyler's

Bonbons Chocolates

Huyler's sales agents are the best druggists in their respective localities. We instruct them to order fresh goods of us frequently and to return to us promptly for full credit every box of Huyler's not in perfect condition.

Remember the guarantee and do not hesitate to use it.

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Tells of the founding of Huyler's and how purity and high quality are always assured in all Huyler's products. Name of Huyler's agent nearest you sent with book.

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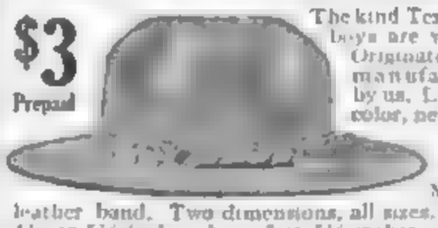

The kind Texas cowboys are wearing. Originated and manufactured by us. Light tan color, never-flop brim, ... leather band. Two dimensions, all sizes. Crown 4½ or 5¼ inches, brim 3 or 3¼ inches. Prepaid for only **$3**

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This is the famous "Broncho Buster" with a genuine Mexican hand made ... silver buckle. It has a typical Mexican effect. Sent prepaid for **$5**

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The Guaranteed Flour

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If OCCIDENT fails—in your opinion—to give better baking results than your family has ever had from any other flour, your grocer will refund the price of the flour without argument.

There are two reasons why we can put a binding, Money-Back Guarantee on every sack of OCCIDENT Flour. First: we use only the choicest selection of the hard, glutinous Spring wheats of North Dakota which are the most valuable bread wheats grown. Second: we wash and scour the wheat and purify the flour so thoroughly that OCCIDENT is absolutely clean.

Send For Our Free Booklet, "Better Baking"

Costs More —Worth It OCCIDENT costs but a few cents more than other flour, but it is the most economical in making more and better bread, and bread that keeps sweet and fresh longer than any other bread. This saves many tiring baking days.

Russell-Miller Milling Co.,
Minneapolis, U. S. A.

The Howard Watch

The American business man, it is said, never writes when he can "*wire.*" He sends 500,000 telegrams every working day, keeping fifty-nine thousand offices busy and nearly two million miles of wire.

It is an index of the national spirit of "putting the thing across"—getting it done. The same spirit of punctuality and practical time-saving that leads so many men to select the HOWARD Watch.

Whether a man realizes it or not—his working activities don't escape being judged by HOWARD standards.

There are HOWARD Watches in the pockets of his superiors and his associates—and probably some of his subordinates.

Not every HOWARD owner is a moneyed man, by any means. The most eager purchasers of HOWARDS are the earnest young fellows who have to strain a point to get one—like any other special effort they make to get ahead.

Any way you look at it, to the man who really *cares*, a HOWARD Watch is always worth what he pays for it.

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Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.

Admiral Sigsbee has written a little book, "The Log of the HOWARD Watch," giving the record of his own HOWARD in the U. S. Navy. You'll enjoy it. Drop us a post-card, Dept. N, and we'll send you a copy.

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must be alert to his opportunities; he must be able to judge quickly those whom he meets—and to judge them accurately; he must think and speak logically; he must be refined in appearance and deportment, of good address and unquestioned character.

THE man who squares with our standards—he is the man we need. And we will pay well to secure his services. We have high-grade goods to sell, and we require high-grade men to sell them. To one such man we have paid over $100.00 a week for the past twelve months; to another we paid $1180.00 during June and July; to others we have paid amounts averaging more than $20.00 a day during those two months. Yet others are earning like amounts. The day of the subscription canvasser is past—as far as the Curtis publications are concerned. We have no positions for persons who have failed elsewhere, and who wish to solicit subscriptions as a last resort. But we do need ambitious men—and ambitious women—who wish to associate themselves with a house such as The Curtis Publishing Company and wish to sell such goods as the Curtis publications. We need real salesmen—real saleswomen—regardless of whether they give us all or only part of their time, provided they are sincerely interested. We need men and women who, in ability and in personality, know that they square with our standards.

Agency Division **THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY** *Philadelphia, Pa.*

Are You Doing Your Own Thinking?

THE porter on the Pullman car, Maharaja, was telling of his presidential choice. His run was New York to Chicago; his home New York. He was intelligent, unusually well read, and fond of talking. The porter said he would vote against Taft.

"But why?" asked The Passenger, in some astonishment. "Are you a Democrat?"

"No, sir. I was in Washington in 1908, and couldn't vote; otherwise I'd voted for Taft. In 1904 I voted for Roosevelt, in 1900 for McKinley."

"And why do you switch this year?"

"Because I think we need a change."

"What were you doing in 1908?"

"Nothing. I was out of a job. The Company laid me off that year with a lot of the other boys."

"Why?"

"Because travel was light and our cars were laid up."

"And in 1909?"

"Went down to Maryland, where my mother lived, because I was still out of a job."

"And in 1910, the year after President Taft was inaugurated?"

"Let me see—in 1910 I got my job back, railroading."

"And have had a steady job ever since?"

"Yes, sir."

"Doing pretty well?"

"Yes, sir, doing mighty well now; never did better—never did as well."

"And why did travel drop off in 1908 so that you lost your job?"

The porter thought for a moment.

"I guess it was the panic that year—hard times."

"Many of your friends out of a job then?"

"Yes, most of them."

"And railroad men generally?"

"Yes, sir. Railroading was mighty poor; thousands of the boys weren't doing anything."

"And do you remember the great strings of empties that never moved off the sidings?"

"Yes, sir; there were miles."

"Have you seen many empties on this trip, in yards and sidings?"

"No, sir, the railroads ain't got cars enough to move traffic."

"Exactly, and yet you want a change."

"Well, now," protested the porter, "I hadn't thought about it that way."

"Well, son, you want to get busy mighty quick and think about it—JUST that way. If you get the change you're so hungry for, you may be back in Maryland again with nothing to do BUT THINK."

The Passenger warmed to his subject.

"The trouble with you," he said, "is the same as it is with most Americans, white and black, rich and poor, but especially poor. If you go out to buy a hat or a suit of clothes, or rent a new house, you ask yourself first thing: 'What is going to be best for ME?' But when it comes to voting, which should be the most particular business of your lives, you let the politicians and spellbinders get you away about as far as possible from the main question—'What is going to be best for ME?'

"Now take this matter in hand. You're going to vote against Taft because you 'want a change,' and you want a change principally because a lot of smart fellows who want jobs have talked and written you into that state of mind. YOU are too busy—or lazy—to THINK very much about it yourselves. So YOU let the other fellows do the thinking for you, while you go to the polls like sheep and give up your wool, never knowing whether it's going to be winter or summer.

"We've been a mighty sick people. We're just getting better—thanks to the careful nursing of President Taft. The least jar, and back we go. If we MUST try experiments, let's try them after we've had a little more time to overcome the evil effects of the recent national sickness which Taft took in hand with so much success.

"And yet YOU, who have your job back because Taft brought prosperity back, would vote for a change. And for no better reason than to help a lot of ambitious gentlemen try out some new-fangled ideas which may make us ALL rich and happy some time in the dim future, but which, on the other hand, may make us all bankrupt while they are in process of trying out."

"I reckon," said the porter thoughtfully, "I've been thinking someone else's thoughts."

And are YOU, and other voters of the country, also "thinking someone else's thoughts"?

Because some one has suddenly discovered that the Initiative and Referendum is a sure cure for all our political evils; that the Recall of Judges would, without fail, produce a social paradise; that we might all have forty acres, a mule and a stable full of motor cars if it wasn't for what someone calls the "Robber Tariff," are YOU going to throw over, without more ado, a political system under which the country has grown to be the greatest nation on the face of the earth?

Are you going to disregard the sound advice of the great McKinley, who said:

"Let us hold fast to that which we know is good"?

Mr. Taft proposes that we do not change the tariff until we KNOW what we are doing, instead of GUESSING at it. For this purpose he would get at the FACTS, through a commission of experts, before which all persons may come with EVIDENCE, NOT THEORIES. Then he would legislate on the basis of these facts.

Mr. Taft declares that the Initiative and Referendum is a local issue; that it has no place in national politics. He believes that, if it has any merit at all, it should be demonstrated by the people in their states and municipalities, and not be dragged in as a national issue at this time, when we are so vitally concerned in maintaining normal conditions, at least long enough to overcome fully the effects of the recent depression.

Mr. Taft declares that the recall of judges is fraught with the gravest peril to our institutions, but that if the people WANT the recall they have ample opportunity to put it in force in their State courts. If experience here demonstrate its soundness, a most unlikely issue, then there is nothing to prevent its introduction in the Federal judiciary in an orderly manner.

"But," Mr. Taft says, "after we have changed all the governmental machinery so as to permit instantaneous expression of the people in constitutional amendments, in statutes, and in recall of public agents, what then? Votes are not bread, constitutional amendments are not work, referendums do not pay rent or furnish houses, recalls do not furnish clothing, initiatives do not supply employment or relieve inequalities of condition or of opportunity."

Are these reactionary views? or do they commend themselves to all who use the common sense God gave them?

Is the whole country to be torn to pieces in the effort to put into effect untried theories, or are we going to act like sensible, thinking men at this particular time, when, if we are to hold the good times Mr. Taft's administration has brought, we must act with special care and prudence?

When the passengers on a storm-tossed ship have been many weary days at sea they are not specially interested in a new theory of wind-pressure and ocean currents. What THEY want to know is this:

Is there a steady hand at the helm?

Is there an alert captain on the bridge?

Is there a capable engineer below, and a clear-headed crew above?

It MIGHT be true that the wind is not dangerous, that the waves do NOT hide death; but, unless they are fools or lunatics, the passengers will make short work of any one who should counsel that the ship be turned back into the storm to prove his theory true.

And if, with port finally in sight, and the sun-kissed land of plenty stretching clearly on the horizon, it should be demanded that the crew and captain who have brought the ship through the storm should be displaced by new hands, there would surely be an uprising.

Yet this is precisely what the two groups of political theorists who are seeking the Presidency are asking of the American people.

They want to displace the present National Administration, which has proven itself wise and safe and sound, and embark our hundred million people on a sea of experimental government, which has neither chart nor boundary. They want to steer without a compass, over strange waters, through wind-blown wastes.

It rests with the people to determine whether they are prepared to adventure on such a journey, or "hold fast to that which we know is good."

Republican National Committee
CHARLES D. HILLES, Chairman
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25c and 50c a Pair

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Utica, New York

BILLY FORTUNE AND THE ROOT OF EVIL

Continued from Page 25

yet?" "I ain't goin' to try," I says. "I've got my boots off; and he was too far gone to miss it tonight anyway. Mornin' 'll do. I'm just goin' to put it under my pillow tonight and dream on it. We'll just play it's ours and dream how we're goin' to spend it when we wake up."

I didn't have a speck of trouble locatin' him next mornin' up at his hotel. It was considerable late when I got there, but he hadn't come downstairs yet; and he told 'em to take me up to his room. There he was, with some kind of a nightgown on, settin' over by the window, with his breakfast on the table in front of him, pourin' black coffee into him.

I ain't ever seen a man that looked so different the next mornin' from the way he looked the night before. He'd struck me before as bein' just a pretty fair, rollicky kind of a sport, with the blush of the drink on his face and the feel of the drink loosenin' him up—but that wasn't a mite the way he looked now. There wasn't a sign of it on him; if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes I'd have been willin' to believe he'd never touched a drop in his whole life. His face looked like a chunk you'd knocked off one of these marble ledges, stiff and cold and hard, with the color all gone out of it; and his couple of eyes looked right straight at you deep and steady. No, sir, I never did see any more of a change.

"Why, gee-whiz, Billy!" I says. "He's a man, ain't he? How ever did you come to make that mistake?" "He certainly is," says I. "And that ain't all of it—he's one of them thinkin' men. And, what's more, he's got somethin' on his mind right now, and it's somethin' big and deep; and it ain't goin' the way he wants it to. Just look at them eyes!"

He set his coffee-cup down when I come in and leaned back in his chair, lookin' at me and waitin' for me to speak.

"You wanted to see me?" he says. "I don't believe I know who you are. Was it anything in particular?"

"No, not so very," says I. "I just brought you this back." And I laid his money down on the table in front of him.

It bothered me a heap to make out why he took it the way he did. First of all he reached for it quick and eager, as if he wanted to make sure he was goin' to get his hands on it before it could disappear. He was certainly anxious to get hold of it. Then, before his fingers even touched it, he pulled his hand back. It was all of a tremble, his hand was. In a minute he let himself settle back in his chair, grippin' hold of the arms and starin' at me.

"Where did you get that?" says he real sharp. I lit in and told him the best I could about how I reckoned it had come to be in my pocket, with him listenin' to me close and never takin' his eyes off me. It looked to me as if he was thinkin' things. I didn't like it much; nor I wasn't so awful fond of what he said to me after a while.

"Look here," says he; "you knew very well that I was hopelessly drunk last night, too drunk to remember what I was doing. You knew I'd never be able to remember you or to have any idea what had become of the money. Why did you bring it back?"

Would you have liked that? Well, I didn't. Don't you think a rank stranger had ought to be pretty well acquainted with you before he starts askin' them intimate questions? I could have got hot about it if I'd wanted to—couldn't I?

"You mean why didn't I keep it?" I says to him. "Is that it?"

"That's it," says he short and blunt. "Why didn't you keep it?"

"If that's what you mean," I says, "I ain't goin' to answer you. A man that'll ask them kind of questions wouldn't be able to understand if I told him."

"Did you count it?" he snapped back at me. "Did you know there is over three thousand dollars in that roll? Or there was when I started out yesterday."

That sure did make me hot.

"You go to!" I says to him; and I pulled down my hat and headed for the door. I didn't get there though.

"Wait!" he sung out. "Man, wait!" It seemed just as if I had to pay attention to him. You would, too, the way his voice sounded—with that kind of an iron ring to it. I stopped and turned round. He was up on his feet. "Come back here," he

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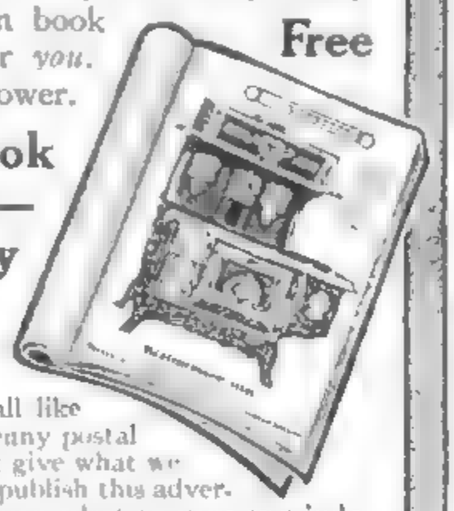

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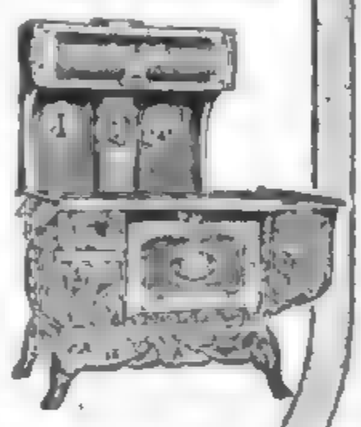

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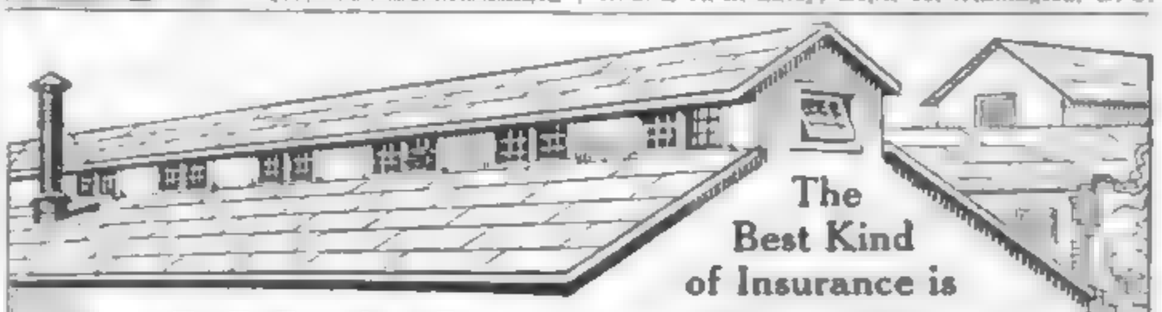

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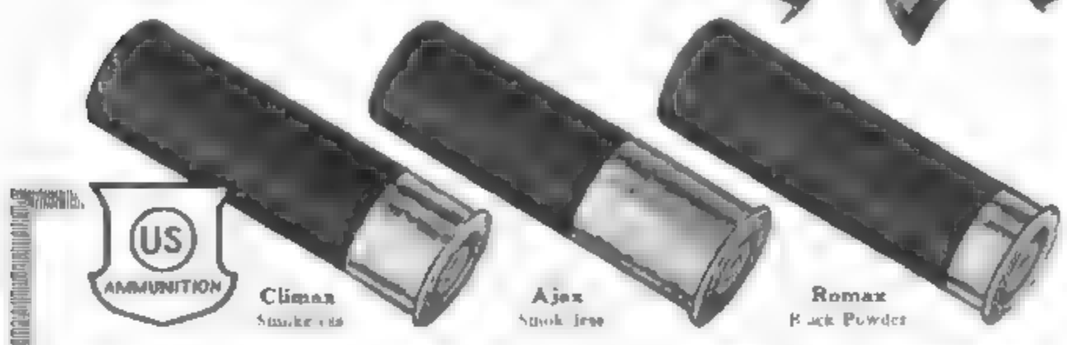

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says, and he pushed a chair for me to set down across the table from him.

Somehow or other he'd made me feel like I'd been just a peevish kid, gettin' mad at him. He didn't try to explain it to me, not for a good while; we didn't do nothin' but set and look at each other. I didn't know why, but I was beginnin' to be sorry for him. After a while he kind of stirred in his chair and spoke to me, with all the life seemin' to be gone out of his voice and no sound to it at all but dead tiredness.

"I knew that money was gone," says he. "I missed it this morning. I thought, of course, somebody had stolen it and I'd about made up my mind I'd never see it again. I was glad of it!"

"Which?" says I. "Glad? Did you mean that—glad?" He just made a motion as if he wanted me to be still.

"You don't understand," says he. "It wasn't because I wanted to lose it. I didn't want to get rid of it." He reached over and got the wad and commenced to open it up, smoothin' the yellow boys out on his knee, one at a time, real gentle. "I love it!" says he. "I've loved it better than anything else in this world. That's why I've got it. A man always gets what he loves most—do you know that? It's most deadly true! I got the money because I was willing to let everything else go for the money's sake. I love the sight and the feel and the smell of it. I didn't want to lose it; but I was glad to think it had been stolen. It delighted me to believe I'd run up against a thief because I'm a thief myself!

"I'm a thief myself!" says he. "I've stolen from every living soul I could ever persuade to put trust in me. That's how I've got my money. It came easy—hundreds of thousands of it. There's nothing easier than stealing—while you're at it. There are so many straight, honest men ready to trust you! I didn't imagine how many there might be until I began hunting for them to steal from them. I used to call them fools and suckers; but the truth is they're just honest men. The devil of it is that now, after I've quit my stealing, I keep on finding them. I don't want to find any more of them—they shame me. I want to find some of the other sort. It's a long time since I've gone up against a real thief. I'm lonesome for some company of my own class. That's what made me say what I did a minute ago. I didn't expect ever to see the thief, but I hoped it would turn out that my money had been stolen. It would have comforted me.

"That's why I left Texas, where I made my money," says he. "It wasn't the shame; it was the lonesomeness. I couldn't find another thief like me to keep company with. I dare say there are some, but I haven't found them." He sort of slacked off then and started to lookin' round the room; and then he got up quick and went over to a chair beside the bed where his clothes was layin'—the ones he'd had on the night before—all rumpled up in a pile. He pulled his vest out of the mess and took somethin' out of the inside pocket. I expect that's what he'd meant to show me last night. A girl's picture it was. It was all smeared up with yellow egg marks and it looked as if he'd been packin' it a good while before that. He started tryin' to scratch off the dried spots of egg with his thumbnail; but he give it up after a bit and passed the picture over to me just the way it was, him not sayin' a word. He didn't have to say nothin'; I could tell, just from lookin' at her face, what was ailin' him. I wouldn't like to have had it ailin' me. I studied it quite a spell before I passed it back to him.

"Well?" says he. I guess he wanted me to say somethin'—didn't he? But I wasn't goin' to do it. Not me. What was the use? He knew every blessed thing I could have told him, and a whole lot more besides.

"Well," I says, "I reckon I better be goin'." He didn't try to stop me; he didn't say a single word to me; he just let me go. When I got to the door there he was settin' beside the table, with his face dropped down on his arms. It wasn't just the next-mornin' feelin'; it was a heap worse.

I didn't see him any more for a couple of days or so, on account of me workin' at helpin' load some stock cars while I was waiting for a regular job to turn up. It was Saturday night when I run into him again—up on the street corner where the Salvation Army was at work. They had a real big crowd gathered round; and the Bocock lad he seemed to be the biggest part of it,

(Continued on Page 81)

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The 10,000,000 people who use Shaker Salt would protest at once against salt that cakes and caked. They are used to the finest table salt that flows freely.

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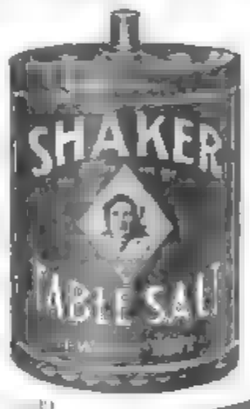

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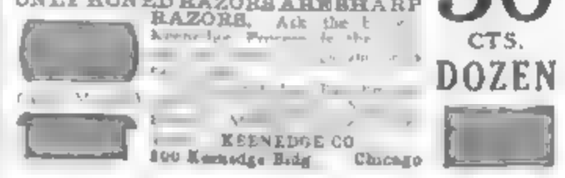

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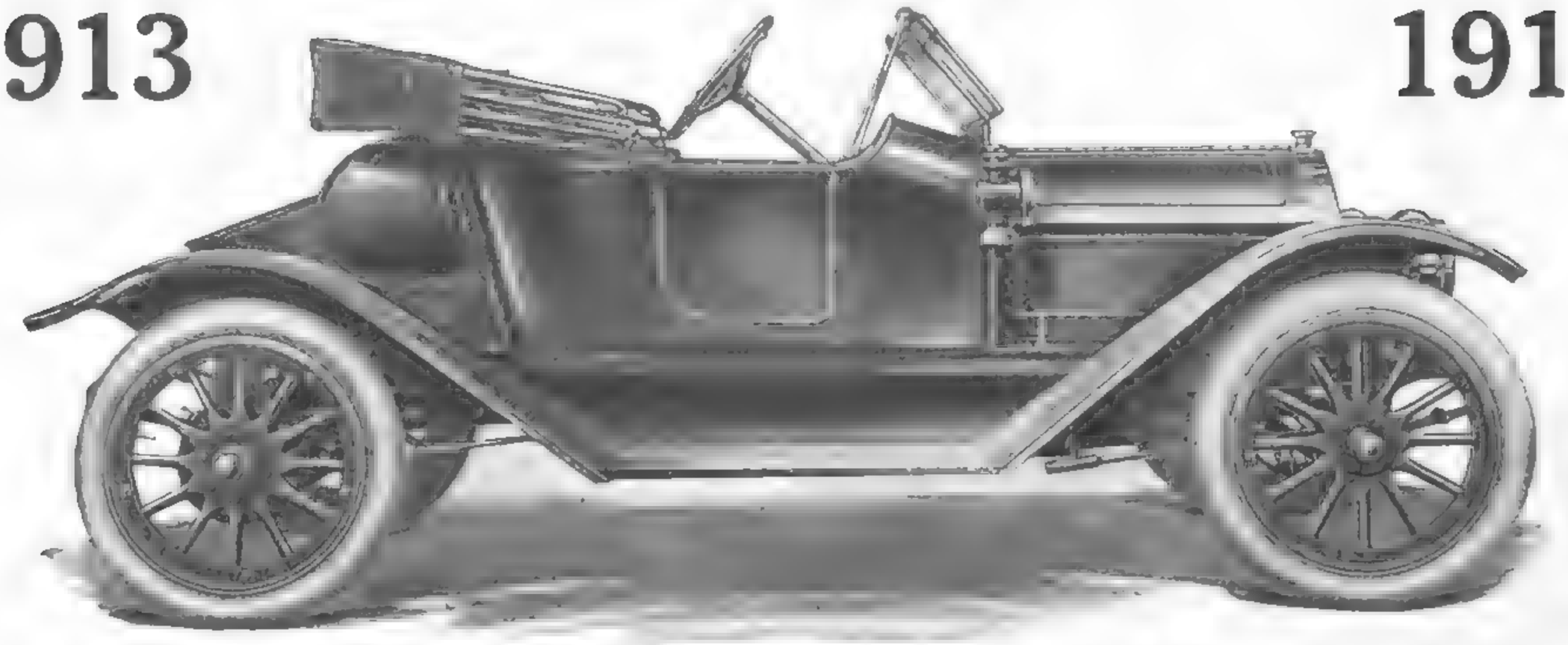
1913 1913



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25 Horsepower 104 Inch Wheelbase Seat Covers Speedometer

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Not Meant to be Sensational—But it's Unavoidable. A Real Car—Not a Little Car. In Size, Power, Comfort, Design, Workmanship and Materials, its equal is found only among the high-priced Automobiles.

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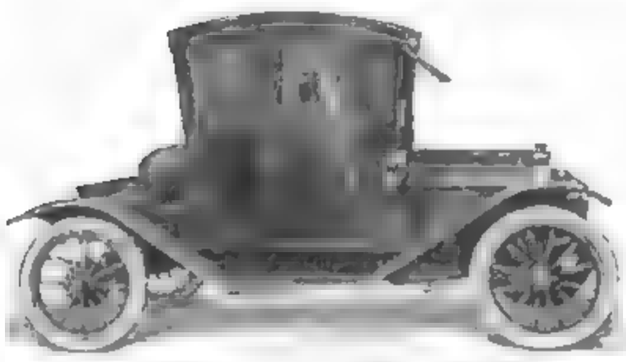
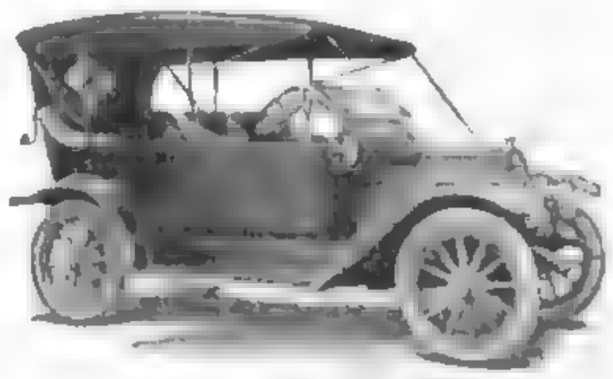
With 104 inch wheelbase, the Marathon "Runner" is big enough to be, and *is*, a dependable car for all purposes. With a 25 horsepower motor ample power is assured both for speed and for difficult grades.



MARATHON "RUNNER" COUPÉ
25 h. p. 104 inch wheelbase. $1050



MARATHON "RUNNER" TOURING
5 passenger, equipped, $950

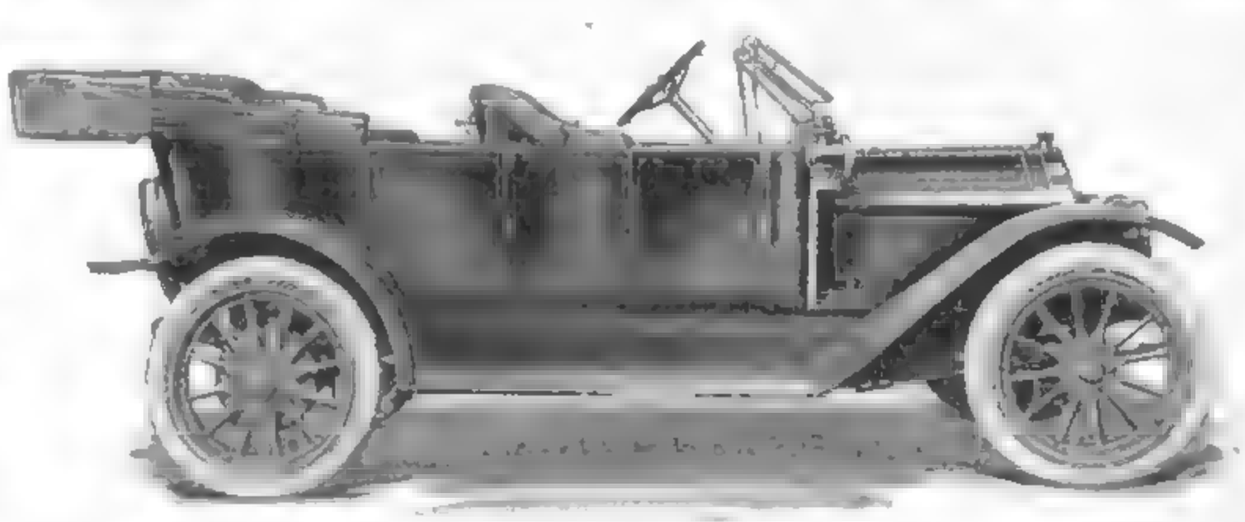
The 1913 Marathon differs materially from former models. All of the characteristics peculiar to Marathon construction have been retained, but in other respects there are radical changes.

Marathons are Completely Equipped. There is a world of satisfaction to the buyer in this feature. No matter if he has paid only $875 for a car that meets his full approval, much of that feeling of complacency is lost when he is put to the necessity of buying a lot of needed extras. Everything is on every Marathon that is needed. *Not an extra need be bought.*

Marathon Comfort is emphasized by wider and deeper seats, and more luxurious upholstery. Without sacrifice of the long and characteristically graceful lines that have made Marathons noticeable, there is an added width that makes for a delightful roominess.

The upholstery is of that thick, deep, satisfying kind that is looked for only in cars that demand high prices. It is a combination of the most expensive leather and the most skilled workmanship, with the added coolness and cleanliness of high-grade seat covers.

Marathon Power. Rather sensational at this point, too, the "Runner" for example. Full 25 h. p., every unit doing enthusiastic work, in a car of this weight, means motion. The "Runner" certainly earns its name. It is speedy, of course, but the point that appeals most to those who know is the fact that there is always plenty of power in reserve, and the satisfaction of knowing that it is a giant on the hills. The enclosed power plant, probably the Marathon's most distinctive feature, means longer life, increased efficiency and dependable power.



MARATHON "WINNER" TOURING. 35 h. p. 116 inch wheelbase. $1350

Marathon Price. They all wonder how we do it. $875 for a car with the specifications, advantages and equipment of the Marathon "Runner" seems almost an impossibility. And it is—almost. That's why only 25% of our output this season will consist of this model. The line between profit and loss upon it is a hairline. But here's the point. The "Runner" is going to be the biggest and the best advertisement for us that an automobile factory ever had. It is going into every state in the Union and into almost every civilized country, and it is going to behave in a way that will give perfect satisfaction to its owner under all conditions, and be a lasting credit to its makers. *That's how*

"WINNER" SERIES. 35 h. p. 116 inch wheelbase		"RUNNER" SERIES. 25 h. p. 104 inch wheelbase		"CHAMPION" SERIES. 45 h. p. 123 inch wheelbase	
Marathon "Winner" Touring,	$1350	Marathon "Runner" Roadster,	$875	"Champion" 7 Passenger Touring,	$1800
Marathon "Winner" Coupé,	1600	Marathon "Runner" Touring,	950	"Champion" 5 Passenger Touring,	1750
Marathon "Winner" Roadster,	1275	Marathon "Runner" Coupé,	1050	"Champion" Roadster,	1675
		Light Delivery,	850		

A Marathon for Every Purpose—Every Purse. Grace in Every Line—Power in Every Stroke. We Honestly Believe That This Car Has Set a New Standard in Automobile Values.

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Silk-Soft—Made of such fine yarns that electric light is needed to bring out reinforcing.

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Sizes—From 9's to 12's.

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This Guarantee is not vague—Read it.

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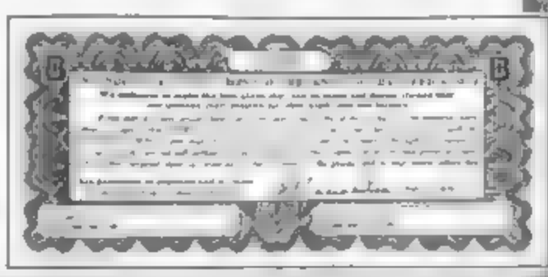

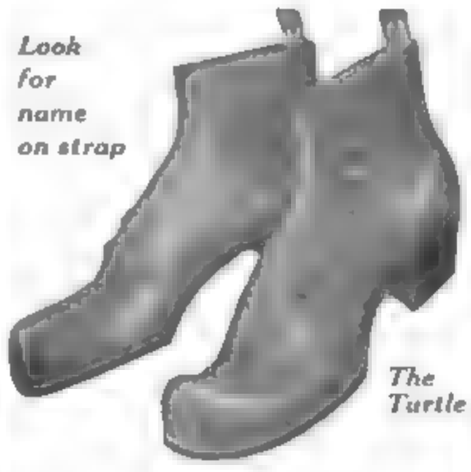

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Over 40,000 Members. *Write for Particulars* New Standard Pol

ERNEST W BROWN, Sec.-Treas.
507 Observatory Bldg., Des Moines, Ia.

(Continued from Page 78)

standin' out in the front row with his hat pushed on the back of his head and all the rest of 'em payin' attention to him. He'd been foolin' with the bottle again. You could notice it by the shine in his eyes and the way it had slacked up the grimness. He hadn't gone too far yet, like I'd saw him first; but he'd been at it long enough so he wasn't carin' very much.

What he was doin' now was pitchin' money at the head of the bass drum that was layin' in the road. Somebody else would throw in a nickel or a dime, tryin' to make it light in the middle, and then he'd chuck in his dollar; and every time he missed the middle farther than the other man he'd peel off a ten and give it to 'em. He'd put enough in him so he was losin' right steady. That didn't bother him none though; he acted as if he was enjoyin' it fine. It was good sport for the crowd, too, and the army folks was just standin' back out of the way and not tryin 'to block the game a mite, singin' "Glory!" every time the Bocock lad would miss his shot. You do see some comical things, don't you"

It kind of slowed down after a bit while he was waitin' for the next man to pitch, him standin' there teeterin' on his heels and rattlin' the dollars in his hand; and then all at once he got sight of me, over on the other side of the ring. It stiffened him up like somebody had threw cold water on him. He quit right there and come straight over to me, layin' hold of my arm and startin' to drag me away.

"Come," says he; "let's get out of this."

It was up to one of the same old places he took me and over to one of the booths at the side, with a little table in between the soft leather benches; and then the first thing he done was to call for the whisky. I wasn't goin' to have none though.

"Not me," I told him. "You go ahead yourself. My foolishness comes on me by spells and I've finished up with the last one. I don't want any."

"Damn the deceitful stuff!" says he. "Sometimes it works; and then, when you want it to most, it won't!" He sagged down in his place, glowerin' over at me, steady and sober, as if every drop he'd took had died out in him. It's a bad sign to see a man get like that. "My soul!" says he. "Is there nothing in this world you can pin faith to and not have it betray you? Is there?"

I just fished me up another paper and my pouch.

"Shucks!" I says. I wasn't goin' to have him gettin' me bogged down with him.

He studied me a good long while, with his lips set hard and not quiverin' an eye-winker.

"You think I'm an infernal fool, don't you?" says he.

"I know you've sure been one," I says. "I don't know what you are now. It depends."

"Depends?" says he. "What do you mean?"

I told him just what I started to tell you a while ago.

"Why," I says, "if a fool learns wiseness by his foolishness, then he ain't a fool any more—is he?"

He wasn't satisfied yet.

"What do you mean?" he says again.

"Oh, gee-whiz!" says I. "What was it you showed me her picture for the other mornin'?"

If I'd reached over and slapped his face for him he couldn't have took it any harder—droppin' down on the table with a funny, hurt sound away deep in his throat. I heard another man do that once, down at Rito Quemado, when a greaser sneaked up from behind him and stuck a knife through his lungs unexpected. It ain't a pretty sound. I couldn't do nothin' about it though. I just begun huntin' through my pockets for a match. After a bit he raised up and leaned over toward me, with his face as white as a big piece of chalk.

"Listen, man!" says he. "This is going to be my last night of torment. I'm going to settle it tonight—one way or the other. That's what I started out to do. Before morning I'm either going to make up my mind to go back to the beginning and start over or I'm going to shoot myself. I'm going to get blind drunk just this once more; and when I'm drunk enough I'm going to toss up a dollar for it. What have you got to say to that?"

"Not a blessed word," I says. "You're doin' your own thinkin'. If that way suits you you go right ahead and flip your little old dollar. It won't make a speck of

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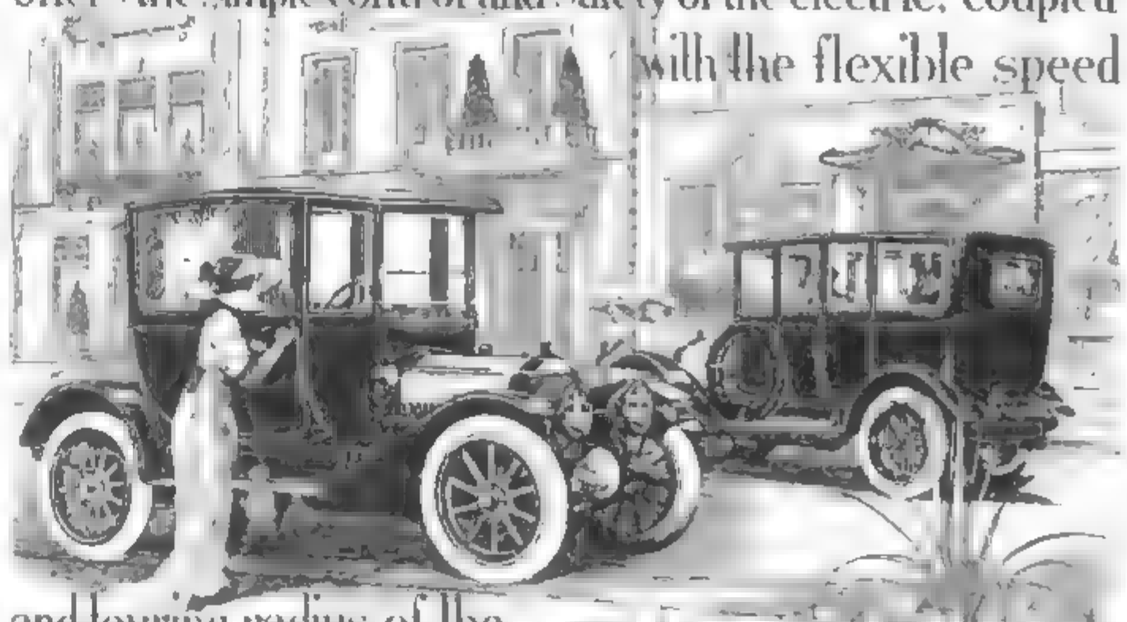

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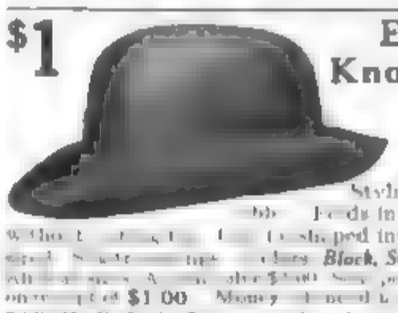

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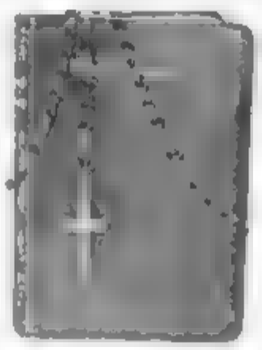

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The Globe-Wernicke Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

Jim Dandy Says:—

"Ask your dealer to show you a VINDEX Shirt. You will then be as enthusiastic about them as I am. For new and stylish patterns they cannot be equalled. For value Vindex stands alone."

VINDEX Shirts—

guaranteed 25% better

value than other shirts at their prices. Was any other shirt ever given so broad and sweeping a guarantee? Was any shirt ever sold with this sealed promise of the maker:—

If wear doesn't prove a VINDEX Shirt 25% better value than any other shirt you ever purchased at its price, we, the makers, will buy it back at the actual value we know it contains: its regular price, plus 25%.

Ask your dealer to show you VINDEX Shirts. If he hasn't them in stock, write us. We will see that you are supplied. VINDEX Shirts sell at all prices from $1 to $6. They are values at 25% more than their prices. VINDEX Silk Shirts are the last word in style.

VINDEX SHIRT COMPANY
112-124 W. Fayette St., Baltimore, Md.
New York Office, 200 Fifth Avenue

VINDEX SHIRTS

VINDEX MAKE Look for this label

Copyright 1912

For health and comfort wear VINDEX Body-breathe Underwear

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY
Selling Success Hand Vacuum Cleaners
Over 125,000 in use; easy to operate, highly polished, nickel-plate and aluminum throughout; sent on trial
HUTCHISON MFG. COMPANY, 325 Wood St., Wilkinsburg, Pa.

SALESMEN WANTED
AMERICAN ART WORKS, Coshocton, Ohio

Best for 135 years

When 135 years are devoted to the making of one article, that product is likely to be as perfect as it can be made. If you will buy a pair of

FOWNES GLOVES

you will find that six generations of glove experts have made good use of their time and skill. Exclusive in style, most perfect in fit, most economical in wear, FOWNES gloves today are the Standard of glove values—both here and abroad.

Try the $2 street glove. Other grades $1.50 and $2.50. Never sold under any other name than FOWNES.

Should you have difficulty in securing the genuine Fownes Gloves, send us the names of the above named and your address, we will see that you are supplied

Fownes Brothers & Co.
119 W. 23rd Street
New York City

difference—heads or tails. Hell wins both ways when a man takes to flippin' to see which is right or wrong."

"Are you busy tonight?" he asks me.

"No," says I. "Why, no. This is all I'm doin'."

"Would you mind sticking with me for a couple of hours?" he says. "I wish you would. Let's walk round a while outside."

I couldn't make out what he wanted with me along with him. We drifted up and down the streets for as much as half an hour, and he didn't open his head once to me till the very last.

"Tell me," says he, "what it is you think the most of in this life. Has there been any one thing that's gripped you more than all the rest?"

"One thing?" I says after him. "Me? Oh, murder, no! Not unless it's just livin'. It takes all of it to satisfy me—everything, just as it comes along."

"No one thing," he kept sayin', "that you've wanted with all your strength?"

"No," I says; "not if I've got to give up any of the rest for it. That wouldn't suit me."

"Not money?" says he. "Have you never set your heart on having a lot of money?"

"Not if it's goin' to interfere with livin'," I says.

"Nor a woman?" says he. "Have you never wanted the one woman?"

I'd had 'em ask me that before. I knew what to say to that.

"Yes, evidently!" says I. "Every time I see a fresh one. That's why I ain't got one."

"But," says he, "you're not just drifting. You're trying to get somewhere, aren't you? What are you after anyway?"

"Nothin'," says I; "only just playin' the game. And I'll tell you this one thing, if you want to know it: There ain't but one way to play the game, neither, if you want to get any fun out of it—that's to play with what gets dealt to you fair; and when it's your deal you don't want to try to stack 'em or sneak none off the bottom, unless you're huntin' trouble. You're anxious to know what I think—now you've got it."

"And that's what you're living by?" says he. "Is that all of it?"

"Yes, sir," says I, "that's all of it."

He seemed like a terrible stubborn man.

"But that way loses as often as it wins," says he.

"Oftener," I says; "a sight oftener if I'm any judge. But what's the difference? Ain't that just exactly what I've been tryin' to tell you? It ain't the winnin'; it's playin' the game."

He kept as still as an old stump for another good long spell, driftin' round.

"Say," I then says to him, "I'm gettin' horrible sleepy. What was this that you expected to use me for?"

He give a funny little short laugh and stuck out his hand to me.

"Nothing," says he. "I just wanted company. Go on to bed if you want to. I'm going to my room to write a letter."

That was the last I ever did see of him, because the next mornin' I got me a steady job in the upper country and I had to pull out. I had a notion to go tell him goodby once; but I figured I wouldn't bother him.

I guess it was all of six months or so till I got a letter one day. It had chased me round considerable, that letter had—from Cheyenne to Hartville, and then to Sidney, Nebraska, and then up to Chadron, and then back over to Raw Hide Buttes—before it caught up with me. It didn't amount to much when I got it. I've got it yet, I reckon, with some of my truck somewheres. It don't matter. All it said was that he never had flipped his dollar at all; and it wasn't neither heads nor tails that had won, but hearts dealt from a new deck; and how happy he was, because he was goin' to be married in a month; and how much he'd like to pay me what he owed me. That part kind of surprised me some, because I'd have thought he'd have clean forgot about droppin' my thirty-five cents in the spittoon. I never told him how much it was; I just let it go. But, anyway, his letter sounded as if he'd made the rifle—didn't it?

Well, don't you see? He'd had his chance with the scoop-shovel—hadn't he? And it had pretty near ruined him—hadn't it? I've thought about him a heap, by fits and spells. He sure learned me one thing—that Bocock lad did: It's apt to make you a sight more contented in your spirit to want a thing and not have it than to have it and not want it! Do you think that's just foolishness? Well, it ain't!

There's a Blaisdell for every use

Each is the best of its kind. And everyone saves time and money.

Standard black lead pencils filled with best Bavarian graphite.

Indelible copying pencils. Heavy marking pencils. Colored crayon pencils in 10 colors.

Ask your stationer for the particular *Blaisdell* you want. And insist on the genuine.

No whittling. No waiting. No soiled fingers. No broken points

A new point in 5 seconds

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Co.
Philadelphia

Blaisdell Paper Pencils

The real man's Razor locked

The razor that won't open if dropped—that the children cannot open—that remains closed when loose in a traveling bag.

Torrey Razors

We could not make the Torrey Razor better,—it takes a perfect edge, holds it, and shaves without pull or smart; so we made it absolutely safe with our patent lock.

A new, exclusive feature that makes the best razor better.

If not at your dealer's, write us—we will also send you our booklet, "How to Choose and Care For a Razor."

Dealers should write for our introductory offer.

The New Torrey Honing Strop has no equal.

The J. R. Torrey Razor Co., Dept. Y, Worcester, Mass.

$25.00 Per Week

If You Earn Less

we can BOOST your Salary or Income

We will show you how to earn $25 to $100 per week. Write TODAY to

POWELL SCHOOL OF ADVERTISING
1004 Metropolis Bldg., Fifth Avenue
Established 1901 New York

ing FREE. 18 grades, $17.75 net to $400. Five bores—28, 20, 16, 12 and 10. Our 5¼ lb 20 bore is a howling success

Ithaca Guns

DEPT. A

We will mail you a copy of

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

(The Oldest Agricultural Journal in the World)

Every week from now until February 1, 1913
For 25 cents—half price

THE oldest agricultural journal in the world changed hands over a year ago. It had been issued for 80 years; yet in this last year 60,000 more farmers began to buy it. We want you to find out why 60,000 farmers did this. That is why we offer it to you on trial for four months for 25 cents—half price.

The Country Gentleman is a national weekly devoted to agriculture as a great business industry. It is the answer to a demand. In England "the country gentleman" is a man of means, with estates cultivated by others. In America today "the country gentleman" is the business farmer. Here the efficient owners of farms do not differ socially or intellectually from the heads of factories or commercial houses. They are business men. And these are days of rapid changes—in cultivation, in marketing, in farm management, in Government agricultural policies, in rural life. Many a farmer gets little more than 30 cents out of every dollar he ought to have. The middlemen get a lot of it. More goes because of wrongful taxation, too great overhead expense, and failure of the farm to yield all it can.

To help our readers solve scores of problems, both national and local, we spare no expense. We get and print up-to-the-minute and down-to-the-ground information and advice. Our experts are men in the field, the dairy, the orchard. They write sound common sense, and they write it clearly. To give you their practical experience we spend $75,000 a year. We believe you want the benefit of all this. You can try it for nineteen weeks for only 25 cents. This is solely a trial offer—it never will be repeated.

Here Are Five Important Special Series That Will Appear During These Four Months

A Master Farmer and His Fifty Farms

In the Genesee Valley, New York, one man owns some fifty farms—over 10,000 acres in all. They are rented—many of them have been for a century. The rental is $2 to $4 an acre, according to the crop. Much of this land fifteen years ago returned only seventy-five cents an acre—some of it nothing at all. Now it is all on a paying basis. How this master farmer manages this enormous estate, and aids fifty tenants in making a profit, is told in one article of our series on successful farmers. It's the story, not of a fad, but of a money-maker. So with all this series. The articles deal with big and little farms in various parts of the country.

Wiped Out By Fire

In New York State alone there were 5800 farm fires last year. They caused a loss of $1,500,000. Most of them could have been prevented. Lightning caused 1800—many of these were preventable. We shall print a series of articles on fire prevention and protection, covering (1) What farm fire losses represent and how they threaten the average farmer; (2) How to guard against fire; (3) How to put it out if it starts—up-to-date home fire-fighting apparatus; (4) The best kinds of insurance on buildings, crops and livestock impartially compared; (5) Actual facts about farmers' mutual insurance companies that have *worked*. These articles will show you in a practical way how to strengthen your protection against the possible loss of your property or profits.

What Can Your Boy Earn?

Six graduates of different agricultural colleges went back to the farm, as thousands of others are doing. They farmed by the help of what they had been taught in college. Some did brilliantly from the first; others just held their own; all are now what you would call successful. They have consented to write what they did and how they did it. In particular, they will say just how their training panned out when actually put to test. Is your boy going to an agricultural college? Get a line on the possibilities that await him, the salary he may expect to earn, the capital he may need in future.

Good Marketing By Advertising

Six years ago a farm hand in a Western State rented some land and grew a crop of fine seed grain. Last year he sold over $15,000 worth of pure-breed seed grains, and is known as one of the seed experts of the world. Judicious advertising did it. A student in a leading agricultural college heard a lecture on advertising. He went home and prepared some small ads. for produce. In six weeks he sold for nearly $1000 goods which might otherwise have brought less than $400. The methods of these men and a dozen others will be told in our series on "Farm Advertising." It covers advertising of pure-bred livestock, seed grains, produce, dairy products and fruit. Several stockmen of national standing will contribute. All details explained.

What is Your Money Crop?

If your farm were big enough, and the soil, climate and market conditions varied enough for 30 crops, you would like to have 30 experts—one for each. But the cost would be too great. Most successful farming communities center attention upon a single crop adapted to the locality. To diversify or combine crops offers greater returns from year to year, but it is necessary to have one crop that you may promptly convert into cash to meet running expenses. We are printing a series on "The Money Crop." The articles will be written by 30 experts—on wheat, corn, tobacco, cotton, hay, potatoes, pork, beef, milk, wool, and so forth. Each article will show the essentials in business management, soil, climate and capital, and the returns which may be expected. They will include personal experiences.

Four Regular Weekly Departments, Alone Worth the Subscription Price

Women's Cares, Comforts, Clothes and Cooking

Our departments for women appeal directly to the woman in the country. They include four regular features, all ably written: (1) Practical Talks by a country woman of experience on problems of the hired man and hired girl, training of children, pin money, etc. (*The Country Gentlewoman*); (2) Foods and Cooking, country dishes, pleasing new recipes from East and West—preserving and canning; (3) The Rural Home—its furnishings and decorations; (4) Sewing—how to make clothes stylish yet practical—embroidery, laces and knitting ideas.

$1106.85 From a One-Acre Garden

A net income of $1106.85 in twelve months from a little one-acre home garden—was the achievement of one man, who tells us how he did it. There is always definite and helpful information on gardening in our *Home-Acre Department*. *The Country Gentleman* will aid the man who is trying to get his living from a little land—or the city man who has not yet given his whole time to farming—as well as the big commercial gardener.

How Are Crops and What Are They Worth?

What crop to grow? When to sell it? These questions determine profits on most farms. *The Country Gentleman* employs a national expert on crop reports to write a weekly department on *The Crops and the Markets*, giving the changes in prices and the market demands. Also there are special articles telling how to put each crop on the market in prime condition so as to get the maximum price. No farmer who reads this department regularly, and supplements it by a local newspaper, can be ignorant of when and how to market his crop to get the greatest returns.

What is Your Congressman Doing?

The Presidential campaign, the State campaigns, involve today many issues of direct personal importance to farmers. You want a way to follow easily and accurately what the politicians are doing. That is what the weekly *Congressional Calendar* in *The Country Gentleman* is for. It does it successfully, always with an eye for the agricultural interests. By it you can check up the votes of your own representatives in Congress and Legislature on things that mean dollars and cents to you.

Besides these, we have frequent practical articles on poultry, livestock, the dairy, farm machinery, road building, the rural school, the church, the grange, farmers' clubs and other aspects of country community life; coöperative marketing; building and furnishing the house; a regular department on the scientific advance of agriculture and new inventions; *wholesome fiction of country life, stories and verse;* a letter-box and a strong editorial page that stands always for the interests of the farmer.

OFFER

Sixty thousand more farmers than a year ago are already buying *The Country Gentleman* at 5 cents a copy, or $1.50 a year, the regular price. If you knew *The Country Gentleman* as they do you would be glad to pay that amount and more for your subscription. You know our other publications, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Saturday Evening Post*. We want you to know *The Country Gentleman*. The Curtis Publishing Company never gives premiums, bonuses or clubbing offers. But it is good business for us to get *The Country Gentleman* into your hands. You will judge for yourself. In order to give you a fair chance to see with your own eyes that it is everything we claim, we will send it to your home until February 1, 1913, for 25 cents. This one-half reduction in price is solely a trial offer for new subscribers. It never will be repeated. Fill in and send the coupon opposite (or, if you wish to save the weekly in which this is printed, write us a letter, giving clearly your name and address, enclosing 25 cents) (Canadian price 40 cents).

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CUT OUT—MAIL TODAY

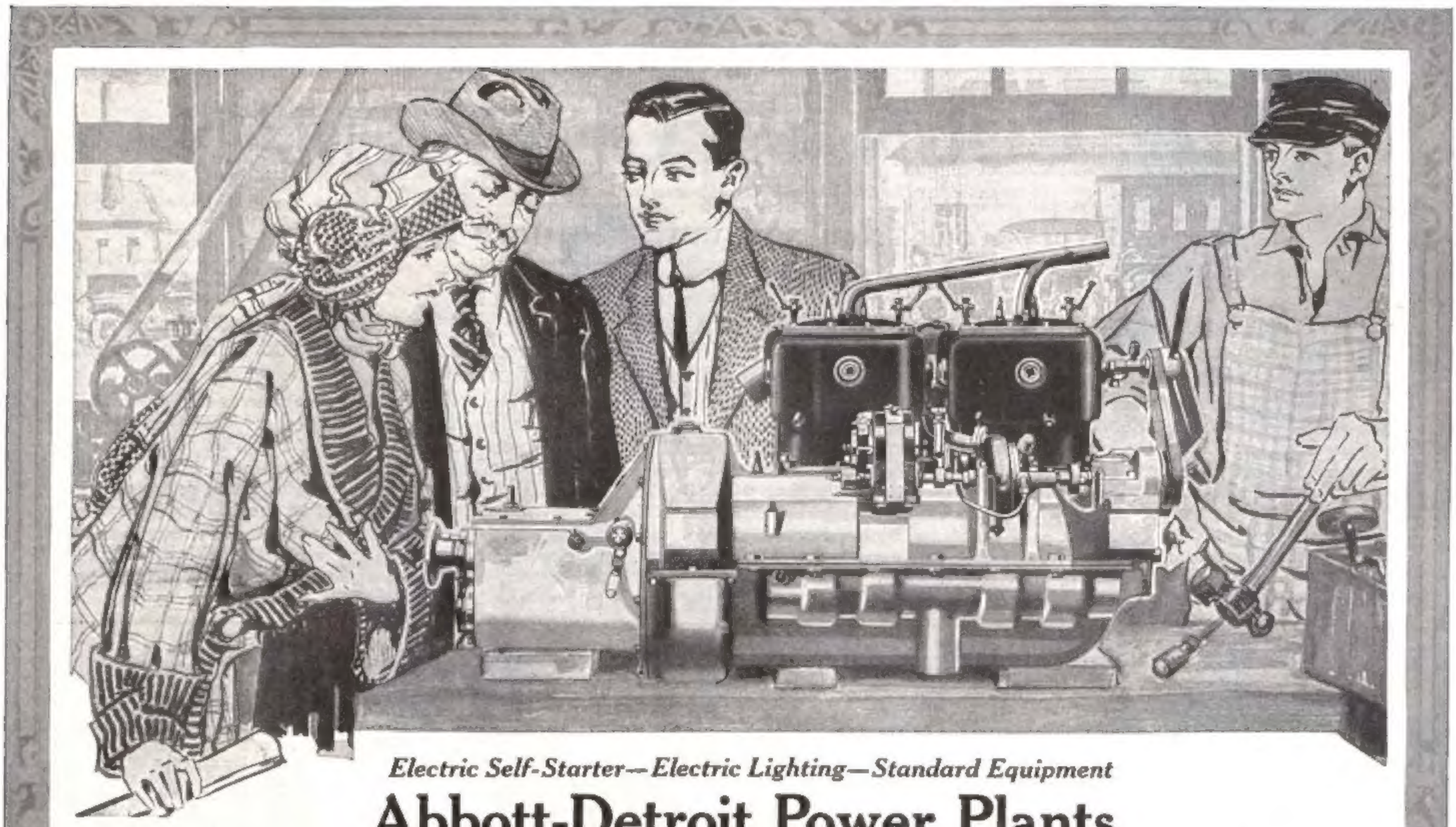
THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN,
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Enclosed please find 25c., stamps or coin (Canadian price 40c.). Please send *The Country Gentleman* to the address below until February 1, 1913.

Name _____

Town _____

State _____



Electric Self-Starter—Electric Lighting—Standard Equipment

Abbott-Detroit Power Plants

IN motor car manufacturing, there are so many opportunities for the substitution of inferior material and workmanship, so many ways that a high grade construction may be imitated at a much less cost, that it behooves the buyer to demand specifications of sufficient minuteness to enable him to become thoroughly acquainted with the structural parts of the car.

It is for this reason that we are describing the construction of Abbott-Detroit cars in such an exact and detailed manner; feeling that a thorough acquaintance with their many points of superiority will entirely justify our statements that Abbott-Detroit cars are cars of quality, "Built for Permanence" and consistently "Guaranteed for Life."

CONTINENTAL MOTORS.

The motors used in Abbott-Detroit cars are the latest, long stroke type, manufactured under our personal supervision by the Continental Motor Manufacturing Company, acknowledged to be the best designers and builders of automobile engines in business today.

If you will compare the refined simplicity of these Abbott-Detroit motors with those of power plants in higher priced cars, you will find that in every particular they are up-to-date, as well designed and as well finished as those in cars costing three times as much; and, beyond doubt, the quietest running. They have large enclosed valves, inlet and exhaust pipes of simple, direct form, allowing a free passage of gas in and out of the combustion chamber. The cylinders of the 44-50 are cast in pairs and have a bore of 4½" and a stroke of 5½". The cylinders of the 34-40 are cast enbloc and have a bore of 4⅛" and a stroke of 5¼".

SPECIAL IRON USED.

They are made of a special grade of reverberatory air furnace iron, very uniform in structure. This iron has a tensile strength of 30,000 pounds, whereas that of the ordinary iron used in cylinders, has a tensile strength of about 16,000 pounds—note this difference.

The two weakest points in cylinder construction—the cylinder head and the base flange—receive careful attention and are unusually strong.

We do not try to save money by making these parts light.

Every cylinder water jacket is tested under a hydrostatic pressure of 60 pounds after they have been machined, in order to make sure that there is no leakage or defect in the material.

ALUMINUM CRANK CASES.

The crank cases are made of the very best grade of nickel aluminum alloy having a tensile strength of 20,000 pounds per square inch; considerably more than that of the ordinary aluminum alloy used. It would be possible to make these castings of cast iron and paint them with a so-called aluminum paint, which would give them much the same appearance as an aluminum casting.

While this is much cheaper from the manufacturer's standpoint, it is far from desirable, because cast iron is approximately three times heavier than aluminum and, furthermore, is not as ductile, and it is far more liable to crack.

We bring out this point to emphasize the ways in which it would be possible to meet our prices at the expense of quality and the owner's subsequent comfort.

"The demand of the day is that an organization shall be judged by its product and not by what it claims for itself."

Abbott-Detroit advertising for 1913 will be printed in serial form.

This is the third of the series. The fourth will appear in The Saturday Evening Post, October 19th; Collier's, October 5th; Life, October 24th; Literary Digest, October 12th.

Copies of previous advertisements sent on request.

Abbott-Detroit Electric Self-Starter

All 1913 Abbott-Detroit cars are equipped **with our own specially designed, *self-contained electric self-starter.***

Connected to crankshaft with independent train of gears. When gasoline motor starts, over-running clutch releases gears and they remain idle while gasoline motor is running.

Not an experiment—not an attempted combination of ignition, lighting and starting, but a real, dependable one, *built* as a *part* of the engine, included as *regular* equipment.

Visit our Salesrooms and have its operation explained.

ACCESSIBILITY.

For the sake of accessibility, so that the main bearings and connecting rod bearings may be easily examined or adjusted, we divide the crank case into two parts, the upper carrying the crankshaft bearings and the lower forming an oil reservoir.

We do not use the barrel type crank case because it makes bearing adjustment difficult; it being necessary to tear down the complete motor in order to accomplish this object.

VALVES.

A great deal of attention has been given to the design of valves. Both the inlet and exhaust valves are interchangeable.

They have nickel steel heads and electrically welded carbon steel stems.

The reason for this is that we have found that ordinary carbon steel is not suitable for the valve head on account of "pittings" which, of course, produces badly seating valves and a consequent loss of horse power.

The valve push rods are of chrome nickel steel, which for hardened purposes is much better than that of the other kinds used. The surface does not wear easily.

All the moving parts are covered by removable metal plates, which not only keep the interior free from dust, but make the motor run more quietly.

Inasmuch as many motor troubles arise from faulty valves, you can see the necessity of a properly designed and constructed valve mechanism.

Abbott-Detroit

Built for Permanence and Guaranteed for Life

Here again, note that these points of Abbott-Detroit superiority are not evident on the surface.

THE PISTONS.

The pistons are cast from the same grade of cast iron as that used for the cylinder.

They are of extra length and accurately ground to a perfect sliding fit.

Each piston has four diagonally cut eccentric expansion rings and five oil grooves turned on the outside for the purpose of distributing oil in the cylinder.

All four pistons are carefully weighted and balanced to within ¼ of an ounce of each other in order to produce a well balanced and silently running motor.

The piston pins are made of chrome nickel steel tubing, carbonized and accurately ground to correct size.

The connecting rods made of .40 carbon steel, the same as the crank shaft, are double heat-treated to insure great stiffness.

THE CRANK SHAFTS.

The crank shafts are made of .40 carbon steel case-hardened to 1/32 of an inch.

This metal has a tensile strength of 90,000 pounds per square inch.

The shaft is supported on three main bearings of exceptionally large size. These three main bearings and the four crank pin bearings are so carefully cut and scraped that the crankshaft may be easily spun by the pressure of thumb and first finger.

Attached to the end of the shaft by six large bolts is a very accurately balanced fly wheel.

While we realize that some of the information which we have given you in this advertisement is of a technical nature, yet we feel it will give you a new basis upon which to make comparisons and will go a long way toward making you an expert and posted purchaser.

In the following advertisements all the parts of the cars will be considered and discussed in detail.

We therefore urge you to follow this series carefully.

Models and Prices

34-40	Fore-Door Roadster, 116-inch wheel base	**$1700**
34-40	5-Passenger, Fore-Door Touring Car, 116-inch wheel base	**$1700**
44-50	5-Passenger, Fore-Door Demi-Tonneau, 121-inch wheel base	**$1975**
44-50	7-Passenger, Fore-Door Touring Car, 121-inch wheel base	**$2000**
44-50	Battleship Roadster, 121-inch wheel base	**$2150**
44-50	7-Passenger, Fore-Door Limousine, 121-inch wheel base	**$3050**

Advance catalog on request.

ABBOTT MOTOR COMPANY

601 Waterloo Street **Detroit, Michigan**

DON'T SAY UNDERWEAR, SAY MUNSINGWEAR

WHEN BUYING YOUR UNION SUITS, IT WILL PAY YOU TO DISCRIMINATE.

MUNSING UNION SUITS for MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

Are Made By People Who Know How.

Twenty-five years of experience in making union suits back of every Munsingwear garment.

BEYOND COMPARE!

MUNSING WEAR

Because of the satisfactory way in which they fit and cover the form and because of their unusual durability and washability, Munsing suits have become the most popular union suits in the world. More than 7,000,000 garments sold annually. They do not gap or bind at the seat. They are offered in a variety of light, medium and heavy weight fabrics of the finest quality. Prices so reasonable that no one need go without them. Wear them - You will like them.

Men's Munsingwear $1.00 to $5.00. Ladies' Munsingwear $1.00 to $3.50. Children's Munsingwear $ .50 to $2.00

For samples of fabrics, style illustrations, and name of Munsingwear dealer in your town, address

The Northwestern Knitting Co., Minneapolis, Minnesota

Three New Styles

Victor-Victrola **XI, $100**
Mahogany or oak

Victor-Victrola **X, $75**
Mahogany or oak
Other styles $15 to $200

Victor-Victrola **XIV, $150**
Mahogany or oak

The greatest feature about these new instruments is the unequaled tone which has given the Victor-Victrola its supremacy among musical instruments.

There's nothing new about that of course, for this wonderful tone characterizes every Victor-Victrola.

The newness of these three instruments is in the design, and the improvements are really astonishing.

More beautiful, more artistic, more complete—and with no increase in price.

The greatest values ever offered in this greatest of all musical instruments.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly show you these instruments and play any music you wish to hear.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U.S.A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month.

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination.* There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

Victor Steel Needles, 6 cents per 100
Victor Fibre Needles, 50 cents per 100
(can be repointed and used eight times)

Victor-Victrola